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ALEXANDER POPE ESQ.

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BRITISH CLASSICAL ESSAYS;

WITH

PREFACES,

HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL,

BY

ALEXANDER CHALMERS, A. M.

VOL. XVI.

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1803.

GUARDIAN.

N° 1——53.

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HISTORICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL

PREFACE

TO

THE GUARDIAN.

THE seventh volume of the SPECTATOR, originally intended to be the last, was concluded Dec. 6, 1712, and the first paper of the GUARDIAN made its appearance March 12, 1713. This work had been actually projected by STEELE before the conclusion of the SPECTATOR. In a letter to POPE, dated Nov. 12, 1712, he announces his intention in these words, "I desire you would let me know whether you are at leisure or not? I have a design which I shall open a month or two hence, with the assistance of the few like yourself. If your thoughts are unengaged, I ſhall explain myself farther." To this, which indicates that POPE had previously assisted STEELE, though of that assistance we have no direct proof, he answers that he shall be very ready and glad to contribute to any design that tends to the advantage of mankind, which, he adds, "I am sure, all yours do *."

* STEELE's Letters to his friends, vol. 2. p. 338, 339.

It would appear that STEELE undertook this work without any previous concert with his illustrious colleague, and that he pursued it for many weeks with vigour and assiduity, and with very little assistance from his friends, or from the letter-box.

To the character of Nestor Ironside, the GUARDIAN, some objections have been offered. Dr. JOHNSON thinks, "it was too narrow and too serious: it might properly enough admit both the duties and decencies of life, but seemed not to include literary speculation, and was in some degree violated by merriment and burlesque. What had the GUARDIAN of the *Lizards* to do with clubs of tall or of little men, with nests of ants, or with STRADA's *Prolusions*?"

Dr. JOHNSON's opinions are so generally entitled to reverence, that it is not without reluctance the present should be in some measure rejected. It appears to have been written in an unlucky moment of caprice. To scrutinise the titles assumed by the ESSAYISTS, in this severe manner, would be to disfranchise the whole body, and probably no one would suffer more than the RAMBLER, a name which Dr. WARTON has criticised, and with as little reason. And what shall be said of names intrinsically so contemptible as IDLER and LOUNGER? But

"It were to consider too curiously to consider so."

The views of our ESSAYISTS in the choice of a name, have been either to select one that did not pledge them to any particular plan, or one

that expressed humility, or promised little, and might afterwards excite an agreeable surprize by its unexpected fertility. Of the former class are the SPECTATOR, WORLD, MIRROR: of the latter class are the TATLER, RAMBLER, IDLER, ADVENTURER. The CONNOISSEUR is a name of some danger, because of great promise; and the GUARDIAN might perhaps have been liable to the same objection, if he had not tempered the austerity of the preceptor with the playfulness of the friend and companion, and partaken of the amusements of his pupils while he provided for their instruction. And with respect to his "literary speculations, as well as his merriment and burlesque," we may surely allow him some latitude, when we consider that the public at large was put under his guardianship, and that the demand for variety became consequently more extensive.

But those points are scarcely worth contesting. The GUARDIAN was in effect a continuation of the SPECTATOR, under another name. It was conducted on the same plan, and with the same laudable intentions, and in general was written by the same authors. It was published daily until Oct. 1, 1713, No. 175, when it was abruptly closed by STEELE, in consequence of a quarrel between him and TONSON, the bookseller. POPE informs us that he stood engaged to his bookseller in articles of penalty for all the GUARDIANS; and by desisting two days, and altering the title of the paper to that of the ENGLISHMAN, was quit of the obligation, these papers, the ENG-

LISHMEN, being printed for BUCKLEY. Mr. HUGHES gives the following account of this affair in a letter to ADDISON, dated Oct. 6, 1713. "I do not doubt but you know, by this time, that Mr. STEELE has abruptly dropt the GUARDIAN. He has this day published a paper called the ENGLISHMAN, which begins with an answer to the EXAMINER, written with great boldness and spirit, and shews that his thoughts are at present on politics. Some of his friends are in pain about him, and are concerned that a paper should be discontinued, which might have been generally entertaining without engaging in party matters."

ADDISON could not be ignorant of STEELE's conduct in this affair, as he had written some GUARDIANS only a week before it closed; but the nature of STEELE's bargain with TONSON is not sufficiently explained to enable us to form any judgment of it. As STEELE got rid of it merely by desisting to conduct the paper, or to write, the terms must have been very loosely worded. And why should STEELE's conduct injure the paper, or stop its progress? ADDISON wrote above fifty GUARDIANS "with powers truly comic, with nice discrimination of character, and accurate observation of natural or incidental deviations from propriety," and with such assistance, if TONSON had engaged him, the GUARDIAN might have been continued notwithstanding STEELE's retirement. But it is useless to conjecture where we have so little information. It is certain, that STEELE's plunge into politics was at this time violent, as, when in the follow-

ing year the SPECTATOR was revived, it does not appear that he took any share in it.

The abrupt change, however, which this writer made from GUARDIAN to ENGLISHMAN does not appear in a very favourable light: he might wish to get rid of his engagement, whatever it was, with TONSON, and he might wish to carry his politics to a new paper in which politics might be in place; but unless there was something very unjust in TONSON's conduct, of which we have no information, he had no right to damnify TONSON's property by entitling his new paper, "The ENGLISHMAN, *being the sequel of the* GUARDIAN:" and declaring in his first paper, that he had for valuable considerations purchased the lion, desk, pen, ink, and paper, and all other goods of Nestor Ironside, Esq. who has thought fit to write no more himself, but has given *me* full liberty to report any sage expressions or maxims which may tend to the instruction of mankind, and the service of his country." He then goes on to tell, with some humour, that Nestor advised him to turn patriot, &c. This paper extended to its 57th number, and being almost entirely of a political cast, has seldom been reprinted.

But another difficulty, not easily got over, arises from the dedications and preface to the GUARDIAN, when published in two volumes octavo by Tonson, in 1714. The first volume is dedicated to GENERAL CADOGAN, and the second to Mr. PULTENEY, and the annotators seem to have no doubt that STEELE wrote these

dedications; if so, he must have been in some degree reconciled to his bookseller. But as to the address or preface, entitled "The publisher to the reader," I think it extremely doubtful whether he had any hand in it. ADDISON's assistance is acknowledged in this singular way: "All these papers, which are distinguished by the mark of an hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions *too sublime to admit* that the author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such *loose occasional thoughts* as make up these little treatises. *For which reason*, his name shall be concealed." Can we suppose that this awkward compliment could be paid by a man who knew how to appreciate ADDISON's writings, and knew upon which of them his future fame was to rest? Would STEELE have characterised ADDISON's papers as "loose occasional thoughts" unworthy of his *name?* And what were the *sublime* productions, the productions *too* sublime to admit of the mention of his GUARDIANS in the same sentence?

The compliment paid to POPE, and the advertisement tacked to it, "that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription," seems likewise to favour the conjecture that this preface was drawn up by TONSON, or by his instructions *; and the last paragraph adds considerable weight to

* Mr. TICKELL is by some supposed to have written this article. HUTCHINSON's History of Cumberland, art. TICKELL. He quotes "The Editors" as his authority, meaning the Editors or Annotators on the GUARDIAN, but I find them uniformly ascribing the Preface to STEELE.

it. "There are some discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions among us, and such (lest any of these gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion) I must impute to the right author of them, who is *one* Mr. STEELE, of Langunnor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales!" Surely one can scarcely forbear smiling at this solemn attempt to throw STEELE, who at this time was writing the ENGLISHMAN, and notoriously plunging into every political contest in the metropolis, into the obscurity of a private gentleman "of Langunnor, in the county of Carmarthen, in South Wales."—On these grounds I have ventured to differ from the opinion of the Annotators, and to attribute this preface to Tonson, or some person in his employment *.

But whatever circumstances attended the conclusion, it appears that STEELE came prepared for the commencement of the GUARDIAN, with more industry and richer stores than usual. He wrote a great many papers in succession with very little assistance from his contemporaries. ADDISON, for what reason is not very obvious, except that he might now be looking to higher employment, does not make his appearance until No. 67, nor after that, except once, until No. 97,

* In the Address to Mr. CONGREVE, prefixed to ADDISON'S *Drummer*, STEELE takes occaſion to repeat the compliments he paid ADDISON on every occasion, and the frank acknowledgments he made of his assistance in the Prefaces to the TATLER and SPECTATOR, but takes no notice of this "Publisher to the Reader," which it is not improbable he would have thought himself obliged to do, if he had written it.

when he proceeds without interruption for twenty-seven numbers, during which time STEELE's affairs are said to have been embarrassed. STEELE's share amounts to seventy-one papers, in point of merit equal, if not superior, to his SPECTATORS. ADDISON wrote fifty-one papers, and generally with his accustomed excellence, but it may perhaps be thought that there is a greater proportion of serious matter, and more frequent use made of the letter-box than was usual with this writer.

The contributors to this paper were not many, and of these few some have been already noticed as contributors to the SPECTATOR. The first for quantity and value, was the celebrated Bishop of Cloyne, Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY, a man uniformly so amiable as to be ranked among the first of human beings; a writer sometimes so absurd that it has been doubted whether it was possible he could be serious in the principles he laid down. His actions manifested the warmest zeal for the interests of Christianity, while some of his writings seemed intended to assist the cause of infidelity. Yet the respect which all who knew Dr. BERKELEY have felt for his excellent character, has rescued him in some measure from this imputation, and he will deservedly be handed down to posterity as an able champion of religion, although with a love of paradox, and somewhat of the pride of philosophy, which his better sense could not restrain.

This eminent writer was born March 12, 1684, at Kilcrin, near Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, in Ireland. At the age of fifteen he

was admitted a pensioner of Trinity College, Dublin, and fellow of that college, June 9, 1707. The first proof he gave of his literary abilities, was a little piece, entitled "Arithmetica absque Algebrâ aut Euclide demonstrata," in which he discovers an early passion for the mathematics, and for metaphysical studies. His most celebrated works, "The Theory of Vision," and the "Principles of Human Knowledge," appeared in 1709 and 1710.

Of the "Theory of Vision," we are assured by one who well understood the subject *, that it does the greatest honour to the author's sagacity. It was the first attempt ever made to distinguish the immediate and natural objects of sight from the conclusions we have been accustomed from infancy to draw from them: a distinction from which the nature of vision has received great light, and by which many phenomena in optics, before looked upon as unaccountable, have been clearly and distinctly resolved. To "The Principles of Human Knowledge," and the "Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous," which may be considered as a defence of the Principles, the same praise has not been given. In these he argues with uncommon subtlety and firmness against the existence of matter, an opinion which has occasioned his being classed, by some writers, among sceptics. HUME very decidedly asserts that his writings form the best lessons of scepticism, and Dr. BEATTIE also considers them as having a sceptical tendency. He adds, that if

* Dr. REID.

BERKELEY's argument be conclusive, it proves that to be false, which every man must necessarily believe, every moment of his life, to be true, and that to be true which no man since the foundation of the world was ever capable of believing for a single moment. BERKELEY's doctrine attacks the most incontestable dictates of common sense; and pretends to demonstrate, that the clearest principles of human conviction, and those which have determined the judgment of men in all ages, and by which the judgment of all reasonable men must be determined, are certainly fallacious *.

The "Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous" were published in 1713 in London, to which he now came over, and where the reputation of his writings made his company be generally courted by the learned and the great: at this time he wrote his GUARDIANS for Sir RICHARD STEELE. At the end of this year he went abroad with the celebrated EARL of PETERBOROUGH, who was appointed ambassador to the king of Sicily, and to the other Italian States, as his lordship's chaplain and secretary. In August 1714 he returned to England with Lord PETERBOROUGH, and as he had yet no preferment in the church, he accepted the office of travelling tutor to Mr. ASHE, son of Dr. St. GEORGE ASHE, bishop of Clogher. In this excursion he

* BEATTIE's Essay on Truth. BERKELEY's system is explained and confuted at great length in Dr. REID's Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man, chap. 10 and 11. It is not necessary to dwell longer on the subject in this place.

employed upwards of four years, and his curiosity led him to extend what is commonly called the grand Tour, to places less known, travelling over Apulia, Calabria, and the whole island of Sicily, but his journal of transactions in these places was unfortunately lost. On his way homeward, he drew up, at Lyons, a curious tract, "De Motu," which he sent to the Royal Academy of Sciences at Paris, the subject being proposed by that assembly, and committed it to the press, shortly after his arrival in London, in 1721; and about the same time, in consequence of the extensive miseries occasioned by the South Sea Scheme, he wrote "An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain." After the publication of this pamphlet, he accompanied the DUKE of GRAFTON, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to that country as one of his Grace's chaplains, and now took the degree of Bachelor and Doctor of Divinity, November 14, 1721 *.

Although he had still no preferment in the church, a circumstance, considering the extent of his reputation, not easily accounted for, he received an accession to his slender finances from SWIFT'S VANESSA, Mrs. ESTHER VANHOMRIGH, to whom SWIFT had introduced him on his first going to London in 1713. This lady, disgusted with SWIFT'S continued neglect, left the whole of her fortune, about 8000l. to be

* This fact is denied by a writer in the Gent. Mag. vol. 46, p. 569. Our authority is chiefly the Life published by Dr. R. Berkeley, the Bishop's brother: and the same article enlarged in the Biog. Brit. 2d edit.

equally divided between Mr. MARSHAL, a lawyer, and Dr. BERKELEY, a bequest the more remarkable as the latter had never seen her once from the time of his return to Ireland to her death.

His first ecclesiastical promotion took place in 1724, when the DUKE of GRAFTON bestowed on him the Deanery of Derry, worth 1100l. *per annum*; and he now attempted to carry into execution what had long been forming in his benevolent mind, "A scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda." In this proposal he was sincere and disinterested beyond the usual sacrifices of the benefactors of mankind. He offered to resign his opulent preferment, and to dedicate the remainder of his life to the instruction of the youth in America, on the moderate subsistance of 100l. only, and such was the force of his example, and perhaps of his eloquence, that three junior fellows of Trinity College offered to accompany him, and exchange all hopes of preferment at home for 40l. *per annum* in the Atlantic ocean. In his life are detailed, at length, the manly firmness, patience, and assiduity with which Dr. BERKELEY prosecuted this plan, the loss he sustained in his fortune and expectations, and the ultimate causes of its failure, which are not very honorable to the parties concerned.

In 1732, after his return from this expedition, he published his "Minute Philosopher," a work which must ever rescue him from the suspicion of scepticism. In this he pursues the freethinker

through the various gradations of atheist, libertine, enthusiast, scorner, critic, metaphysician, fatalist, and sceptic, and very successfully employs against him several new weapons drawn from his "Theory of Vision." In 1734 he was promoted to the bishoprick of Cloyne, to which he immediately repaired, and afterwards almost constantly resided, faithful in the discharge of every episcopal duty. His zeal for religion prompted him, about this time, to write "The Analyst," against the scepticism of Dr. HALLEY.* In this work, he demonstrated that mysteries in faith were unjustly objected to by mathematicians, who admitted much greater mysteries, and even falsehoods in science; of which he endeavoured to prove that the doctrine of fluxions furnished an eminent example. This produced a controversy of some length *.

From this time his publications were chiefly upon occasional subjects, except his celebrated "Treatise on Tar-Water," a medicine from which he had experienced relief in a case of nervous colic, and which he wished to recom-

* This part of Dr. BERKELEY's Life is related by all his Biographers with an unpardonable inattention to dates. It is stated, that our author wrote the *Analyst* in consequence of a communication of ADDISON respecting Dr. GARTH's last illness. Now GARTH and ADDISON died within six months of each other, in 1719, about fifteen years before Dr. BERKELEY is said to have written the *Analyst*; in consequence of ADDISON's information respecting Dr. GARTH's dying words. This Biographer's expression is, "ADDISON had given the Bishop, &c." who was neither Bishop, Dean, nor Rector until 1734. But what is of more importance, it is not clear from Dr. BERKELEY's Life, that he was in England in 1719, when GARTH died, nor afterwards before ADDISON's death.

mend to more general use in a pamphlet written with all his peculiarities of manner, and depth of research, entitled "Siris, a chain of Philosophical Reflections and Inquiries concerning the virtues of Tar-Water," 1744. It is indeed a chain, says his biographer, which, like that of the Poet, reaches from earth to heaven, conducting the reader, by an almost imperceptible gradation, from the phenomena of Tar-Water, through the depths of the ancient philosophy, to the sublimest mystery of the Christian religion. It was printed a second time in 1747, and he added "Farther Thoughts on Tar-Water," in 1752. The medicine became exceedingly popular, and continued so for a considerable time, but farther experience has not confirmed its virtues, and it is now fallen into disuse.

In July 1752 our aged prelate removed with his family to Oxford, in order to superintend the education of one of his sons (the late Dr. GEORGE BERKELEY, Prebendary of Canterbury, &c.) and wished to pass the remainder of his life in a place so well suited to his passion for learned retirement; but sensible at the same time of the impropriety of a bishop's non-residence, he endeavoured to exchange his high preferment for some canonry at Oxford. Failing of success in this, he requested permission to resign his bishoprick, but when the KING heard who it was that had presented so extraordinary a petition, he declared that "he should die a bishop in spite of himself," and gave him full liberty to reside where he pleased.

Of this indulgence, however, he was not long permitted to avail himself. On Sunday evening, Jan. 14, 1753, as he was sitting in the midst of his family listening to the *lesson* in the Burial Service (1 Cor. chap. xv.) which his Lady was reading, and on which he was commenting *, he was seized with what the physicians termed a palsy of the heart, and instantly expired. The characters of few men have been handed down with so many testimonies of beauty and excellence: whatever may be thought of some of his writings, his intentions were unquestionably good, and the actions of his whole life were eminently liberal, virtuous, and disinterested. Bishop ATTERBURY declared on one occasion, that he did not think so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, had been the portion of any but Angels, until he saw Mr. BERKELEY. It would not be easy to add to so high a panegyric, nor, if the whole of his character be considered, to take from it.

Dr. BERKELEY's share in the GUARDIAN has been ascertained, partly on the authority of his son, who claims Nos. 3, 27, 35, 39, 49, 55, 62, 70, 77, and 126, and partly on that of the Annotators who add to these Nos. 83, 88, and 89 †. The principal design of these papers is to explain and defend some branch of the evidences of Christianity against the freethinkers of the age,

* Biog. Brit. vol. 3. *Corrigenda* prefixed to that vol. art. BERKELEY.

† No. 69 has been claimed for Dr. BERKELEY, Gent. Mag. 1780, p. 125.

as they were somewhat improperly called, or to elucidate its peculiar doctrines in a popular manner. The style is therefore plain and perspicuous, and the arguments such as are easily comprehended and remembered. In Nos. 35 and 59 an humorous turn is given to the subject of freethinking by a very ingenious device. With respect to No. 3, which was the first publication in opposition to COLLINS's superficial and illiberal "Discourse on Freethinking," there appears some difficulty in the assignment. It is positively claimed by the Bishop's son, as one of the ten papers his father wrote, but in STEELE's Apology an extract is given from this paper, and it is said in the margin that STEELE was the author. I know not how to reconcile these accounts; there is certainly nothing in it that STEELE might not have written, and the express evidence of his Apology may be allowed to preponderate; on the other hand the sentiments and manner of this paper seem connected by strong resemblance with BERKELEY's general mode of treating the subject.

It is asserted by the Annotators, upon unquestionable authority, that Mr. BERKELEY had a guinea and dinner with STEELE for every paper he furnished. This is the only circumstance that has come to light respecting the pay of the assistants in any of these works. In the SPECTATOR, it is probable that ADDISON and STEELE were joint sharers or proprietors. In the case of the GUARDIAN, as already noticed, there was a contract between STEELE and TONSON, the nature of which has not been clearly explained.

It has already been observed that no inquiry into Pope's share in the Spectator has been successful; and we cannot certainly prove that he contributed any original article to that work; in the Guardian, however, we can with confidence assign to him eight papers which entitle him to very high praise as an Essayist. These are Nos. 4, 11, 40, 61, 78, 91, 92, and 173. No. 4 is a very ingenious attack on the flattery of dedications which at this time were most absurdly fulsom, nor can the best of Pope's contemporaries be excused from the blame of the meanest adulation, which let down the client without raising the patron. Steele had treated this subject in No. 177 of the Tatler, but if we examine his dedications we shall find here another instance of his principles being more correct than his practice. Dr. Johnson appears to have been the first who gave dignity to this species of composition.

Nos. 11, 91, and 92, are specimens of such elegant humour as we might expect from the author of the inimitable "Rape of the Lock;" and perhaps there are few satires in the language superior to the receipt for an Epic poem in No. 78. In that part of the receipt which directs the making of a *tempest*, the technicals of the poet and the apothecary are blended together with uncommon felicity. This paper was incorporated afterwards in the "Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus." No. 61 on cruelty to the brute creation is one of those pleas for humanity which cannot be too highly praised, or too often read; the same

subject has been ably and variously handled by succeeding ESSAYISTS, and it is hoped not without effect.—POPE's last paper, No. 173, on gardening, concludes with a list of evergreens, very much in the manner of ADDISON. This paper will be found somewhat altered in our Author's works, for what reason does not appear, for the alteration is by no means an improvement.

His paper on Pastorals, No. 40, requires more particular notice from the singular nature of it, and the circumstances which attended it. In this he draws an ironical comparison between his own Pastorals and those of PHILLIPS, and is "a composition," says JOHNSON, "of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found." It is indeed a trick of uncommon ingenuity, and although ADDISON perceived its drift at once, STEELE was so completely deceived as to keep it back for some time lest POPE should be offended. It created, however, an irreparable breach of friendship between PHILLIPS and POPE.

As POPE excelled in prose, as well as in poetry, and possessed a rich fund of humour, it is to be regretted that he contributed so little to these valuable works which were now putting vice and folly out of countenance. But one reason appears to have been, that, like some other writers, he was afraid to *commit himself* in the GUARDIAN, lest he should be known to assist STEELE, whose passion for politics made a connection with him at this time not very agreeable, especially to one whose connections lay among men of opposite

principles. In a letter to ADDISON, POPE expresses his sorrow to find it had "taken air" that he had any hand in these papers, because he wrote so very few as neither to deserve the credit of such a report with some people, nor the disrepute of it with others. "An honest Jacobite," he adds, "spoke to me the sense, or nonsense, of the weak part of his party very fairly, that the good people took it ill of me that I writ with STEELE, though upon never so indifferent subjects." In a subsequent part of this letter, he gives a curious specimen of confidence and secrecy among authors and publishers. "I can't imagine whence it comes to pass that the few GUARDIANS I have written are so generally known for mine; that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man *but the publisher*, till very lately; yet almost every body told me of it."—"As to his (STEELE's) taking a more politic turn, I cannot any way enter into that secret, nor have I been let into it, any more than into the rest of his politics. Though 'tis said, he will take into these papers also several subjects of the politer kind, as before: But I assure you, as to myself, I have quite done with them for the future. The little I have done, and the great respect I bear Mr. STEELE as a man of wit, has rendered me a suspected Whig to some of the violent; but (as old Dryden said before me) 'tis not the violent I desire to please *."

* Letters to and from Mr. ADDISON, Letter 13. POPE's Works, Edit. 1766, vol. 7. POPE's character for humour would have been sufficiently established if he had written no more than the letter to Lord BURLINGTON in that volume, in which he gives a dialogue with LINTOT, the Bookseller.

No. 149, a very ingenious paper on dress, is ascribed to GAY, the poet, on the authority of "The Publisher to the Reader;" yet the Annotators observe that it has been reprinted as POPE's in the latter editions of POPE's works, but is not to be found in WARBURTON's edition, in octavo, 1751. Common as this topic had become with the ESSAYISTS, there is much novelty in this paper, and more serious truth than the lovers of dress will perhaps discover, or allow. GAY knew something of dress, for he had been apprentice to a silk-mercer, but "how long he continued behind the counter, or with what degree of softness and dexterity he received and accommodated the ladies, as he probably took no delight in telling it, is not known *." The introductory paragraph to POPE's *Obsequium Catholicon* is ascribed to GAY, I know not upon what authority. The "Publisher" goes farther, and ascribes the whole letter to him, which however has been always printed in POPE's works. The Annotators think that it might have been the joint production of POPE and GAY, communicated in GAY's hand-writing, with which it can hardly be supposed that STEELE was unacquainted. But this opinion is founded on the assumption that STEELE wrote the "Publisher to the Reader," which from this circumstance alone seems a little improbable.

A short letter, entitled "More roarings of the Lion," is supposed to have been written by Mr. LAWRENCE EUSDEN, of Cambridge, who has a

* JOHNSON's Life of GAY.

poetical version in No. 127, and another in No. 164. This gentleman was afterwards Poet Laureat, but is not allowed to hold a very high rank among the favourites of the Muses.

No. 36, a very ingenious defence of punning, is assigned on the authority of Dr. ZACHARY PEARCE, bishop of Rochester, to Dr. THOMAS BIRCH, Chancellor of Worcester, and Prebendary of that Cathedral. Of this gentleman I know of no memoirs that are extant*.

The translation of the parting discourse of Cyrus to his friends, and a letter on the conduct of the Pharisees, are attributed on good authority to Dr. WILLIAM WOTTON, a writer of considerable learning, and prodigious memory. Mr. NICHOLS has given some memoirs of him in that elaborate and useful collection of biographical matter, "The Anecdotes of Bowyer."

No. 130, on the speculative and active classes of mankind, was written by the Rev. DEANE BARTELETT. STEELE, in his Apology, quotes two passages from it, with the following marginal note.—"This most reasonable and amiable light in which the clergy are here placed, comes from that modest and good man the Rev. Mr. BARTELETT."—Mr. BARTELETT was of Merton College, where he took his degree of M. A. July 5, 1693. STEELE was of the same college, and there probably became acquainted with him.

The papers contributed to the GUARDIAN by BUDGELL and HUGHES have been already no-

* In NASH's Worcestershire he is called WILLIAM BIRCH, with the date 1719 appended.

ticed in the Preface to the SPECTATOR. Dr. Z. PEARCE was the author of the humorous letter in No. 121, signed *Ned Mum.*

No. 125, on the spring, which at least merits the epithet "pretty," is assigned to Mr. THOMAS TICKELL, a writer who has been supposed to contribute much more to the SPECTATORS and GUARDIANS than can now be traced to his pen. But such was his connection with the illustrious author of these works, that the outlines of his life have a fair claim on our attention.

THOMAS TICKELL, the son of the Rev. RICHARD TICKELL, was born in 1686 at Bridekirk, in Cumberland, of which his father was Vicar. He was a member of Queen's College, Oxford; in 1710 he was chosen to a fellowship, which he vacated in 1726 by marriage. During this long period he had never taken orders, and held his fellowship by a dispensation from the Crown. His inclination appears to have been to engage in publick life, and he obtained the friendship and patronage of ADDISON by the poetical interest of some elegant verses in praise of the opera of Rosamond, verses so excellent that Pope did not disdain to borrow from them when he wrote in praise of ADDISON *.

* The historian of Cumberland says, that if a family tradition may be credited, there was a connection between the family of ADDISON and that of TICKELL. There was moreover a striking congeniality of manners, temper, talents, and principles between them. ADDISON was modest and mild, a scholar, a gentleman, a poet, and a Christian; and so was TICKELL: ADDISON also was a *Whig*, and Tickell, as Swift used to call him, *Whigissimus*.—HUTCHINSON'S Cumberland, vol. 2, pp. 247, 248.

To prepare the public for the favourable issue of a negociation with France, he wrote the "Prospect of Peace," a poem which ADDISON commended in the SPECTATOR, and TICKELL's next poem, the "Royal Progress," very inferior to the former, was inserted, as has been already noticed in No. 620 of the same work. The most remarkable incident, however, in his life, and what embroiled him in a dispute with his contemporaries, was a translation of the first book of the Iliad. This POPE and POPE's friends reported to be an invidious attack on his translation then ready for publication, and that it was not written by TICKELL, but by ADDISON. The biographers of POPE and ADDISON have examined into the truth of these assertions, with minute attention, but without forming a conclusion. Dr. JOHNSON transcribes POPE's story, without deciding one way or other. The assertions of rival poets are generally strong, and perhaps we shall be safest in supposing that ADDISON assisted TICKELL, and would not have been sorry if he had succeeded. Mr. WATTS, the printer assured a friend of Mr. NICHOLS, that "the translation of the first book of the Iliad was in TICKELL's hand-writing, but much corrected and interlined by ADDISON *."

When the Hanover succession was disputed, TICKELL wrote the "Letter to Avignon," which in Dr. JOHNSON's opinion stands high among

* NICHOLS' Select Collection of Poems, vol. 4, p. 316. In this collection are two Poems "not in TICKELL's works," one in vol. 5, of very considerable length, entitled "Oxford."

party poems; it expresses "contempt without coarseness, and superiority without insolence," qualities in general so badly managed by party poets that on this account alone it ought to be frequently read.

When ADDISON went to Ireland as Secretary to the EARL of SUNDERLAND, he took TICKELL with him, and employed him in public business, and when he rose to be Secretary of State for Great Britain, he appointed him his Under Secretary, against the advice and pleasure of STEELE, who appears to have entertained an unfavourable opinion of his temper, and even of his honour *. These suspicions ADDISON is said to have communicated to TICKELL, the consequence of which was that animosity which afterwards broke out openly in TICKELL's Life of ADDISON and STEELE's dedication of the Drummer. The friendship, however, between ADDISON and TICKELL remained unabated, and when ADDISON died, he left him the charge of publishing his works, with a solemn recommendation to the patronage of CRAGGS, his Majesty's Principal Secretary of State. Some singular circumstances attended this publication, which are thus related by POPE in a letter to ATTERBURY. "ADDISON's works came to my hands yesterday. I cannot but think it a very odd set of incidents, that the book should be dedicated by a dead man (ADDISON) to a dead man (CRAGGS,) and even that the new patron (LORD WARWICK) to whom TICKELL chose to inscribe his verses, should be

* CIBBER's Life of TICKELL.

dead also before they were published. Had I been in the Editor's place I should have been a little apprehensive for myself, under a thought that every one who had any hand in that work was to die before the publication of it."

To this work TICKELL prefixed an elegy on the author, the excellence of which seems to be universally acknowledged. Dr. JOHNSON has selected the third and fourth paragraphs as pre-eminent, to which may perhaps be added some lines in the second. The merit of the whole, however, has never been surpassed. He seems to say no more than grief inspires, and his grief and his reflections are those of every man who has lost a friend.

This edition comprises all ADDISON's works, in prose and verse, and is printed in a very splendid form in four quarto volumes, ornamented with a fine portrait of ADDISON, by Vertue, after KNELLER, and with some beautiful head-pieces, principally from designs by Sir JAMES THORNHILL. Some papers of the TATLER have been in this edition of the ESSAYISTS ascribed to ADDISON, which are not to be found in TICKELL's edition, and he has by a mistake reprinted No. 500 of the SPECTATOR, which was STEELE's. He has on the other hand omitted No. 328, the substituted paper, which was written by ADDISON.

About the year 1725, TICKELL was made Secretary to the Lords Justices of Ireland, a place of great honour, in which he continued until 1740, when he died, April 23, at Bath. Of his

personal character we have little information: he is said to have been a man of gay conversation, at least a temperate lover of wine and company, and in his domestic relations, without censure. It may be added, that he was in one respect at least a man of great modesty. He suppressed his share in the SPECTATOR and GUARDIAN, for which no other motive can fairly be assigned, and this he did so successfully, that it is not easy to determine any one paper to be his. Of these which have been attributed to him, upon conjecture, he had no reason to be ashamed; yet it frequently happens that men in advanced and serious life do not look upon their juvenile productions with complacency. If this apology is unsatisfactory, let it be supposed, on the other hand, that he became vain, and thought them beneath him *.

It may not be unentertaining now to take a cursory view of the principal periodical papers which accompanied or succeeded those on which the opinion of the public have bestowed classical fame. A complete enumeration would be difficult: many of them attracted so little notice, as to fall still-born from the press; others acquired temporary fame, and are now forgotten; and a

* "We have not been able to learn what family he left, if any; his widow, we have heard was living not many years ago. RICHARD TICKELL, Esq. a (late) Commissioner of the Stamps, and author of the humorous pamphlet, called "Anticipation," as well as of several ingenious poetical productions, is certainly of our poet's family; but there is some reason to think, he is a descendant of his brother, RICHARD TICKELL, Esq. who married in Whitehaven." HUTCHINSON, *ubi supra*.

few are yet occasionally read or consulted by those who are curious to trace the opinions or manners of the times.

In this sketch, we shall first follow those writers whose success in the TATLER, &c. seemed to justify their subsequent attempts to guide publick opinion in literature, manners, or politics.

Mr. HUGHES, after communicating to ADDISON the conclusion of the GUARDIAN by STEELE, which we have already quoted from his letter, goes on in the same to inform ADDISON, that he had sketched the plan of a new paper. In this he *supposes* a society of learned men, of various characters, who meet together to carry on a conversation on all kinds of subjects, and who empower their Secretary to draw up any of their discourses, or publish any of their writings, under the title of REGISTER. "By this means," he adds, "I think the town might be sometimes entertained with dialogue, which will be a new way of writing, either related or set down in form, under the names of different speakers; and sometimes with essays, or with discourses in the person of the writer of the paper."—ADDISON, in his answer, after acknowledging that he had read the specimen with pleasure, and approved the title of REGISTER, says, "To tell you truly, I have been so taken up with thoughts of that nature for these two or three years last past, that I must now take some time *pour me delasser*, and lay in fewel for a future work. In the mean time I should be glad

if you would set such a project on foot, for I know nobody else capable of succeeding in it, and turning it to the good of mankind, since my friend has laid it down. I am in a thousand troubles for poor Dick, and wish that his zeal for the public may not be ruinous to himself; but he has sent me word, that he is determined to go on, and that any advice I can give him, in this particular, will have no weight with him *."

In this ADDISON proved a true prophet: *Poor Dick* did go on with the ENGLISHMAN, until he was expelled the House of Commons †, where he then had a seat for Stockbridge, for some libellous paragraphs in that paper, and in a pamphlet, entitled "The Crisis." This event produced his "Apology," a very masterly composition, and altogether perhaps superior to any of his writings.

This scheme between HUGHES and ADDISON was not carried into execution; STEELE continued the ENGLISHMAN until it reached the fifty-sixth number. He then published a paper, or rather pamphlet, entitled "The Englishman; being the close of a paper so called, with an epistle concerning the Whigs, Tories, and new Converts. By Richard Steele, Esq. ‡" The whole were then reprinted in a handsome volume

* DUNCOMBE's Letters, vol. 1, pp. 78, 79, 80, 81. Edit. 1772.

† Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, let it be remembered, made an able speech in defence of STEELE on this occasion. See COXE's Memoirs of Sir R. WALPOLE, p. 43, vol. 1, 4to.

‡ This does not appear to have been printed in folio, as the other papers were, at least it is not in the folio copy obligingly lent to me by Mr. NICHOLS.

octavo, which does not appear to have had more than a temporary sale.

To the ENGLISHMAN, the LOVER immediately succeeded, in which STEELE returns again to domestic life and manners. The first paper appeared Feb. 25, 1714, and the last May 27 of the same year, making in all forty papers. Two of these, Nos. 10 and 39, were written by ADDISON, and reprinted accordingly in his works. No. 10, on an extravagant fondness for china ware, is not inferior in richness of humour to the best of his SPECTATORS. No. 39 is intended as a recommendation of BUDGELL's translation of Theophrastus.

Before the LOVER was finished, our indefatigable Essayist published THE READER, in opposition to the EXAMINER. This reached only the ninth number. The LOVER and READER were frequently reprinted. His next attempt was entitled THE TOWNTALK, in a series of letters to a Lady in the country: it consisted also of nine numbers, printed weekly, in quarto, and sold by R. Burleigh, in Amen Corner, at the price of three-pence each number. It is conjectured that they were a series of genuine letters, written by STEELE to his lady then in the country, and that they were afterwards altered and enlarged for public use. They are generally amusing, but the first is highly exceptionable on account of its indelicacy, a fault for which STEELE is not often to blame. POPE did him justice when he said, "he had a real love of virtue." The first number of the TOWNTALK was published Dec. 17,

1715, and the last Feb. 13, 1715-16. Three papers, entitled THE TEA-TABLE, were published by STEELE in February 1715-16, of which no farther account has been transmitted. It is evident that none of the last mentioned papers were eminently successful, although some of them have great merit, and amply deserve the handsome form in which they have lately been published*.

STEELE's next appearance as an Essayist was in The PLEBEIAN, No. 1, March 14, 1718-19. Four numbers of this have been reprinted in Mr. NICHOLS' edition. The whole relate to the Peerage Bill, and deserve notice principally on account of the quarrel which they produced between ADDISON and STEELE. Of this unfortunate affair Dr. JOHNSON, in his life of ADDISON, has given the following particulars:

"In 1718-19, a controversy was agitated, with great vehemence, between those friends of long continuance, ADDISON and STEELE. It may be asked, in the language of Homer, what power or what cause could set them at variance? The subject of their dispute was of great importance. The Earl of SUNDERLAND proposed an act, called The Peerage Bill, by which the number of Peers should be fixed, and the King restrained from any new creation of nobility, unless when an old family should be extinct. To this the lords would naturally agree; and the

* By Mr. NICHOLS, in 1789, 2 vols. cr. octavo, enriched with valuable annotations, to which I have been much indebted, and with a very ingenious Preface to THE LOVER.

King, who was yet little acquainted with his own prerogative, and, as is now well known, almost indifferent to the possession of the crown, had been persuaded to consent. The only difficulty was found among the commons, who were not likely to approve the perpetual exclusion of themselves and their posterity. The bill therefore was eagerly opposed, and among others by Sir Robert Walpole, whose speech was published. The lords might think their dignity diminished by improper advancements, and particularly by the introduction of twelve new peers at once, to produce a majority of Tories in the last reign; an act of authority violent enough, yet certainly legal, and by no means to be compared with that contempt of national right, with which sometime afterwards, by the instigation of Whigism, the commons, chosen by the people for three years, chose themselves for seven. But whatever might be the disposition of the lords, the people had no wish to increase their power. The tendency of the bill, as STEELE observed in a letter to the Earl of OXFORD, was to introduce an aristocracy, for a majority in the House of Lords, so limited, would have been despotic and irresistible. To prevent this subversion of the ancient establishment, STEELE, whose pen readily seconded his political passions, endeavoured to alarm the nation by a pamphlet, called THE PLEBEIAN. To this an answer was published by ADDISON under the title of The OLD WHIG, in which it is not discovered that STEELE was then known to be the advocate for the Commons. STEELE replied by

a second PLEBEIAN; and, whether by ignorance or by courtesy, confined himself to his question, without any personal notice of his opponent. Nothing hitherto was committed against the laws of friendship, or proprieties of decency; but controvertists cannot long retain their kindness for each other. The OLD WHIG answered the PLEBEIAN, and could not forbear some contempt of "*Little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets.*" *Dicky*, however, did not lose his settled veneration for his friends; but contented himself with quoting some lines of Cato, which were at once detection and reproof. The bill was laid aside during that session; and ADDISON died before the next, in which its commitment was rejected by two hundred sixty-five to one hundred seventy-seven. Every reader surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years past in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *Bellum plusquam civile*, as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But, among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instability of friendship."

We cannot doubt that this unhappy contest aggravated the regret which STEELE felt for ADDISON's death, and it is certain that he afterwards resented nothing so warmly as the supposition that he had lost any part of that reverence and affection with which he always contemplated

the genius and virtues of his illustrious friend. Of this we have at least one decided proof in his "Address to Mr. Congreve" prefixed to ADDISON's Comedy of the Drummer.

After this we find another attempt of the patriotic kind by STEELE, entitled THE SPINSTER, in defence of the woollen manufactures, of which one number only was published. But he admitted no permanent relaxation from writing Essays; and on Saturday, Jan. 2, 1719-20, commenced THE THEATRE, by *Sir John Edgar*, which was continued every Tuesday and Saturday, price two-pence. Of this paper Bishop RUNDLE says, with truth, that "it is written in the spirit of the Old TATLERS," and adds, that the demand for them was so great, that even STEELE's fiercest enemies bought them up, and enjoyed the Author, while they persecuted the man. The affairs of the theatre are the principal subjects of this paper, as may be conjectured from its title. It is curious also as including a considerable portion of his private history. But notwithstanding the avidity with which it was bought up, it was concluded April 5, 1720, when it had reached the twenty eighth number. With these, Mr. NICHOLS has republished as a foil THE ANTI-THEATRE by *Sir John Falstaffe*, in fifteen numbers *. And here at length ended STEELE's labours as an ESSAYIST.

Towards the conclusion of the TATLER, ADDISON published five numbers of a paper called

* In two vols. cr. octavo, 1791, comprising many scarce pieces written by, or concerning, STEELE, and illustrated by valuable notes.

The WHIG-EXAMINER, "in which," says the great critic so often quoted "is employed all the force of gay malevolence and humorous satire." "Every reader," he adds, "of every party, since personal malice is past, and the papers which once inflamed the nation are read only as effusions of wit, must wish for more WHIG-EXAMINERS; for on no occasion was the genius of Addison more vigorously exerted, and on none did the superiority of his powers more evidently appear."

The FREEHOLDER, by the same writer, and undertaken in defence of the established government at a very critical period, appeared first on Dec. 23, 1715, and was continued every Friday and Monday, until the rising of parliament, when the last paper, No. 55, was published, June 29, 1716. The author endeavours to guard against a common trick in that age, by the following conclusion, "If any writer shall do this paper so much honour, as to inscribe the title of it to others, which may be published upon the laying down of this work; the whole praise or dispraise of such a performance, will belong to some other author: this fifty-fifth being the last paper that will come from the hand of the FREEHOLDER."

In the FREEHOLDER, as the ground the author took was strong, though disputed, we have much display of powerful argument, as well as humour. The *Tory Fox-hunter* has always been admired, but some will probably join with Dr. JOHNSON in censuring that part of the *Pretender's Journal*, in which one topic of ridicule is his poverty,

while others, on consulting the passage and considering it in connection with what precedes and follows, will discover only a very harmless piece of pleasantry *.—STEELE's opinion of the FREEHOLDER strongly marks the difference between the political cast of himself and ADDISON. He thought the humour of the FREEHOLDER too nice and gentle for such noisy times; and is reported to have said that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet †.

The most considerable of the periodical papers that were contemporary with those of ADDISON and STEELE, is the EXAMINER, which appears to have been of great political consequence, although to use the expression of one of its authors, it is now "down among the dead men." This paper was begun, conducted and supported by the ministry of the four last years of Queen ANNE. The first number is dated August 3, 1710, and the last, or what is supposed by the Annotator, to whom I am indebted for the history of this paper ‡, to be the last, is dated July 26, 1714. The authors were SWIFT, who wrote thirty-three papers, republished in his works, Mr. Secretary ST. JOHN, Dr. ATTERBURY, Mr. PRIOR, Dr. FREIND, Mrs. MANLEY, Dr. WIL-

* "*Anno regni quarto*—he ordered the Lord High Treasurer to pay off the debts of the crown, which had been contracted since his accession to the throne: particularly a milk-score of three years standing." FREEHOLDER, No. 36.

† JOHNSON's Life of ADDISON.

‡ TATLER, cr. oct. 1786, vol. 5, p. 307, et seqq. and vol. 6, p. 106, et seqq.

LIAM KING, who is said to have been the ostensible author before it devolved on SWIFT, whose first paper is the fourteenth, and Mr. OLDISWORTH. It was set up in opposition to the TATLER, in consequence of some political articles which STEELE wrote, or of which he was contented to bear the blame; but the plan of the two papers was essentially different, and the public has long since decided in favour of the TATLER.

The TORY-EXAMINER, for such it was, of SWIFT, produced the WHIG-EXAMINER of ADDISON, which reached only to the fifth number, and gave way to the MEDLEY, the first number of which appeared Oct. 5, 1710. This was conducted upon the same political principles with the WHIG-EXAMINER, but with more violence, and less ability. The principal author was ARTHUR MAYNWARING, Esq. a gentleman of fortune, and political consequence, to whom STEELE dedicated the first volume of the TATLER. His assistants in this work were CLEMENTS, Secretary to the EARL of PETERBOROUGH, Dr. KENNETT, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, Mr. ANTHONY HENLY, and STEELE, who wrote part of No. 23.—No. 45, the last paper, is dated Aug. 6, 1711.

During the publication of the TATLER, among other puny efforts to gain popularity and profit, by an imitation of that plan, appeared a periodical work, entitled, "The VISIONS of Sir HEISTER RYLEY: with other entertainments. Consisting of Two hundred discourses and letters

representing by way of Image and Description, the characters of Vertue, Beauty, Affection, Love, and Passion, &c. &c." Whether RYLEY was a real or fictitious name does not appear. It was printed in the quarto size. No. 1 is dated Aug. 21, 1710, and No. 80, the last in the copy now before me, Feb. 21, 1710-11. Each number is divided into two or three speculations, dated from different places, in imitation of the TATLER, and this unfortunately is the only instance in which that work has been imitated. The whole is a miserable collection of commonplace remarks, such as would not now be tolerated in the most illiterate of our periodical publications.

The LAY-MONK was a paper undertaken by Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE, not for fame or profit, he says, but that he might have the satisfaction of accomplishing a design for the public good. He had offered his assistance to ADDISON, and to HUGHES, and when they declined it, he resolved, by the aid of another friend, to publish a paper three times a week, and "to own that he had some hand in it." The first of these papers was published Nov. 16, 1713, and the last Feb. 1713-14. Mr. HUGHES, when it was once begun, was induced to be a contributor, and acknowledges, in one letter, the third, sixth, and ninth papers, and in another, he says that the character of NED FREEMAN, and all the Friday's papers were his. It met with no great success, yet HUGHES thinks it began to grow upon the town, and might have been continued with

moderate success, if Sir RICHARD had not been weary and dropped it *. Who the *other friend* mentioned by Sir Richard was, does not appear. The plan is not altogether unlike that which HUGHES sketched to ADDISON; the supposition being that some literary men, whose characters are described, had retired to a house in the country, to enjoy philosophical leisure, and resolved to inſtruct the public, by communicating their disquisitions and amusements. Such a plan, however, was not very happy, as it obviously could not embrace common life and manners, and the town probably would not have suffered the instructions of country gentlemen. It reached to the fortieth paper, and was republished in one volume, with the title of the "LAY-MONASTERY, being a Sequel to the SPECTATORS," which, as was the opinion then, had been finally concluded with No. 555, the last of the seventh volume.

"This period," says THEOBALD, "may well be called the Age of Counsellers, when every blockhead who could write his own name, attempted to inform and amuse the public." "Close on the heels," as he expresses it, "of "the inimitable SPECTATOR," this author began, in Mist's Journal (a newspaper of the day) a paper, entitled THE CENSOR, the first number of which is dated April 11, 1715. In this he rather unluckily assumed the name of JOHNSON, a descendant of BEN JONSON; and pretended to have inherited "a considerable portion of his spirit."

* Duncombe's Letters, vol. 1, pp. 82, 101, edit. 1772.

It continued, but with many intermissions, to June 1, 1717, in all ninety-six papers; afterwards printed in three volumes 12mo. It has since, not altogether undeservedly, sunk into oblivion.

A paper of very considerable merit was undertaken by AMBROSE PHILLIPS, in the year 1718, and continued for some time with spirit and success, entitled THE FREETHINKER. The first paper is dated March 24, 1718, and the last, Sept. 28, 1719, in all one hundred and fifty-nine papers, many of which are distinguished for taste and humour. PHILLIPS' coadjutors were indeed men of acknowledged talents; BOULTER, afterwards Archbishop of Armagh, and PHILLIPS' great patron, was one: many of the best papers are said to have been written by the Rev. GEORGE STUBBS, rector of Gunville, in Dorsetshire. Dr. PEARCE, the late bishop of Rochester, wrote at least one very beautiful paper (No. 114.) The other contributors were the Right Hon. RICHARD WEST, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Rev. GILBERT BURNETT, and the Rev. HENRY STEEVENS. This Burnett, if I mistake not, was Vicar of Coggeshall, Essex, and minister of St. James's Clerkenwell *. The FREETHINKER was afterwards printed in three volumes, 12mo and has undergone at least two impressions.

Having mentioned MIST'S JOURNAL, it may be necessary to add, that it was the first paper

* WELSTED contributed some poetical pieces to the FREETHINKER. See NICHOLS' Life of WELSTED prefixed to his works, p. 22, oct. 1787.

written against the government, after the accession of the present royal family. Its object of opposition was the protestant succession. It was followed, and nearly under the same management by FOG'S JOURNAL, which is said to have been very popular. LORD CHESTERFIELD wrote at least three papers in it. A selection of the best papers was published in two volumes, octavo, in 1732 *. The first of these is dated Sept. 28, 1728, and the last, Dec. 25, 1731, but the paper was continued long after this, the date of Lord CHESTERFIELD'S first contribution being Jan. 17, 1736, and his last, April 10th of that year. I suspect it was concluded soon after, and succeeded by another paper, written by the opposition, called

COMMON SENSE, the first number of which, dated Feb. 5, 1737, was written by Lord CHESTERFIELD, who wrote also Nos. 3, 4, 14, 16, 19, 25, 30, 32, 33, 37, 51, 54, 57, 89, 93, and 103. His lordship's contributions of these papers were mostly on subjects of morals or manners, and some of them are equal if not superior to the most admired of his periodical compositions. Lord LYTTELTON was also a writer in this paper.

The TRUE BRITON began to be published about the time of ATTERBURY'S plot. The first number bears date June 3, 1723, and the 74th or last, Feb. 17, 1723-4. The whole were written by the wretched DUKE of WHARTON.

* There had previously appeared a selection from MIST'S Journal, printed about 1722.

Its libellous tendency incurred a prosecution, to escape which the printers and publishers fled to the continent. The Duke republished a part of it in volumes.

The CRAFTSMAN, once a paper of great celebrity for its political influence, and the disturbance it gave to Sir ROBERT WALPOLE's ministry, was conducted by Mr. AMHURST, a man of considerable ability, but loose and unprincipled. He was assisted in this undertaking by Lord BOLINGBROKE and Mr. PULTENEY, afterwards EARL of BATH, and probably by other leaders of opposition. The first paper is dated Dec. 5, 1726. In its republished state it fills fourteen volumes, but is now little read. Ten or twelve thousand of this paper are said to have been sold in a day. AMHURST had before this written a witty but scurrilous paper, called TERRÆ-FILIUS, which began in 1721, and consists of fifty numbers.

CATO's LETTERS began to be published in 1720, and were reprinted in four volumes 12mo. under the title "CATO's LETTERS, or Essays on Liberty, civil or religious, and other important subjects." This work was written by GORDON and TRENCHARD, and must have been very acceptable to the public taste, as it passed through four editions before the year 1737. The same authors were concerned in another paper, entitled the "INDEPENDENT WHIG," in opposition to the principles and practices of what was called the High Church party; it consisted of fifty-three papers, began Jan. 20, 1719-20, and concluded

Jan. 4, 1720-1. It has been reprinted at least once.

The UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR was a news-paper published weekly, with an Essay prefixed to each paper, "by HENRY STONECASTLE, of Northumberland, Esq." during the years 1730, 1731, and 1732, or perhaps longer. That learned and indefatigable historian and antiquary, OLDYS, is said to have been the author of some of these papers; one JOHN KELLY, a dramatic poet, is mentioned as another writer, and the author of Sir JOHN HAWKINS' Life in the Biographical Dictionary, asserts that Sir JOHN, when a very young man, was an occasional contributor. These papers were collected and published in four volumes, 1747; there is some vivacity and humour, and some knowledge of life and manners in many of them; the intention, at least, was evidently that of the original SPECTATORS.

The CHAMPION was more of a political cast, although not without a considerable mixture of papers on subjects of wit and humour. The advertisement to the copy now before me (2 vols. 12mo. third edition) informs us, that there were four writers concerned in it, the principal of whom were FIELDING and RALPH. FIELDING's papers, if I mistake not, are those marked with a C. or an L. The first number is dated Nov. 15, 1739, and the last, June 19, 1740. FIELDING was also concerned in a paper, entitled the TRUE PATRIOT, begun Nov. 5, 1745, in opposition to the designs of the Pretender and

his friends. Some of these papers are very deservedly reprinted in his works.

The OLD WHIG, or Consistent Proteſtant, was written chiefly by dissenters, and on dissenting principles. The first paper is dated March 13, 1735, and the last March 13, 1737-8. It was afterwards published by subscription, in two volumes octavo. Dr. CHANDLER was the author of about fifty of the papers.

OLD ENGLAND, or the Constitutional Journal, by JEFFERY BROADBOTTOM, of Covent Garden, Esq. was another of that numerous class of papers set up in opposition to the ministry of the times. The first paper, dated Feb. 1743, was written by Lord CHESTERFIELD. Its object was to pull down the ministers who succeeded Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, or the Newcastle party, who had gained over Mr. PULTENEY and Lord CARTERET. The third paper is also attributed to Lord CHESTERFIELD by Mr. MATY, but RALPH and GUTHRIE are said to have been the principal writers.

The FREE BRITON was one of the few papers established by government to repell the frequent attacks made upon them. It was published under the direction of Sir ROBERT WALPOLE, and written principally by WILLIAM ARNALL, who was bred an attorney, but commenced party-writer when under twenty. He is said to have received for FREE BRITONS, and other writings, in four years, above ten thousand pounds. There is a short article respecting him in the Biographi-

cal Dictionary, taken chiefly from the notes on the DUNCIAD.

The DAILY GAZETTEER was a title given very properly, as Mr. MATY thinks, to certain papers, each of which lasted but a day. Into this, as a common sink, was received all the trash, which had been before dispersed in several journals, and circulated at the public expence of the nation. The authors were obscure men, though sometimes relieved by occasional essays from statesmen, courtiers. bishops, deans, and doctors. The meaner sort were rewarded with money; others with places or benefices, from an hundred to a thousand pounds a year*.

The MEMOIRS of the GRUB-STREET SOCIETY was a humorous and very miscellaneous paper, begun Thursday, Jan. 8, 1730, and continued about three years. What were esteemed the best pieces, both in prose and verse, were published afterwards in two volumes 12mo. *Bavius* and *Mævius*, the assumed names of the authors, were Dr. RUSSEL, a physician, and Dr. JOHN MARTYN, afterwards Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge.

To these may be added the following, the LONDON JOURNAL, which was older than the CRAFTSMAN, and in opposition to it. The WEEKLY REGISTER, circa 1730-1, or topics of literature and manners; the BRITISH JOURNAL, begun Jan. 1731, on the same subjects; the DAILY COURANT, READ'S JOURNAL. The

* MATY's Miscellaneous Works of Lord CHESTERFIELD.

TEMPLAR begun Feb. 1731, he calls himself a nephew to the Spectator's Templar; The FOOL, The PROMPTER, circa 1734-5. Of all these specimens may be seen in the early volumes of that very curious and valuable repository, the Gentleman's Magazine.

This list of the papers which succeeded the TATLERS and SPECTATORS, although perhaps far from complete, may yet shew that the long space which intervened between the GUARDIAN and the next work of merit in this edition of the ESSAYISTS, was filled up with many attempts of the periodical kind to instruct or to amuse, to inflame or to pacify the minds of the publick, according to the various views of the writers, or rather of those by whom they were employed, and it may also shew that the importance of this mode of communication was now universally acknowledged. It is indeed to be regretted that manners and morals, although evidently the great object of the SPECTATOR, and what rendered that paper a profitable as well as honourable concern, were frequently forgot in the tumult of parties, civil and religious, and that the time again returned when "nothing was conveyed to the people" in the commodious manner of Essay, "but controversy relating to the church or state, of which they taught many to talk whom they could not teach to judge."

Of the works now enumerated by far the greater part are of this description, and although there are some valuable papers on general and useful topics to be here and there discovered, yet

they are so encumbered in the volumes of angry politics and long-forgotten contests, that they have suffered the common lot of those who associate with bad company. With respect to their general merit as compositions, if the publick be allowed the decisive judge of what is addressed to its collective capacity, we may gather what that decision long has been, by the difficulty with which we recover the dates or even the names of many papers which once proudly "strutted and fretted their hour" on the stage of political contest, and are now known not to the common but to the curious reader, and are to be found not in shops, but in ancient repositories, in which no place either of honour or distinction is allotted to them. We are now, however, entering on a new æra in the history of Essay Writing, a period during which the greatest talents were again called forth to combine wit and genius in the service of virtue, and to detach the public mind from the unprofitable speculations of political rancour.

The following extract from the scarce pamphlet mentioned in the Preface to the Tatler, and supposed to have been written by Gay, may throw some light on the rivals of the Tatler.

"The expiration of Bickerstaff's Lucubrations was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Melibæus's ox in Virgil; as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former im-

mediately produced whole swarms of little satirical scribblers.

"One of these authors called himself the GROWLER, and assured us, that, to make amends for Mr. STEELE's silence, he was resolved to *growl* at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another gentleman, with more modesty, calls his paper the WHISPERER, and a third, to please the ladies, christened his the TELL-TALE.

"At the same time came out several Tatlers; each of which, with equal truth and wit, assured us, that he was the genuine Isaac Bickerstaff.

"It may be observed, that when the Squire laid down his pen, though he could not but forsee that several scribblers would soon snatch it up, which he might, one would think, easily have prevented, he scorned to take any further care about it, but left the field fairly open to any worthy successor. Immediately some of our wits were for forming themselves into a club, headed by one Mr. Harrison, and trying how they could 'shoot in this bow of Ulysses;' but soon found that this sort of writing requires so fine and particular a manner of thinking, with so exact a knowledge of the world, as must make them utterly despair of success.

"They seemed indeed at first to think, that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers was that which recommended them, and not those *substantial entertainments* which they every where abound in.

"Accordingly they were continually talking of their *Maid*, *Night-cap*, *Spectacles*, and *Charles Lillie*. However there were now and then some faint endeavours at Humour, and *sparks* of Wit, which the Town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after, through an heap of impertinencies: but even those are at present become wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the *blaze of the Spectator*."

THE
GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION TO VOL. I.

TO LIEUTENANT-GENERAL CADOGAN.

SIR,

In the character of Guardian, it behoves me to do honour to such as have deserved well of society, and laid out worthy, and manly qualities, in the service of the public. No man has more eminently distinguished himself this way, than Mr. Cadogan; with a contempt of pleasure, rest, and ease, when called to the duties of your glorious profession, you have lived in a familiarity with dangers, and with a strict eye upon the final purpose of the attempt, have wholly disregarded what should befall yourself in the prosecution of it; thus has life risen to you, as fast as you resigned it, and every new hour, for having so frankly lent the preceding moments to the cause of justice and of liberty, has come home to you, improved with honour: This happy distinction, which is so very peculiar to you, with the addition of industry, vigilance, patience of

labour, thirst and hunger, in common with the meanest soldier, has made your present fortune unenvied. For the public always reap greater advantage, from the example of successful merit, than the deserving man himself can possibly be possessed of; your country knows how eminently you excel in the several parts of military skill, whether in assigning the encampment, accommodating the troops, leading to the charge, or pursuing the enemy: the retreat being the only part of the profession which has not fallen within the experience of those, who learned their warfare under the Duke of Marlborough. But the true and honest purpose of this Epistle is to desire a place in your friendship, without pretending to add any thing to your reputation, who, by your own gallant actions, have acquired that your name through all ages shall be read with honour, wherever mention shall be made of that illustrious captain.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient,

and most humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

ORIGINAL DEDICATION TO VOL. II.

TO MR. PULTENEY *.

SIR,

THE greatest honour of human life, is to live well with men of merit; and I hope you will pardon me the vanity of publishing, by this means, my happiness in being able to name you among my friends. The conversation of a gentleman, that has a refined taste of letters, and a disposition in which those letters found nothing to correct, but very much to exert, is a good fortune too uncommon to be enjoyed in silence. In others, the greatest business of learning is to weed the soil; in you, it had nothing else to do, but to bring forth fruit. Affability, complacency, and generosity of heart, which are natural to you, wanted nothing from literature, but to refine and direct the application of them. After I have boasted I had some share in your familiarity, I know not how to do you the justice of celebrating you for the choice of an elegant and worthy acquaintance, with whom you live in the happy communication of generous sentiments, which contribute, not only to your own mutual entertainment and improvement, but to the honour and service of your country. Zeal for the public good is the characteristic of a man of honour, and a gentleman, and must take place of pleasures, profits, and all other private gratifications. Whoever wants this motive, is an open enemy, or an inglorious neuter to mankind, in

* Afterwards Earl of Bath.

proportion to the misapplied advantages with which nature and fortune have blessed him. But you have a soul animated with nobler views, and know that the distinction of wealth and plenteous circumstances, is a tax upon an honest mind, to endeavour, as much as the occurrences of life will give him leave, to guard the properties of others, and be vigilant for the good of his fellow-subjects.

This generous inclination, no man possesses in a warmer degree than yourself; which that heaven would reward with long possession of that reputation into which you have made so early an entrance, the reputation of a man of sense, a good citizen, and agreeable companion, a disinterested friend, and an unbiassed patriot, is the hearty prayer of,

SIR,

Your most obliged

and most obedient,

humble servant,

THE GUARDIAN.

THE

PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It is a justice which Mr. Ironside owes gentlemen who have sent him their assistances from time to time, in the carrying on of this Work, to acknowledge that obligation, though at the same time he himself dwindles into the character of a meer publisher, by making the acknowledgment. But whether a man does it out of justice or gratitude, or any other virtuous reason or not, it is also a prudential act to take no more upon a man than he can bear. Too large a credit has made many a bankrupt, but taking even less than a man can answer with ease, is a sure fund for extending it whenever his occasions require. All those Papers which are distinguished by the mark of an Hand, were written by a gentleman who has obliged the world with productions too sublime to admit that the Author of them should receive any addition to his reputation, from such loose occasional thoughts as make up these little treatises. For which reason his name shall be concealed. Those which are marked with a Star, were composed by Mr. Budgell. That upon Dedications, with the Epistle of an Author to Himself, The Club of little Men, The Receipt to make an Epic Poem, The Paper of the Gardens of Alcinous, and the Catalogue of Greens,

That against Barbarity to Animals, and some others, have Mr. Pope for their Author. Now I mention this Gentleman, I take this opportunity, out of the affection I have for his person, and respect to his merit, to let the world know, that he is now translating Homer's Iliad by subscription. He has given good proof of his ability for the work, and the men of greatest wit and learning of this nation, of all parties, are, according to their different abilities, zealous encouragers, or solicitors for the work.

But to my present purpose. The Letter from Gnatho of the Cures performed by Flattery, and that of comparing Dress to Criticism, are Mr. Gay's. Mr. Martin, Mr. Philips, Mr. Tickell, Mr. Carey, Mr. Eusden, Mr. Ince and Mr. Hughes, have obliged the town with entertaining Discourses in these Volumes; and Mr. Berkeley, of Trinity College in Dublin, has embellished them with many excellent arguments in honour of religion and virtue. Mr. Parnelle will I hope forgive me that without his leave I mention, that I have seen his hand on the like occasion. There are some Discourses of a less pleasing nature which relate to the divisions amongst us, and such (lest any of these Gentlemen should suffer from unjust suspicion,) I must impute to the right Author of them, who is one Mr. Steele, of Langunnor, in the County of Carmarthen, in South Wales.

THE GUARDIAN.

N° 1. THURSDAY, MARCH 12, 1713.

——*Ille quem requiris.* MART. Epig. ii. 1.

He, whom you seek.

THERE is no passion so universal, however diversified or disguised under different forms and appearances, as the vanity of being known to the rest of mankind, and communicating a man's parts, virtues, or qualifications, to the world: this is so strong upon men of great genius, that they have a restless fondness for satisfying the world in the mistakes they might possibly be under, with relation even to their physiognomy. Mr. Airs, that excellent penman, has taken care to affix his own image opposite to the title-page of his learned treatise, wherein he instructs the youth of his nation to arrive at a flourishing hand. The Author of The Key to Interest, both simple and compound, containing practical rules plainly expressed in words at length for all rates of interest and times of payment for what time soever, makes up to us the misfortune of his living at Chester, by following the

example of the above-mentioned Airs, and coming up to town, over against his title-page, in a very becoming periwig, and a flowing robe or mantle, inclosed in a circle of foliages; below his portraiture, for our farther satisfaction as to the age of that useful writer, is subscribed '*Johannes Ward de civitat. Cestriæ, ætat. suæ* 58. *An. Dom.* 1706.' The serene aspect of these writers, joined with the great encouragement I observe is given to another, or what is indeed to be suspected, in which he indulges himself, confirmed me in the notion I have of the prevalence of ambition this way. The author whom I hint at shall be nameless, but his countenance is communicated to the public in several views and aspects drawn by the most eminent painters, and forwarded by engravers, artists by way of mezzo-tinto, etchers, and the like*. There was, I remember, some years ago, one John Gale, a fellow that played upon a pipe, and diverted the multitude by dancing in a ring they made about him, whose face became generally known, and the artists employed their skill in delineating his features, because every man was a judge of the similitude of them. There is little else, than what this John Gale arrived at, in the advantages men enjoy from common fame; yet do I fear it has always a part in moving us to exert ourselves in such things, as ought to derive their beginnings from nobler considerations. But I think it is no great matter to the publick what is the incentive which makes men bestow time in their service, provided there be any thing useful in what they produce; I shall proceed therefore to give an account of my

* Dr. Sacheverell, who was highly honoured in this way, being placed in effigy on handkerchiefs, fans, urinals, &c.

intended labours, not without some hope of having my vanity, at the end of them, indulged in the sort abovementioned.

I should not have assumed the title of Guardian, had I not maturely considered, that the qualities, necessary for doing the duties of that character, proceed from the integrity of the mind, more than the excellence of the understanding. The former of these qualifications it is in the power of every man to arrive at; and the more he endeavours that way, the less will he want the advantages of the latter; to be faithful, to be honest, to be just, is what you will demand in the choice of your Guardian; or if you find added to this, that he is pleasant, ingenious, and agreeable, there will overflow satisfactions which make for the ornament, if not so immediately to the use of your life. As to the diverting part of this paper, by what assistance I shall be capacitated for that, as well as what proofs I have given of my behaviour as to integrity in former life, will appear from my history to be delivered in ensuing discourses. The main purpose of the work shall be, to protect the modest, the industrious; to celebrate the wise, the valiant; to encourage the good, the pious; to confront the impudent, the idle; to contemn the vain, the cowardly; and to disappoint the wicked and profane. This work cannot be carried on but by preserving a strict regard, not only to the duties but civilities of life, with the utmost impartiality towards things and persons. The unjust application of the advantages of breeding and fortune, is the source of all calamity both public and private; the correction therefore, or rather admonition, of a Guardian in all the occurrences of a various being,

if given with a benevolent spirit, would certainly be of general service.

In order to contribute as far as I am able to it, I shall publish in respective papers whatever I think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, the improvement of ladies, the wealth of traders, and the encouragement of artificers. The circumstance relating to those who excel in mechanicks, shall be considered with particular application. It is not to be immediately conceived by such as have not turned themselves to reflections of that kind, that Providence, to enforce and endear the necessity of social life, has given one man's hands to another man's head, and the carpenter, the smith, the joiner, are as immediately necessary to the mathematician, as my amanuensis will be to me, to write much fairer than I can myself. I am so well convinced of this truth, that I shall have a particular regard to mechanicks; and to shew my honour for them, I shall place at their head the painter. This gentleman is, as to the execution of his work, a mechanick; but as to his conception, his spirit, and design, he is hardly below even the poet, in liberal art. It will be from these considerations useful to make the world see, the affinity between all works which are beneficial to mankind is much nearer, than the illiberal arrogance of scholars will at all times allow. But I am from experience convinced of the importance of mechanick heads, and shall therefore take them all into my care from Rowley, who is improving the globes of the earth and heaven in Fleet-street, to Bat. Pigeon *, the hair cutter in the Strand.

* A shop was kept under this name, till very lately, almost opposite Arundel-street.

But it will be objected upon what pretensions I take upon me to put in for the *prochain ami*, or nearest friend of all the world. How my head is accomplished for this employment towards the publick, from the long exercise of it in a private capacity, will appear by reading me the two or three next days with diligence and attention. There is no other paper in being which tends to this purpose. They are most of them histories, or advices of publick transactions; but as those representations affect the passions of my readers, I shall sometimes take care, the day after a foreign mail, to give them an account of what it has brought. The parties amongst us are too violent to make it possible to pass them by without observation. As to these matters, I shall be impartial, though I cannot be neuter: I am, with relation to the government of the church, a tory, with regard to the state, a whig.

The charge of intelligence, the pain in compiling and digesting my thoughts in proper stile, and the like, oblige me to value my paper a half-penny above all other half-sheets *. And all persons who have any thing to communicate to me, are desired to direct their letters (postage-paid) to Nestor Ironside, esq. at Mr. Tonson's in the Strand. I declare beforehand, that I will at no time be conversed with any other way than by letter: for as I am an ancient man I shall find enough to do to give orders proper for their service, to whom I am by will of their parents Guardian, though I take that to be too narrow a scene for me to pass my whole life in. But I have got my Wards so well off my hands, and they are so able to act for them-

* Price two-pence. Guard. in folio.

selves, that I have little to do but give an hint, and all that I desire to be amended is altered accordingly.

My design upon the whole is no less than to make the pulpit, the bar, and the stage, all act in concert in the care of piety, justice and virtue; for I am past all the regards of this life, and have nothing to manage with any person or party, but to deliver myself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and one who thinks he is passing to eternity. All sorrows which can arrive at me are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain; if I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excrescences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago: but as they are excrescences which do not only deform, but also torment those on whom they grow, I shall do all I can to persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have.

N° 2. FRIDAY, MARCH 13, 1713.

The readiest way to proceed in my great undertaking, is to explain who I am myself that promise to give the town a daily half-sheet: I shall therefore enter into my own history, without losing any time in preamble. I was born in the year 1642, at a lone house within half a mile of the town of Brentford, in the county of Middlesex; my parents were of ability to bestow upon me a liberal edu-

cation, and of an humour to think that a great happiness even in a fortune which was but just enough to keep me above want. In my sixteenth year I was admitted a commoner of Magdalen-hall in Oxford. It is one great advantage, among many more, which men educated at our universities do usually enjoy above others, that they often contract friendships there, which are of service to them in all the parts of their future life. This good fortune happened to me; for during the time of my being an under-graduate, I became intimately acquainted with Mr. Ambrose Lizard, who was a fellow-commoner of the neighbouring college. I have the honour to be well known to Mr. Josiah Pullen *, of our hall above-mentioned; and attribute the florid old age I now enjoy to my constant morning-walks up Hedington-hill in his cheerful company. If the gentleman be still living, I hereby give him my humble service. But as I was going to say, I contracted in my early youth an intimate friendship with young Mr. Lizard of Northamptonshire. He was sent for a little before he was of bachelor's standing, to be married to Mrs. Jane Lizard, an heiress, whose father would have it so for the sake of the name. Mr. Ambrose knew nothing of it till he came to Lizard-hall on Saturday night, saw the young lady at dinner the next day, and was married, by order of his father sir Ambrose, between eleven and twelve the Tuesday following. Some years after, when my friend came to be sir Ambrose himself, and finding upon proof of her, that he had lighted upon a good wife, he gave the curate who joined their hands the parsonage of Welt, not far off Wellinborough †. My friend was

* See Wood's Athenæ Oxon. Vol. II. p. 215. edit. 1691.
† This is a mixture of truth and fiction! A.

married in the year 62, and every year following, for eighteen years together, I left the college (except that year wherein I was chosen fellow of Lincoln), and sojourned at sir Ambrose's for the months of June, July, and August. I remember very well, that it was on the 4th of July, in the year 1674, that I was reading in an arbour to my friend, and stopt of a sudden, observing he did not attend. 'Lay by your book,' said he, 'and let us take a turn in the grass-walk, for I have something to say to you.' After a silence for about forty yards, walking both of us with our eyes downward, one big to hear, the other to speak a matter of great importance, sir Ambrose expressed himself to this effect: 'My good friend,' said he, 'you may have observed that from the first moment I was in your company at Mr. Willis's chambers at University college, I ever after sought and courted you: that inclination towards you has improved from similitude of manners, if I may so say, when I tell you I have not observed in any man a greater candour and simplicity of mind than in yourself. You are a man that are not inclined to launch into the world, but prefer security and ease in a collegiate or single life, to going into the cares which necessarily attend a public character, or that of a master of a family. You see within, my son Marmaduke, my only child; I have a thousand anxieties upon me concerning him, the greater part of which I would transfer to you, and when I do so, I would make it in plain English worth your while.' He would not let me speak, but proceeded to inform me, that he had laid the whole scheme of his affairs upon that foundation. As soon as we went into the house, he gave me a bill upon his goldsmith * in

* A banker was called a goldsmith in 1713.

London, of two thousand pounds, and told me with that he had purchased me, with all the talents I was master of, to be of his family, to educate his son, and to do all that should ever lie in my power for the service of him and his to my life's end, according to such powers, trusts, and instructions, as I should hereafter receive.

The reader will here make many speeches for me, and without doubt suppose I told my friend he had retained me with a fortune to do that which I should have thought myself obliged to by friendship: but, as he was a prudent man, and acted upon rules of life, which were least liable to the variation of humour, time, or season, I was contented to be obliged by him his own way; and believed I should never enter into any alliance which should divert me from pursuing the interests of his family, of which I should hereafter understand myself a member. Sir Ambrose told me, he should lay no injunction upon me, which should be inconsistent with any inclination I might have hereafter to change my condition. All he meant was, in general, to insure his family from that pest of great estates, the mercenary men of business who act for them, and in a few years become creditors to their masters in greater sums than half the income of their lands amounts to, though it is visible all which gave rise to their wealth was a slight salary, for turning all the rest, both estate and credit of that estate, to the use of their principals. To this purpose we had a very long conference that evening, the chief point of which was, that his only child Marmaduke was from that hour under my care, and I was engaged to turn all my thoughts to the service of the child in particular, and all the concerns of the family in general. My most ex-

cellent friend was so well satisfied with my behaviour, that he made me his executor, and guardian to his son. My own conduct during that time, and my manner of educating his son Marmaduke to manhood, and the interest I had in him to the time of his death also, with my present conduct towards the numerous descendents of my old friend, will make, possibly, a series of history of common life, as useful as the relations of the more pompous passages in the lives of princes and statesmen. The widow of Sir Ambrose, and the no less worthy relict of Sir Marmaduke, are both living at this time.

I am to let the reader know, that his chief entertainment will arise from what passes at the tea-table of my lady Lizard. That lady is now in the forty-sixth year of her age, was married in the beginning of her sixteenth, is blessed with a numerous offspring of each sex, no less than four sons and five daughters. She was the mother of this large family before she arrived at her thirtieth year: about which time she lost her husband Sir Marmaduke Lizard, a gentleman of great virtue and generosity. He left behind him an improved paternal estate of six thousand pounds a year to his eldest son, and one year's revenue in ready money as a portion to each younger child. My lady's christian name is Aspasia; and as it may give a certain dignity to our style to mention her by that name, we beg leave at discretion to say Lady Lizard or Aspasia, according to the matter we shall treat of. When she shall be consulting about her cash, her rents, her houshold affairs, we will use the more familiar name; and when she is employed in the forming the minds and sentiments of her children, exerting herself in the acts of charity, or speaking of matters

of religion or piety, for the elevation of style we will use the word Aspasia. Aspasia is a lady of great understanding and noble spirit. She has passed several years in widowhood, with that abstinent enjoyment of life, which has done honour to her deceased husband, and devolved reputation upon her children. As she has both sons and daughters marriageable, she is visited by many on that account, but by many more for her own merit. As there is no circumstance in human life, which may not directly or indirectly concern a woman thus related, there will be abundant matter offer itself from passages in this family, to supply my readers with diverting, and perhaps useful notices for their conduct in all the incidents of human life. Placing money on mortgages, in the funds, upon bottomry, and almost all other ways of improving the fortune of a family, are practised by my Lady Lizard with the best skill and advice.

The members of this family, their cares, passions, interests, and diversions shall be represented from time to time, as news from the tea-table of so accomplished a woman as the intelligent and discreet Lady Lizard.

No 3. SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1713.

Quicquid est illud, quod sentit, quod sapit, quod vult, quod viget, cœleste et divinum est, ob eamque rem æternum sit necesse est.

CICERO.

Whatever that be, which thinks, which understands, which wills, which acts, it is something celestial and divine, and, upon that account, must necessarily be eternal.

I AM diverted from the account I was giving the town of my particular concerns, by casting my eye upon a treatise, which I could not overlook without an inexcusable negligence, and want of concern for all the civil, as well as religious interests of mankind. This piece has for its title A Discourse of Free-thinking, occasioned by the rise and growth of a Sect called Free-thinkers*. The author very methodically enters upon his argument, and says, 'By free-thinking, I mean the use of the understanding in endeavouring to find out the meaning of any proposition whatsoever, in considering the nature of the evidence for, or against, and in judging of it according to the seeming force or weakness of the evidence.' As soon as he has delivered this definition, from which one would expect he did not design to shew a particular inclination for or against any thing before he had considered it, he gives up all title to the character of a free-thinker, with the most apparent prejudice against a body of men, whom of all other a good

* By Anthony Collins.

man would be most careful not to violate, I mean men in holy orders. Persons who have devoted themselves to the service of God, are venerable to all who fear him; and it is a certain characteristic of a dissolute and ungoverned mind, to rail or speak disrespectfully of them in general. It is certain, that in so great a crowd of men some will intrude, who are of tempers very unbecoming their function: but because ambition and avarice are sometimes lodged in that bosom, which ought to be the dwelling of sanctity and devotion, must this unreasonable author vilify the whole order? He has not taken the least care to disguise his being an enemy to the persons against whom he writes, nor any where granted that the institution of religious men to serve at the altar, and instruct such who are not as wise as himself, is at all necessary or desirable; but proceeds, without the least apology, to undermine their credit, and frustrate their labours: whatever clergymen, in disputes against each other, have unguardedly uttered, is here recorded in such a manner as to affect religion itself, by wresting concessions to its disadvantage from its own teachers. If this be true, as sure any man that reads the discourse must allow it is; and if religion is the strongest tie of human society; in what manner are we to treat this our common enemy, who promotes the growth of such a sect as he calls free-thinkers? He that should burn a house, and justify the action by asserting he is a free agent, would be more excusable than this author in uttering what he has from the right of a free-thinker. But there are a set of dry, joyless, dull fellows, who want capacities and talents to make a figure amongst mankind upon benevolent and generous principles, that think to surmount

their own natural meanness, by laying offences in the way of such as make it their endeavour to excel upon the received maxims and honest arts of life. If it were possible to laugh at so melancholy an affair as what hazards salvation, it would be no unpleasant inquiry to ask what satisfactions they reap, what extraordinary gratification of sense, or what delicious libertinism this sect of free-thinkers enjoy, after getting loose of the laws which confine the passions of other men? Would it not be a matter of mirth to find, after all, that the heads of this growing sect are sober wretches, who prate whole evenings over coffee, and have not themselves fire enough to be any further debauchees, than merely in principle? These sages of iniquity are, it seems, themselves only speculatively wicked, and are contented that all the abandoned young men of the age are kept safe from reflection by dabbling in their rhapsodies, without tasting the pleasures for which their doctrines leave them unaccountable. Thus do heavy mortals, only to gratify a dry pride of heart, give up the interests of another world, without enlarging their gratifications in this: but it is certain there are a sort of men that can puzzle truth, but cannot enjoy the satisfaction of it. This same free-thinker is a creature unacquainted with the emotions which possess great minds when they are turned for religion, and it is apparent that he is untouched with any such sensation as the rapture of devotion. Whatever one of these scorners may think, they certainly want parts to be devout; and a sense of piety towards heaven, as well as the sense of any thing else, is lively and warm in proportion to the faculties of the head and heart. This gentleman may be assured he has not a taste for what he pretends to decry, and the poor man is certainly

more a blockhead than an atheist. I must repeat, that he wants capacity to relish what true piety is; and he is as capable of writing an heroic poem, as making a fervent prayer. When men are thus low and narrow in their apprehensions of things, and at the same time vain, they are naturally led to think every thing they do not understand, not to be understood. Their contradiction to what is urged by others, is a necessary consequence of their incapacity to receive it. The atheistical fellows who appeared the last age did not serve the devil for nought, but revelled in excesses suitable to their principles; while in these unhappy days mischief is done for mischief's sake. These free-thinkers, who lead the lives of recluse students, for no other purpose but to disturb the sentiments of other men, put me in mind of the monstrous recreation of those late wild youths, who, without provocation, had a wantonness in stabbing and defacing those they met with. When such writers as this, who has no spirit but that of malice, pretend to inform the age, mohocks and cut-throats may well set up for wits and men of pleasure.

It will be perhaps expected, that I should produce some instances of the ill intention of this free-thinker, to support the treatment I here give him. In his 52d page he says,

'Secondly, The priests throughout the world differ about scriptures, and the authority of scriptures. The Bramins have a book of scripture called the shaster. The Persees have their zundavastaw. The Bonzes of China have books written by the disciples of Fo-he, whom they call the 'God and Saviour of the world, who was born to teach the way of salvation, and to give satisfaction for all mens sins.' The Talapoins of Siam have a book

of scripture written by Sommonocodom, who, the Siamese say, was 'born of a virgin, and was the God expected by the universe.' The Dervises have their alcoran.'

I believe there is no one will dispute the author's great impartiality in setting down the accounts of these different religions. And I think it is pretty evident he delivers the matter with an air which betrays that the history of 'one born of a virgin' has as much authority with him from St. Sommonocodom as from St. Matthew. Thus he treats revelation. Then as to philosophy, he tells you, p. 136, 'Cicero produces this as an instance of a probable opinion, that they who study philosophy do not believe there are any Gods;' and then, from consideration of various notions, he affirms Tully concludes, 'that there can be nothing after death.'

As to what he misrepresents of Tully, the short sentence on the head of this paper is enough to oppose; but who can have patience to reflect upon the assemblage of impostures among which our author places the religion of his country? As for my part, I cannot see any possible interpretation to give this work, but a design to subvert and ridicule the authority of scripture. The peace and tranquillity of the nation, and regards even above those, are so much concerned in this matter, that it is difficult to express sufficient sorrow for the offender, or indignation against him. But if ever man deserved to be denied the common benefits of air and water, it is the author of A Discourse of Free-thinking.

N° 4. MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1713.

It matters not how false or forc'd,
So the best things be said o' th' worst;
It goes for nothing when 'tis said,
Only the arrow's drawn to th' head,
Whether it be a swan or goose
They level at: So shepherds use
To set the same mark on the hip
Both of their sound and rotten sheep.

HUDIBRAS.

THOUGH most things which are wrong in their own nature are at once confessed and absolved in that single word Custom; yet there are some, which as they have a dangerous tendency, a thinking man will the less excuse on that very account. Among these I cannot but reckon the common practice of dedications, which is of so much the worse consequence, as it is generally used by people of politeness, and whom a learned education for the most part ought to have inspired with nobler and juster sentiments. This prostitution of praise is not only a deceit upon the gross of mankind, who take their notion of characters from the learned; but also the better sort must by this means lose some part at least of that desire of fame which is the incentive to generous actions, when they find it promiscously bestowed on the meritorious and undeserving: Nay, the author himself, let him be supposed to have ever so true a value for the patron, can find no terms to express it, but what have been already used, and rendered suspected by flatterers. Even

truth itself in a dedication is like an honest man in a disguise, or vizormask, and will appear a cheat by being dressed so like one. Tho' the merit of the person is beyond dispute, I see no reason that because one man is eminent therefore another has a right to be impertinent and throw praises in his face. 'Tis just the reverse of the practice of the ancient Romans, when a person was advanced to triumph for his services. As they hired people to rail at him in that circumstance to make him as humble as they could, we have fellows to flatter him, and make him as proud as they can. Supposing the writer not to be mercenary, yet the great man is no more in reason obliged to thank him for his picture in a dedication, than to thank a painter for that on a sign-post; except it be a less injury to touch the most sacred part of him, his character, than to make free with his countenance only. I should think nothing justified me in this point, but the patron's permission beforehand, that I should draw him, as like as I could; whereas most authors proceed in this affair just as a dawber I have heard of, who not being able to draw portraits after the life, was used to paint faces at random, and look out afterwards for people whom he might persuade to be like them. To express my notion of the thing in a word: to say more to a man than one thinks, with a prospect of interest, is dishonest; and without it, foolish. And whoever has had success in such an undertaking, must of necessity, at once, think himself in his heart a knave for having done it, and his patron a fool for having believed it.

I have sometimes been entertained with considering dedications in no very common light. By observing what qualities our writers think it will be most pleasing to others to compliment them with,

one may form some judgment which are most so to themselves; and in consequence, what sort of people they are. Without this view one can read very few dedications but will give us cause to wonder, either how such things came to be said at all, or how they were said to such persons? I have known an hero complimented upon the decent majesty and state he assumed after victory, and a nobleman of a different character applauded for his condescension to inferiors. This would have seemed very strange to me, but that I happened to know the authors. He who made the first compliment was a lofty gentleman, whose air and gait discovered when he had published a new book; and the other tippled every night with the fellows who laboured at the press while his own writings were working off. It is observable of the female poets and ladies dedicatory, that here (as elsewhere) they far exceed us in any strain or rant. As beauty is the thing that sex are piqued upon, they speak of it generally in a more elevated stile than is used by the men. They adore in the same manner as they would be adored. So when the authoress of a famous modern romance* begs a young nobleman's permission to pay him her 'kneeling adorations,' I am far from censuring the expression, as some criticks would do, as deficient in grammar or sense; but I reflect, that adorations paid in that posture are what a lady might expect herself, and my wonder immediately ceases. These, when they flatter most, do but as they would be done unto: for as none are so much concerned at being injured by calumnies, as they who are readiest to cast them

* Mrs. Manley, authoress of the Memoirs from the New Atalantis.

upon their neighbours; so it is certain none are so guilty of flattery to others, as those who most ardently desire it themselves.

What led me into these thoughts, was a dedication I happened upon this morning. The reader must understand that I treat the least instances or remains of ingenuity with respect, in what places soever found, or under whatever circumstances of disadvantage. From this love to letters I have been so happy in my searches after knowledge, that I have found unvalued repositories of learning in the lining of bandboxes. I look upon these pasteboard edifices, adorned with the fragments of the ingenious, with the same veneration as antiquaries upon ruined buildings, whose walls preserve divers inscriptions and names, which are no where else to be found in the world. This morning, when one of the lady Lizard's daughters was looking over some hoods and ribbands, brought by her tirewoman, with great care and diligence, I employed no less in examining the box which contained them; it was lined with certain scenes of a tragedy, written (as appeared by part of the title there extant) by one of the fair sex. What was most legible was the dedication; which, by reason of the largeness of the characters, was least defaced by those gothick ornaments of flourishes and foliage, wherewith the compilers of these sort of structures do often industriously obscure the works of the learned. As much of it as I could read with any ease, I shall communicate to the reader, as follows.

'*** Though it is a kind of profanation to approach your grace with so poor an offering, yet when I reflect how acceptable a sacrifice of first-fruits was to Heaven, in the earliest and purest ages of religion, that they were honoured with solemn

feasts, and consecrated to altars by a divine command, *** upon that consideration, as an argument of particular zeal, I dedicate ***. It is impossible to behold you without adoring; yet dazzled and awed by the glory that surrounds you, men feel a sacred power, that refines their flames, and renders them pure as those we ought to offer to the Deity. *** The shrine is worth the divinity that inhabits it. In your grace we see what woman was before she fell, how nearly allied to the purity and perfection of angels. And WE ADORE AND BLESS THE GLORIOUS WORK!'

Undoubtedly these, and other periods of this most pious dedication, could not but convince the duchess of what the eloquent authoress assures her at the end, that she was her servant with most ardent devotion. I think this a pattern of a new sort of style, not yet taken notice of by the criticks, which is above the sublime, and may be called the celestial; that is, when the most sacred phrases appropriated to the honour of the Deity are applied to a mortal of good quality. As I am naturally emulous, I cannot but endeavour, in imitation of this lady, to be the inventor, or, at least, the first producer of a kind of dedication, very different from hers and most others, since it has not a word but what the author religiously thinks in it. It may serve for almost any book, either prose or verse, that has been, is, or shall be published, and might run in this manner,

The Author to Himself.

MOST HONOURED SIR,

THESE labours, upon many considerations, so properly belong to none as to you. First,

as it was your most earnest desire alone that could prevail upon me to make them public. Then as I am secure (from that constant indulgence you have ever shewn to all which is mine) that no man will so readily take them into protection, or so zealously defend them. Moreover, there is none can so soon discover the beauties; and there are some parts, which it is possible few besides yourself are capable of understanding. Sir, the honour, affection, and value I have for you are beyond expression; as great, I am sure, or greater, than any man else can bear you. As for any defects which others may pretend to discover in you, I do faithfully declare I was never able to perceive them; and doubt not but those persons are actuated purely by a spirit of malice or envy, the inseparable attendants on shining merit and parts, such as I have always esteemed yours to be. It may perhaps be looked upon as a kind of violence to modesty, to say this to you in publick; but you may believe me, it is no more than I have a thousand times thought of you in private. Might I follow the impulse of my soul, there is no subject I could launch into with more pleasure than your panegyrick. But since something is due to modesty, let me conclude by telling you, that there is nothing so much I desire as to know you more thoroughly than I have yet the happiness of doing. I may then hope to be capable to do you some real service; but till then can only assure you that I shall continue to be, as I am more than any man alive,

Dearest Sir,

your affectionate friend, and

the greatest of your admirers.

N° 5. TUESDAY, MARCH 17, 1713.

Laudantur simili prole puerperæ.

HOR. 4 Od. v. 23.

The mother's virtues in the daughters shine.

I HAVE in my second paper mentioned the family into which I was retained by the friend of my youth; and given the reader to understand, that my obligations to it are such as might well naturalize me into the interests of it. They have, indeed, had their deserved effect, and if it were possible for a man who has never entered into the state of marriage to know the instincts of a kind father to an honourable and numerous house, I may say I have done it. I do not know but my regards, in some considerations, have been more useful than those of a father; and as I wanted all that tenderness, which is the bias of inclination in men towards their own offspring, I have had a greater command of reason when I was to judge of what concerned my wards, and consequently was not prompted, by my partiality and fondness towards their persons, to transgress against their interests.

As the female part of a family is the more constant and immediate object of care and protection, and the more liable to misfortune or dishonour, as being in themselves more sensible of the former, and from custom and opinion for less offences more exposed to the latter; I shall begin with the more

delicate part of my guardianship, the women of the family of Lizard. The ancient and religious lady, the dowager of my friend Sir Ambrose, has for some time estranged herself from conversation, and admits only of the visits of her own family. The observation, that old people remember best those things which entered into their thoughts when their memories were in their full strength and vigour, is very remarkably exemplified in this good lady and myself when we are in conversation; I choose indeed to go thither, to divert any anxiety or weariness, which at any time I find grow upon me from any present business or care. It is said, that a little mirth and diversion are what recreate the spirits upon those occasions; but there is a kind of sorrow from which I draw a consolation that strengthens my faculties and enlarges my mind beyond any thing that can flow from merriment. When we meet, we soon get over any occurrence which passed the day before, and are in a moment hurried back to those days which only we call good ones; the passages of the times when we were in fashion, with the countenances, behaviour and jollity, so much, forsooth, above what any appear in now, are present to our imaginations, and almost to our very eyes. This conversation revives to us the memory of a friend, that was more than a brother to me; of a husband, that was dearer than life to her: discourses about that dear and worthy man generally send her to her closet, and me to the dispatch of some necessary business, which regards the remains, I would say the numerous descendants of my generous friend. I am got, I know not how, out of what I was going to say of this lady; which was that she is far gone towards a better world; and I mention her (only with respect to this) as she is

the object of veneration to those who are derived from her: whose behaviour towards her may be an example to others, and make the generality of young people apprehend, that when the ancient are past all offices of life, it is then the young are to exert themselves in their most laudable duties towards them.

The widow of Sir Marmaduke is to be considered in a very different view. My lady is not in the shining bloom of life, but at those years, wherein the gratifications of an ample fortune, those of pomp and equipage, of being much esteemed, much visited, and generally admired, are usually more strongly pursued than in younger days. In this condition she might very well add the pleasures of courtship, and the grateful persecution of being followed by a croud of lovers; but she is an excellent mother and great œconomist; which considerations, joined with the pleasure of living her own way, preserve her against the intrusion of love. I will not say that my lady has not a secret vanity in being still a fine woman, and neglecting those addresses, to which perhaps we in part owe her constancy in that her neglect.

Her daughter Jane, her eldest child of that sex, is in the twenty-third year of her age, a lady who forms herself after the pattern of her mother; but in my judgment, as she happens to be extremely like her, she sometimes makes her court unskilfully, in affecting that likeness in her very mien, which gives the mother an uneasy sense, that Mrs. Jane really is what her parent has a mind to continue to be; but it is possible I am too observing in this particular, and this might be overlooked in them both, in respect to greater circumstances: for Mrs. Jane is the right hand of her mother; it is

her study and constant endeavour to assist her in the management of her houshold, to keep all idle whispers from her, and discourage them before they can come at her from any other hand; to inforce every thing that makes for the merit of her brothers and sisters towards her, as well as the diligence and chearfulness of her servants. It is by Mrs. Jane's management, that the whole family is governed, neither by love nor fear, but a certain reverence which is composed of both. Mrs. Jane is what one would call a perfect good young woman; but neither strict piety, diligence in domestick affairs, or any other avocation, have preserved her against love, which she bears to a young gentleman of great expectation but small fortune; at the same time, that men of very great estates ask her of her mother. My lady tells her that prudence must give way to passion: so that Mrs. Jane, if I cannot accommodate the matter, must conquer more than one passion, and out of prudence banish the man she loves, and marry the man she hates.

The next daughter is Mrs. Annabella, who has a very lively wit, a great deal of good sense, is very pretty, but gives me much trouble for her from a certain dishonest cunning I know in her; she can seem blind and careless, and full of herself only, and entertain with twenty affected vanities, whilst she is observing all the company, laying up store for ridicule; and in a word, is selfish, and interested under all the agreeable qualities in the world. Alas, what shall I do with this girl!

Mrs. Cornelia passes away her time very much in reading, and that with so great an attention, that it gives her the air of a student, and has an ill effect upon her as she is a fine young woman; the giddy part of the sex will have it she is in love; none will

allow that she affects so much being alone, but for want of particular company. I have railed at romances before her, for fear of her falling into those deep studies: she has fallen in with my humour that way for the time, but I know not how, my imprudent prohibition has, it seems, only excited her curiosity; and I am afraid she is better read than I know of, for she said of a glass of water in which she was going to wash her hands after dinner, dipping her fingers with a pretty lovely air, 'It is crystalline.' I shall examine further, and wait for clearer proofs.

Mrs. Betty is (I cannot by what means or methods imagine) grown mightily acquainted with what passes in the town; she knows all that matter of my lord such-a-one's leading my lady-such-one out from the play; she is prodigiously acquainted, all of a sudden, with the world, and asked her sister Jane the other day in an argument, 'Dear sister, how should you know any thing, that hear nothing but what we do in our own family?' I do not much like her maid.

Mrs. Mary, the youngest daughter, whom they rally and call Mrs. Ironside, because I have named her the Sparkler, is the very quintessence of good-nature and generosity; she is the perfect picture of her grandfather; and if one can imagine all good qualities which adorn human life become feminine, the seeds, nay, the blossom of them, are apparent in Mrs. Mary. It is a weakness I cannot get over, (for how ridiculous is a regard to the bodily perfections of a man who is dead) but I cannot resist my partiality to this child, for being so like her grandfather; how often have I turned from her, to hide the melting of my heart when she has been talking to me! I am sure the child has no skill in

it, for artifice could not dwell under that visage; but if I am absent a day from the family, she is sure to be at my lodging the next morning to know what is the matter.

At the head of these children, who have very plentiful fortunes, provided they marry with mine and their mother's consent, is my lady Lizard; who, you cannot doubt, is very well visited. Sir William Oger, and his son almost at age, are frequently at our house on a double consideration. The knight is willing (for so he very gallantly expresses himself) to marry the mother, or he will consent, whether that be so or not, that his son Oliver shall take any one of the daughters Noll likes best.

Mr. Rigburt of the same county, who gives in his estate much larger, and his family more ancient, offers to deal with us for two daughters.

Sir Harry Pandolf has writ word from his seat in the country, that he also is much inclined to an alliance with the Lizards, which he has declared in the following letter to my lady; she shewed it me this morning.

'MADAM,

'I HAVE heard your daughters very well spoken of: and though I have very great offers in my own neighbourhood, and heard the small-pox is very rife at London, I will send my eldest son to see them, provided that by your ladyship's answer, and your liking of the rent-roll which I send herewith, your ladyship assures me he shall have one of them, for I do not think to have my son refused by any woman; and so, Madam, I conclude,

Your most humble servant,

HENRY PANDOLF.'

Nº 6. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 18, 1713.

I HAVE dispatched my young women, and the town has them among them; it is necessary for the elucidation of my future discourses, which I desire may be denominated, as they are the precepts of a Guardian, Mr. Ironside's Precautions: I say it is, after what has been already declared, in the next place necessary to give an account of the males, of this worthy family, whose annals I am writing. The affairs of women being chiefly domestick, and not made up of so many circumstances as the duties of men are, I fear I cannot dispatch the account of the males under my care, in so few words as I did the explanation which regarded my women.

Sir Harry Lizard, of the county of Northampton, son and heir of the late Sir Marmaduke, is now entered upon the twenty-sixth year of his age, and is now at his seat in the country.

The estate at present in his hands is above three thousand a year after payment of taxes, and all necessary charges whatsoever. He is a man of good understanding, but not at all what is usually called a man of shining parts. His virtues are much greater than his accomplishments, as to his conversation. But when you come to consider his conduct with relation to his manners and fortune, it would be a very great injury not to allow him [to be] a very fine gentleman. It has been carefully provided in his education, that he should be very ready at calculations. This gives him a quick

alarm inwardly upon all undertakings; and in a much shorter time than is usual with men who are not versed in business, he is master of the question before him, and can instantly inform himself with great exactness in the matter of profit or loss tha shall arise from any thing proposed to him. The same capacity, joined to an honest nature, makes him very just to other men, as well as to himself. His payments are very punctual, and I dare answer he never did, or ever will, undertake any piece of building, or any ornamental improvement of his house, garden, park or lands, before the money is in his own pocket, wherewith he is to pay for such undertaking. He is too good to purchase labourers or artificers (as by this means he certainly could) at an under rate; but he has by this means what I think he deserves from his superior prudence, the choice of all who are most knowing and able to serve him. With his ready money the builder, mason, and carpenter, are enabled to make their market of gentlemen in his neighbourhood, who inconsiderately employ them; and often pay their undertakers by sale of some of their land: whereas, were the lands on which those improvements are made, sold to the artificers, the buildings would be rated as lumber in the purchase. Sir Harry has for ever a year's income, to extend his charity, serve his pleasures, or regale his friends. His servants, his cattle, his goods speak their master a rich man. Those about his person, as his bailiff, the groom of his chamber, and his butler, have a chearful, not a gay air; the servants below them seem to live in plenty, but not in wantonness. As Sir Harry is a young man, and of an active disposition, his best figure is on horse-back. But before I speak of that, I should acquaint you, that during his infancy all

the young gentlemen of the neighbourhood were welcome to a part of the house, which was called the school; where, at the charge of the family, there was a grammar-master, a plain sober man, maintained (with a salary, besides his diet, of fifty pounds a year) to instruct all such children of gentlemen, or lower people, as would partake of his education. As they grew up, they were allowed to ride out with him upon his horses. There were always ten or twelve for the saddle in readiness to attend him and his favourites, in the choice of whom he shewed a good disposition, and distributed his kindness among them, by turns, with great good-nature. All horses both for the saddle, and swift draught, were very well bitted, and a skilful rider, with a riding-house, wherein he (the riding-master) commanded, had it in order to teach any gentleman's son of the county that would please to learn that exercise. We found our account in this proceeding, as well in real profit, as in esteem and power in the country; for as the whole shire is now possessed by gentlemen, who owe Sir Harry a part of education, which they all value themselves upon (their horsemanship); they prefer his horses to all others, and it is 10 *per cent.* in the price of a steed, which appears to come out of his riding-house.

By this means it is, that Sir Harry, as I was going to say, makes the best figure on horseback, for his usual hours of being in the field are well known; and at those seasons the neighbouring gentlemen, his friends and school-fellows, take a pleasure in giving him their company, with their servants well behaved, and horses well commanded.

I cannot enough applaud Sir Harry for a particular care in his horses. He not only bitts all which are ridden, but also all which are for the

coach or swift draught, for grace adds mightily to the price of strength; and he finds his account in it at all markets, more especially for the coach or troop horses, of which that county produces the most strong and ostentatious. To keep up a breed for any use whatever, he gives plates for the best performing horse in every way in which that animal can be serviceable. There is such a prize for him that trots best, such for the best walker, such for the best galloper, such for the best pacer; then for him who draws most in such a time to such a place, then to him that carries best such a load on his back. He delights in this, and has an admirable fancy in the dress of the riders: some admired country girl is to hold the prize, her lovers to trot, and not to mend their pace into a gallop, when they are out-trotted by a rival; some known country wit to come upon the best pacer; these and the like little joyful arts, gain him the love of all who do not know his worth, and the esteem of all who do. Sir Harry is no friend to the race-horse; he is of opinion it is inhuman, that animals should be put upon their utmost strength and mettle for our diversion only. However not to be particular, he puts in for the queen's plate every year, with orders to his rider never to win or be distanced; and, like a good country gentleman, says, it is a fault in all ministries that they encourage no kind of horses but those which are swift.

As I write lives, I dwell upon small matters, being of opinion with Plutarch, that little circumstances show the real man better than things of greater moment. But good œconomy is the characteristic of the Lizards. I remember a circumstance about six years ago, that gave me hopes he would one time or other make a figure in parlia-

ment; for he is a landed man, and considers his interest, though he is such, to be impaired or promoted according to the state of trade. When he was but twenty years old, I took an opportunity in his presence, to ask an intelligent woollen-draper, what he gave for his shop, [at] the corner of Change-alley? The shop is I believe fourteen feet long, and eight broad. I was answered, Ninety pounds a year. I took no notice, but the thought descended into the breast of Sir Harry, and I saw on his table the next morning a computation of the value of land in an island, consisting of so many miles, with so many good ports; the value of each part of the said island, as it lay to such ports, and produced such commodities. The whole of his working was to know why so few yards, near the Change, was so much better than so many acres in Northamptonshire; and what those acres in Northamptonshire would be worth, were there no trade at all in this island.

It makes my heart ake, when I think of this young man, and consider upon what plain maxims, and in what ordinary methods men of estate may do good wherever they are seated; that so many should be what they are! It is certain, that the arts which purchase wealth or fame, will maintain them; and I attribute the splendour and long continuance of this family, to the felicity of having the genius of the founder of it run through all his male line. Old Sir Harry, the great-grandfather of this gentleman, has written in his own hand upon all the deeds, which he ever signed, in the humour of that sententious age, this sentence, 'There are four good mothers, of whom are often born four unhappy daughters; truth begets hatred, happiness pride, security danger, and familiarity contempt.'

Nº 7. THURSDAY, MARCH 19, 1712-13.

——*Properat cursu*
Vita citato—— SENEC. Trag.

With speedy step life posts away.

I THIS morning did myself the honour to visit lady Lizard, and took my chair at the tea-table, at the upper end of which that graceful woman, with her daughters about her, appeared to me with greater dignity than ever any figure, either of Venus attended by the Graces, Diana with her nymphs, or any other celestial who owes her being to poetry.

The discourse we had there, none being present but our own family, consisted of private matters, which tended to the establishment of these young ladies in the world. My lady, I observed, had a mind to make mention of the proposal to Mrs. Jane, of which she is very fond, and I as much avoided, as being equally against it; but it is by no means proper the young ladies should observe we ever dissent: therefore I turned the discourse, by saying, 'it was time enough to think of marrying a young lady, who was but three and twenty, ten years hence.' The whole table was alarmed at the assertion, and the Sparkler scalded her fingers, by leaning suddenly forward to look in my face: but my business at present, was to make my court to the mother; therefore, without regarding the resentment in the looks of the children, 'Madam,'

said I, ' there is a petulant and hasty manner practised in this age, in hurrying away the life of woman, and confining the grace and principal action of it to those years wherein reason and discretion are most feeble, humour and passion most powerful. From the time a young woman of quality has first appeared in the drawing-room, raised a whisper and curiosity of the men about her, had her health drunk in gay companies, and been distinguished at public assemblies; I say, madam, if within three or four years of her first appearance in town, she is not disposed of, her beauty is grown familiar, her eyes are disarmed, and we seldom after hear her mentioned but with indifference. What doubles my grief on this occasion is, that the more discreetly the lady behaves herself, the sooner is her glory extinguished. Now, madam, if merit had a greater weight in our thoughts, when we form to ourselves agreeable characters of women, men would think, in making their choices, of such as would take care of, as well as supply children for, the nursery. It was not thus in the illustrious days of good queen Elizabeth. I was this morning turning over a folio, called, The Complete Ambassador, consisting chiefly of letters from Lord Burleigh, Earl of Leicester, and Sir Thomas Smith. Sir Thomas writes a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, full of learned gallantry, wherein you may observe he promises himself the French king's brother (who it seems was but a cold lover) would be quickened by seeing the queen in person, who was then in the thirty-ninth year of her age. A certain sobriety in thoughts, words, and action, which was the praise of that age, kept the fire of love alive; and it burnt so equally, that it warmed and preserved, without

tormenting and consuming our beings. The letter I mention is as follows:

'*To the Right Worshipful Mr.* FRANCIS WALSINGHAM, *Ambassador, resident in France.*

'SIR,

'I AM sorry that so good a matter should, upon so nice a point, be deferred. We may say that the lover will do little, if he will not take the pains once to see his love; but she must first say yea, before he see her, or she him: twenty ways might be devised why he might come over, and be welcome, and possibly do more in an hour than he may in two years. '*Cupido ille qui vincit omnia, in oculis insidet, et ex oculis ejaculatur, et in oculos utriusque videndo non solum, ut ait poeta, fœmina virum, sed vir fœminam;*' that powerful being Cupid, who conquers all things, resides in the eyes, he sends out all his darts from the eyes: by throwing glances at the eyes (according to the poet) not only the woman captivates the man, but also the man the woman. What force, I pray you, can hearsay, and 'I think, and I trust,' do in comparison of that '*cum præsens præsentem tuetur et alloquitur, et furore forsitan amoris ductus, amplectitur,*' when they face to face see and converse with each other, and the lover in an ecstacy, not to be commanded, snatches an embrace, and saith to himself, and openly that she may hear, '*Teneone te mea, an etiamnum somno volunt fœminæ videri cogi ad id quod maximum capiunt?*' Are you in my arms, my fair one, or do we both dream, and will women even in their sleep seem forced to what they most desire? If we be cold, it is our part, besides the person, the sex requireth it. Why are you cold? Is it not a young

man's part to be bold, courageous, and to adventure? If he should have, he should have but '*honorificam repulsam;*' even a repulse here is glorious: the worst that can be said of him is but as of Phaëton, '*Quam si non tenuit magnis tamen excidit ausis:*' though he could not command the chariot of the sun, his fall from it was illustrious. So far as I conceive, '*Hæc est sola nostra anchora, hæc jacenda est nobis alea;*' this is our only anchor, this dye must be thrown. In our instability, '*Unum momentum est uno momento perfectum factum, ac dictum stabilitatem facere potest;*' one lucky moment would crown and fix all. This, or else nothing is to be looked for but continual dalliance and doubtfulness, so far as I can see.

From Killingworth, Aug. 22, 1572.

Your assured friend,
THOMAS SMITH.'

Though my lady was in very good humour, upon the insinuation that, according to the Elizabeth scheme, she was but just advanced above the character of a girl; I found the rest of the company as much disheartened, that they were still but mere girls. I went on, therefore, to attribute the immature marriages which are solemnized in our days to the importunity of the men, which made it impossible for young ladies to remain virgins so long as they wished for their own inclinations, and the freedom of a single life.

There is no time of our life, under what character soever, in which men can wholly divest themselves of an ambition to be in the favour of women. Cardan *, a grave philosopher and physician, con-

* The account of Cardan given here cannot be reconciled to the truth of his character, which was from the most authentic accounts of it a very bad one.

fesses in one of his chapters, that though he had suffered poverty, repulses, calumnies, and a long series of afflictions, he never was thoroughly dejected, and impatient of life itself, but under a calamity which he suffered from the beginning of his twenty-first to the end of his thirtieth year. He tells us, that the raillery he suffered from others, and the contempt which he had of himself, were afflictions beyond expression. I mention this only as an argument extorted from this good and grave man, to support my opinion of the irresistible power of women. He adds in the same chapter, that there are ten thousand afflictions and disasters attend the passion itself; that an idle word imprudently repeated by a fair woman, and vast expences to support her folly and vanity, every day reduce men to poverty and death; but he makes them of little consideration to the miserable and insignificant condition of being incapable of their favour.

I make no manner of difficulty of professing I am not surprised that the author has expressed himself after this manner, with relation to love: the heroic chastity so frequently professed by humourists of the fair sex, generally ends in an unworthy choice, after having overlooked overtures to their advantage. It is for this reason that I would endeavour to direct, and not pretend to eradicate the inclinations of the sexes to each other. Daily experience shews us, that the most rude rustick grows humane as soon as he is inspired by this passion; it gives a new grace to our manners, a new dignity to our minds, a new visage to our persons. Whether we are inclined to liberal arts, to arms, or address in our exercise, our improvement is hastened by a particular object whom we

would please. Chearfulness, gentleness, fortitude, liberality, magnificence, and all the virtues which adorn men, which inspire heroes, are most conspicuous in lovers. I speak of love as when such as are in this company, are the objects of it, who can bestow upon their husbands (if they follow their excellent mother) all its joys without any of its anxieties.

N° 8. FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1712-13.

——*Animum rege*—— HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 62.

Govern the mind.

A GUARDIAN cannot bestow his time in any office more suitable to his character, than in representing the disasters to which we are exposed by the irregularity of our passions. I think I speak of this matter in a way not yet taken notice of, when I observe that they make men do things unworthy of those very passions. I shall illustrate this by a story I have lately read in the Royal Commentaries of Peru, wherein you behold an oppressor a most contemptible creature after his power is at an end; and a person he oppressed so wholly intent upon revenge till he had obtained it, that in the pursuit of it he utterly neglected his own safety; but when that motive of revenge was at an end, returned to a sense of danger, in such a manner, as to be unable to lay hold of occasions which offered themselves for certain security, and expose himself from fear

to apparent hazard. The motives which I speak of are not indeed so much to be called passions, as ill habits arising from passions such as pride and revenge, which are improvements of our infirmities, and are methinks but scorn and anger regularly conducted. But to my story.

Licenciado Esquivel, governor of the city Potocsi, commanded 200 men to march out of that garrison towards the kingdom of Tucman, with strict orders to use no Indians in carrying their baggage, and placed himself at a convenient station without the gates, to observe how his orders were put in execution; he found they were wholly neglected, and that Indians were laden with the baggage of the Spaniards, but thought fit to let them march by till the last rank of all came up, out of which he seized one man, called Aguire, who had two Indians laden with his goods. Within few days after he was in arrest, he was sentenced to receive 200 stripes. Aguire represented by his friends, that he was the brother of a gentleman, who had in his country an estate, with vassalage of Indians, and hoped his birth would exempt him from a punishment of so much indignity. Licenciado persisted in the kind of punishment he had already pronounced; upon which Aguire petitioned that it might be altered to one that he should not survive; and, though a gentleman, and from that quality not liable to suffer so ignominious a death, humbly besought his excellency that he might be hanged. But though Licenciado appeared all his life, before he came into power, a person of an easy and tractable disposition, he was so changed by his office, that these applications from the unfortunate Aguire did but the more gratify his insolence; and during the very time of their mediation for the prisoner,

he insulted them also, by commanding, with a haughty tone, that his orders should be executed that very instant. This, as it is usual on such occasions, made the whole town flock together; but the principal inhabitants, abhorring the severity of Licenciado, and pitying a gentleman in the condition of Aguire, went in a body, and besought the governor to suspend, if not remit, the punishment. Their importunities prevailed on him to defer the execution for eight days; but when they came to the prison with his warrant, they found Aguire already brought forth, stripped, and mounted on an ass, which is the posture wherein the basest criminals are whipped in that city. His friends cried out, 'Take him off, take him off,' and proclaimed their order for suspending his punishment; but the youth, when he heard that it was only put off for eight days, rejected the favour, and said, 'All my endeavours have been to keep myself from mounting this beast, and from the shame of being seen naked; but since things are come thus far, let the sentence proceed, which will be less than the fears and apprehensions I shall have in these eight days ensuing; besides, I shall not need to give further trouble to my friends for intercession on my behalf, which is as likely to be ineffectual as what hath already passed.' After he had said this, the ass was whipped forward, and Aguire ran the gantlet according to the sentence. The calm manner in which he resigned himself, when he found his disgrace must be, and the scorn of dallying with it under a suspension of a few days, which mercy was but another form of the governor's cruelty, made it visible that he took comfort in some secret resolution to avenge the affront.

After this indignity, Aguire could not be per-

suaded (though the inhabitants of Potocsi often importuned him from the spirit they saw in him) to go upon any military undertaking, but excused himself with a modest sadness in his countenance, saying, 'that after such a shame as his was, death must be his only remedy and consolation, which he would endeavour to obtain as soon as possible.'

Under this melancholy he remained in Peru, until the time in which the office of Esquivel expired; after which, like a desperate man, he pursued and followed him, watching an opportunity to kill him, and wipe off the shame of the late affront. Esquivel, being informed of this desperate resolution by his friends, endeavoured to avoid his enemy, and took a journey of three or four hundred leagues from him, supposing that Aguire would not pursue him at such a distance; but Esquivel's flight did but increase Aguire's speed in following. The first journey which Esquivel took was to the city of Los Reyes, being three hundred and twenty leagues distant; but in less than fifteen days Aguire was there with him; whereupon Esquivel took another flight, as far as to the city of Quito, being four hundred leagues distant from Los Reyes; but in a little more than twenty days Aguire was again with him; which being intimated to Esquivel, he took another leap as far as Cozco, which is five hundred leagues from Quito; but in a few days after he arrived there, came also Aguire, travelling all the way on foot, without shoes or stockings, saying, 'that it became not the condition of a whipt rascal to travel on horseback, or appear amongst men.' In this manner did Aguire haunt and pursue Esquivel for three years and four months; who being now tired and wearied with so many long and tedious journies, resolved to fix

his abode at Cozco, where he believed that Aguire would scarce adventure to attempt any thing against him, for fear of the judge who governed that city, who was a severe man, impartial and inflexible in all his proceedings; and accordingly took a lodging in the middle of the street of the great church, where he lived with great care and caution, wearing a coat of mail under his upper coat, and went always armed with his sword and dagger, which were weapons not agreeable to his profession. However Aguire followed hither also, and having in vain dogged him from place to place, day after day, he resolved to make the attempt upon him in his own house, which he entered, and wandered from room to room, till at last he came into his study where Licenciado lay on a couch asleep. Aguire stabbed him with his dagger with great tranquillity, and very leisurely wounded him in other parts of the body, which were not covered with his coat of mail. He went out of the house in safety; but as his resentment was sated, he now began to reflect upon the inexorable temper of the governor of the place. Under this apprehension he had not composure enough to fly to a sanctuary, which was near the place where he committed the fact; but ran into the street, frantick and distracted, proclaiming himself a criminal, by crying out, 'Hide me, hide me.'

The wretched fate and poor behaviour of Licenciado, in flying his country to avoid the same person whom he had before treated with so much insolence, and the high resentment of a man so inconsiderable, as Aguire, when much injured, are good admonitions to little spirits in exalted stations, to take care how they treat brave men in low condition.

Nº 9. SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1712-13.

In tantas brevi creverant opes, seu maritimis seu terrestribus fructibus, seu multitudinis incremento, seu sanctitate disciplinæ. LIV.

They rose in a short time to that pitch of wealth and grandeur, by means of an extensive commerce both by sea and land, by an increase of the people, and by the reverence of their laws and discipline.

MANY of the subjects of my papers will consist of such things as I have gathered from the conversation, or learned from the conduct of a gentleman, who has been very conversant in our family, by name Mr. Charwell *. This person was formerly a merchant in this city, who, by exact œconomy, great frugality, and very fortunate adventures, was about twenty years since, and the fortieth year of his age, arrived to the estate which we usually call a plumb †. This was a sum so much beyond his first ambition, that he then resolved to retire from the town, and the business of it together. Accordingly he laid out one half of his money upon the purchase of a nobleman's estate, not many miles distant from the country seat of my Lady Lizard. From this neighbourhood our first acquaintance began, and has ever since been continued with

* The person here alluded to under the name of Mr. Charwell, is said to have been the charitable Edward Colston of Bristol, member of Parliament for that city, who died unmarried in October 1721, about the close of his 85th year, 'without decay in his understanding, without labour or sorrow.'

† £.100,000.

equal application on both sides. Mr. Charwell visits very few gentlemen in the country; his most frequent airings in the summer-time are visits to my Lady Lizard. And if ever his affairs bring him up to town during the winter, as soon as these are dispatched, he is sure to dine at her house, or to make one at her tea-table, to take her commands for the country.

I shall hardly be able to give an account how this gentleman has employed the twenty years since he made the purchase I have mentioned, without first describing the conditions of the estate.

The estate then consisted of a good large old house, a park of 2000 acres, 8000 acres more of land divided into farms. The land not barren, but the country very thin of people, and these the only consumers of the wheat and barley that grew upon the premises. A river running by the house, which was in the centre of the estate, but the same not navigable, and the rendering it navigable had been opposed by the generality of the whole country. The roads excessive bad, and no possibility of getting off the tenants corn, but at such a price of carriage as would exceed the whole value when it came to market. The underwoods all destroyed, to lay the country open to my lord's pleasures; but there was indeed the less want of this fuel, there being large coal-pits in the estate, within two miles of the house, and such a plenty of coals * as was sufficient for whole counties. But then the want of water-carriage made these also a mere drug, and almost every man's for fetching. Many timber-trees were still standing only for want of chapmen, very little

* The scene is ill-chosen, for the country yields none; in Northamptonshire the inhabitants are supplied with coals from other counties.

being used for building in a country so thin of people, and those at a greater distance being in no likelihood of buying pennyworths, if they must be at the charge of land carriage. Yet every tree was valued at a much greater price than would be given for it in the place; so was every acre of land in the park; and as for the tenants they were all racked to extremity, and almost every one of them beggars. All these things Mr. Charwell knew very well, yet was not discouraged from going on with his purchase.

But in the first place, he resolved that a hundred in family should not ruin him, as it had done his predecessor. Therefore pretending to dislike the situation of the old house, he made choice of another at a mile distance higher up the river, at a corner of the park, where, at the expence of 4 or 5000l. and all the ornaments of the old house, he built a new one, with all convenient offices more suitable to his revenues, yet not much larger than my lord's dog-kennel, and a great deal less than his lordship's stables.

The next thing was to reduce his park. He took down a great many pales, and with these inclosed only 200 acres of it near adjoining to his new house. The rest he converted to breeding cattle, which yielded greater profit.

The tenants began now to be very much dissatisfied with the loss of my lord's family, which had been a constant market for great quantities of their corn; and with the disparking so much land, by which provisions were likely to be increased in so dispeopled a country. They were afraid they must be obliged themselves to consume the whole product of their farms, and that they should be soon

undone by the œconomy and frugality of this gentleman.

Mr. Charwell was sensible their fears were but too just; and that, if neither their goods could be carried off to distant markets, nor the markets brought home to their goods, his tenants must run away from their farms. He had no hopes of making the river navigable, which was a point that could not be obtained by all the interest of his predecessor, and was therefore not likely to be yielded up to a man who was not yet known in the country. All that was left for him was to bring the market home to his tenants, which was the very thing he intended before he ventured upon his purchase. He had even then projected in his thoughts the plan of a great town just below the old house; he therefore presently set himself about the execution of his project.

The thing has succeeded to his wish. In the space of twenty years he is so fortunate as to see 1000 new houses upon his estate, and at least 5000 new people, men, women and children, inhabitants of those houses, who are comfortably subsisted by their own labour, without charge to Mr. Charwell, and to the great profit of his tenants.

It cannot be imagined that such a body of people can be subsisted at less than 5l. per head, or 25000l. per annum, the greatest part of which sum is annually expended for provisions among the farmers of the next adjacent lands. And as the tenants of Mr. Charwell are nearest of all others to the market, they have the best prices for their goods by all that is saved in the carriage.

But some provisions are of that nature, that they will not bear a much longer carriage than from

the extreme parts of his lands; and I think I have been told, that for the single article of milk, at a pint every day for every house, his tenants take from this town not much less than 500l. per annum.

The soil of all kinds, which is made every year by the consumption of so great a town, I have heard has been valued at 200l. per annum. If this be true, the estate of Mr. Charwell is so much improved in this very article, since all this is carried out upon his lands by the back carriage of those very carts which were loaden by his tenants with provisions and other necessaries for the people.

A hundred thousand bushels of coal are necessary to supply so great a multitude with yearly fuel. And as these are taken out of the coal-pits of Mr. Charwell, he receives a penny for every bushel; so that this very article is an addition of 400l. per annum to his revenues. And as the town and people are every year increasing, the revenues in the abovementioned, and many other articles, are increasing in proportion.

There is now no longer any want of the family of the predecessor. The consumption of 5000 people is greater than can be made by any fifty of the greatest families in Great Britain. The tenants stand in no need of distant markets, to take off the product of their farms. The people near their own doors are already more than they are able to supply; and what is wanting at home for this purpose is supplied from places at greater distance, at whatsoever price of carriage.

All the farmers every where near the river are now, in their turn, for an act of parliament to make it navigable, that they may have an easy carriage for their corn to so good a market. The

tenants of Mr. Charwell, that they may have the whole market to themselves, are almost the only persons against it. But they will not be long able to oppose it: their leases are near expiring: and as they are grown very rich, there are many other persons ready to take their farms at more than double the present rents, even though the river should be made navigable, and distant people let in to sell their provisions together with these farmers.

As for Mr. Charwell himself, he is in no manner of pain lest his lands should fall in their value by the cheap carriage of provisions from distant places to his town. He knows very well that cheapness of provisions was one great means of bringing together so great numbers, and that they must be held together by the same means. He seems to have nothing more in his thoughts, than to increase his town to such an extent, that all the country for ten miles round about shall be little enough to supply it. He considers that at how great a distance soever provisions shall be brought thither, they must end at last in so much soil for his estate, and that the farmers of other lands will by this means contribute to the improvement of his own.

But by what encouragements and rewards, by what arts and policies, and what sort of people he has invited to live upon his estate, and how he has enabled them to subsist by their own labour, to the great improvement of his lands, will be the subjects of some of my future precautions.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR, *March* 16.

‘ By your paper of Saturday last, you give the town hopes that you will dedicate that day

to religion. You could not begin it better than by warning your pupils of the poison vented under a pretence to free-thinking. If you can spare room in your next Saturday's paper for a few lines on the same subject, these are at your disposal.

'I happened to be present at a public conversation of some of the defenders of this discourse of free-thinking, and others that differed from them; where I had the diversion of hearing the same man in one breath persuade us to freedom of thought, and in the next offer to demonstrate that we had no freedom in any thing. One would think men should blush to find themselves entangled in a greater contradiction than any the discourse ridicules. This principle of free fatality or necessary liberty is a worthy fundamental of the new sect; and indeed this opinion is an evidence and clearness so nearly related to transubstantiation, that the same genius seems requisite for either. It is fit the world should know how far reason abandons men that would employ it against religion; which intention, I hope, justifies this trouble from, Sir,

Your hearty well-wisher,

MISATHEUS.'

Nº 10. MONDAY, MARCH 23, 1712-13.

Venit ad me sæpe clamitans ———
Vestitu nimiùm indulges, nimiùm ineptus es.
Nimiùm ipse est durus præter æquumque et bonum.

TER. Adelph. Act i. Sc. 1.

He is perpetually coming to me, and ringing in my ears, that I do wrong to indulge him so much in the article of dress: but the fault lies in his own excessive and unreasonable severity.

WHEN I am in deep meditation in order to give my wards proper precautions, I have a principal regard to the prevalence of things which people of merit neglect, and from which those of no merit raise to themselves an esteem: of this nature is the business of dress. It is weak in a man of thought and reflection to be either depressed or exalted from the perfections or disadvantages of his person. However there is a respective conduct to be observed in the habit, according to the eminent distinction of the body, either way. A gay youth in the possession of an ample fortune could not recommend his understanding to those who are not of his acquaintance more suddenly, than by sobriety in his habit; as this is winning at first sight, so a person gorgeously fine, which in itself should avoid the attraction of the beholders eyes, gives as immediate offence.

I make it my business when my Lady Lizard's youngest daughter, Miss Molly, is making cloaths, to consider her from head to foot, and cannot be

easy when there is any doubt lies upon me concerning the colour of a knot, or any other part of her head-dress, which by its darkness or liveliness might too much allay or brighten her complexion. There is something loose in looking as well as you possibly can; but it is also a vice not to take care how you look.

The indiscretion of believing that great qualities make up for the want of things less considerable, is punished too severely in those who are guilty of it. Every day's experience shews us, among variety of people with whom we are not acquainted, that we take impressions too favourable and too disadvantageous of men at first sight from their habit. I take this to be a point of great consideration, and I shall consider it in my future precautions as such. As to the female world, I shall give them my opinion at large by way of comment upon a new suit of the Sparkler's, which is to come home next week. I design it a model for the ladies; she and I have had three private meetings about it. As to the men, I am very glad to hear, being myself a fellow of Lincoln-college, that there is at last in one of our universities arisen a happy genius for little things. It is extremely to be lamented, that hitherto we come from the college as unable to put on our own cloaths as we do from nurse. We owe many misfortunes, and an unhappy backwardness in urging our way in the world, to the neglect of these less matters. For this reason I shall authorise and support the gentleman who writes me the following letter; and though, out of diffidence of the reception his proposal should meet with from me, he has given himself too ludicrous a figure; I doubt not but from his notices to make men, who cannot arrive at learning in that place, come

from thence without appearing ignorant; and such as can, truly knowing without appearing bookish.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR, *Oxford, March* 18, 1712-13.

‘ I FORESEE that you will have many correspondents in this place; but as I have often observed, with grief of heart, that scholars are wretchedly ignorant in the science I profess, I flatter myself that my letter will gain a place in your papers. I have made it my study, Sir, in these seats of learning, to look into the nature of dress, and am what they call an academical beau. I have often lamented that I am obliged to wear a grave habit, since by that means I have not an opportunity to introduce fashions amongst our young gentlemen; and so am forced, contrary to my own inclinations, and the expectation of all who know me, to appear in print. I have indeed met with some success in the projects I have communicated to some sparks with whom I am intimate; and I cannot without a secret triumph confess, that the sleeves turned up with green velvet, which now flourish throughout the university, sprang originally from my invention.

‘ As it is necessary to have the head clear, as well as the complexion, to be perfect in this part of learning, I rarely mingle with the men (for I abhor wine), but frequent the tea-tables of the ladies. I know every part of their dress, and can name all their things by their names. I am consulted about every ornament they buy; and, I speak it without vanity, have a very pretty fancy to knots and the like. Sometimes I take a needle, and spot a piece of muslin for pretty Patty Cross-

stitch, who is my present favourite, which, she says, I do neatly enough; or read one of your papers, and explain the motto, which they all like mightily. But then I am a sort of petty tyrant amongst them, for I own I have my humours. If any thing be amiss, they are sure Mr. Sleek will find fault; if any hoity-toity things make a fuss, they are sure to be taken to pieces the next visit. I am the dread of poor Celia, whose wrapping-gown is not right India; and am avoided by Thalastris in her second-hand mantua, which several masters of arts think very fine, whereas I perceived it had been scoured with half an eye.

'Thus have I endeavoured to improve my understanding, and am desirous to communicate my innocent discoveries to those, who, like me, may distinguish themselves more to advantage by their bodies than their minds. I do not think the pains I have taken, in these my studies, thrown away, since by these means, though I am not very valuable, I am however not disagreeable. Would gentlemen but reflect upon what I say, they would take care to make the best of themselves; for I think it intolerable that a blockhead should be a sloven. Though every man cannot fill his head with learning, it is in any one's power to wear a pretty periwig; let him who cannot say a witty thing, keep his teeth white at least; he who hath no knack at writing sonnets, may however have a soft hand; and he may arch his eye-brows, who hath not strength of genius for the mathematics.

'After the conclusion of the peace, we shall undoubtedly have new fashions from France; and I have some reason to think that some particularities in the garb of their abbés may be transplanted hither to advantage. What I find becoming in

their dress I hope I may, without the imputation of being popishly inclined, adopt into our habits; but would willingly have the authority of the Guardian to countenance me in this harmless design. I would not hereby assume to myself a jurisdiction over any of our youth, but such as are incapable of improvement any other way. As for the aukward creatures that mind their studies, I look upon them as irreclaimable. But over the aforementioned order of men, I desire a commission from you to exercise full authority. Hereby I shall be enabled from time to time to introduce several pretty oddnesses in the taking and tucking up of gowns, to regulate the dimensions of wigs, to vary the tufts upon caps, and to enlarge or narrow the hems of bands, as I shall think most for the public good.

'I have prepared a treatise against the cravat and berdash*, which I am told is not ill done; and have thrown together some hasty observations upon stockings, which my friends assure me I need not be ashamed of. But I shall not offer them to the publick, until they are approved of at our female club; which I am the more willing to do, because I am sure of their praise; for they own I understand these things better than they do. I shall herein be very proud of your encouragement; for, next to keeping the university clean, my greatest ambition is to be thought, Sir,

Your most obedient,

humble servant,

SIMON SLEEK.'

* A kind of neckcloth so called, whence such as sold them were styled haberdashers

Nº 11. TUESDAY, MARCH 24, 1712-13.

—Huc propiùs me,
Dum doceo insanire omnes, vos ordine adite.
HOR. 2 Sat. iii. 80.

Attend my lecture, whilst I plainly show,
That all mankind are mad, from high to low.

THERE is an oblique way of reproof, which takes off from the sharpness of it; and an address in flattery, which makes it agreeable though never so gross: but of all flatterers, the most skilful is he who can do what you like, without saying any thing which argues he does it for your sake; the most winning circumstance in the world being the conformity of manners. I speak of this as a practice necessary in gaining people of sense, who are not yet given up to self-conceit; those who are far gone in admiration of themselves need not be treated with so much delicacy. The following letter puts this matter in a pleasant and uncommon light: The author of it attacks this vice with an air of compliance, and alarms us against it by exhorting us to it.

‘ TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ As you profess to encourage all those who any way contribute to the public good, I flatter myself I may claim your countenance and protection. I am by profession a mad-doctor, but

of a peculiar kind, not of those whose aim it is to remove phrenzies, but one who makes it my business to confer an agreeable madness on my fellow-creatures, for their mutual delight and benefit. Since it is agreed by the philosophers, that happiness and misery consist chiefly in the imagination, nothing is more necessary to mankind in general than this pleasing delirium, which renders every one satisfied with himself, and persuades him that all others are equally so.

'I have for several years, both at home and abroad, made this science my particular study, which I may venture to say I have improved in almost all the courts of Europe; and have reduced it into so safe and easy a method, as to practise it on both sexes, of what disposition, age or quality soever, with success. What enables me to perform this great work, is the use of my Obsequium Catholicon, or the Grand Elixir to support the spirits of human nature. This remedy is of the most grateful flavour in the world, and agrees with all tastes whatever. It is delicate to the senses, delightful to the operation, may be taken at all hours without confinement, and is as properly given at a ball or playhouse as in a private chamber. It restores and vivifies the most dejected minds, corrects and extracts all that is painful in the knowledge of a man's self. One dose of it will instantly disperse itself through the whole animal system, dissipate the first motions of distrust so as never to return, and so exhilarate the brain and rarify the gloom of reflection, as to give the patients a new flow of spirits, a vivacity of behaviour, and a pleasing dependence upon their own capacities.

'Let a person be ever so far gone, I advise him not to despair; even though he has been

troubled many years with restless reflections, which by long neglect have hardened into settled consideration. Those that have been stung with satire may here find a certain antidote, which infallibly disperses all the remains of poison that has been left in the understanding by bad cures. It fortifies the heart against the rancour of pamphlets, the inveteracy of epigrams, and the mortification of lampoons; as has been often experienced by several persons of both sexes, during the seasons of Tunbridge and the Bath.

'I could as farther instances of my success, produce certificates and testimonials from the favourites and ghostly fathers of the most eminent princes of Europe; but shall content myself with the mention of a few cures, which I have performed by this my grand universal restorative, during the practice of one month only since I came to this city.

Cures in the month of February, 1712-13.

'George Spondee, esq. poet, and inmate of the parish of St. Paul's, Covent-garden, fell into violent fits of the spleen upon a thin third night. He had been frighted into a vertigo by the sound of cat-calls on the first day; and the frequent hissings on the second made him unable to endure the bare pronunciation of the letter S. I searched into the causes of his distemper; and by the prescription of a dose of my Obsequium, prepared *secundum artem*, recovered him to his natural state of madness. I cast in at proper intervals the words, Ill taste of the town, Envy of criticks, Bad performance of the actors, and the like. He is so perfectly cured that he has promised to bring another play upon the stage next winter.

'A lady of professed virtue, of the parish of St. James's, Westminster, who hath desired her name may be concealed, having taken offence at a phrase of double meaning in conversation, undiscovered by any other in the company, suddenly fell into a cold fit of modesty. Upon a right application of praise of her virtue, I threw the lady into an agreeable waking dream, settled the fermentation of her blood into a warm charity, so as to make her look with patience on the very gentleman that offended.

'Hilaria, of the parish of St. Giles's in the fields, a coquette of long practice, was by the reprimand of an old maiden reduced to look grave in company, and deny herself the play of the fan. In short, she was brought to such melancholy circumstances, that she would sometimes unawares fall into devotion at church. I advised her to take a few innocent freedoms with occasional kisses, prescribed her the exercise of the eyes, and immediately raised her to her former state of life. She on a sudden recovered her dimples, furled her fan, threw round her glances, and for these two Sundays last past has not once been seen in an attentive posture. This the churchwardens are ready to attest upon oath.

'Andrew Terror of the Middle temple, Mohock, was almost induced by an aged bencher of the same house to leave off bright conversation, and pore over Coke upon Littleton. He was so ill that his hat began to flap, and he was seen one day in the last term at Westminster-hall. This patient had quite lost his spirit of contradiction; I, by the distillation of a few of my vivifying drops in his ear, drew him from his lethargy, and restored him to his usual vivacious

misunderstanding. He is at present very easy in his condition.

'I will not dwell upon the recital of the innumerable cures I have performed within twenty days last past; but rather proceed to exhort all persons of whatever age, complexion or quality, to take as soon as possible of this my intellectual oil: which applied at the ear seizes all the senses with a most agreeable transport, and discovers its effects, not only to the satisfaction of the patient, but all who converse with, attend upon, or any way relate to him or her that receives the kindly infection. It is often administered by chambermaids, valets, or any the most ignorant domestic; it being one peculiar excellence of this my oil, that it is most prevalent, the more unskilful the person is or appears who applies it. It is absolutely necessary for ladies to take a dose of it just before they take coach to go a visiting.

'But I offend the public, as Horace said, when I trespass on any of your time. Give me leave then, Mr. Ironside, to make you a present of a drachm or two of my oil; though I have cause to fear my prescriptions will not have the effect upon you I could wish: therefore I do not endeavour to bribe you in my favour by the present of my oil, but wholly depend upon your public spirit and generosity; which, I hope, will recommend to the world the useful endeavours of, Sir,

Your most obedient,
most faithful, most devoted,
most humble servant and admirer,

GNATHO.

'*** Beware of counterfeits, for such are abroad.

'N. B. I teach the arcana of my art at reasonable rates to gentlemen of the universities, who desire to be qualified for writing dedications; and to young lovers and fortune-hunters, to be paid at the day of marriage. I instruct persons of bright capacities to flatter others, and those of the meanest to flatter themselves.

'I was the first inventor of pocket looking-glasses.'

N° 12. WEDNESDAY, MARCH 25, 1713.

Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, ducunt:
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus—
HOR. 2. Ep. i. 84.

IMITATED.

You'd think no fools disgraced the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should match his father's skill,
And having once been wrong, will be so still. POPE.

WHEN a poem makes its first appearance in the world, I have always observed, that it gives employment to a greater number of critics, than any other kind of writing. Whether it be that most men, at some time of their lives, have tried their talent that way, and thereby think they have a right to judge; or whether they imagine, that their making shrewd observations upon the polite arts, gives them a pretty figure; or whether there may not be some jealousy and caution in bestowing applause upon those who write chiefly for fame.

Whatever the reasons be, we find few discouraged by the delicacy and danger of such an undertaking.

I think it certain that most men are naturally not only capable of being pleased with that which raises agreeable pictures in the fancy, but willing also to own it. But then there are many, who, by false applications of some rules ill understood, or out of deference to men whose opinions they value, have formed to themselves certain schemes and systems of satisfaction, and will not be pleased out of their own way. These are not critics themselves, but readers of critics, who, without the labour of perusing authors, are able to give their characters in general; and know just as much of the several species of poetry, as those who read books of geography do of the genius of this or that people or nation. These gentlemen deliver their opinions sententiously, and in general terms; to which it being impossible readily to frame complete answers, they have often the satisfaction of leaving the board in triumph. As young persons, and particularly the ladies, are liable to be led aside by these tyrants in wit, I shall examine two or three of the many stratagems they use, and subjoin such precautions as may hinder candid readers from being deceived thereby.

The first I shall take notice of is an objection commonly offered, viz. 'that such a poem hath indeed some good lines in it, but it is not a regular piece.' This, for the most part, is urged by those whose knowledge is drawn from some famous French critics, who have written upon the epic poem, the drama, and the great kinds of poetry, which cannot subsist without great regularity; but ought by no means to be required in odes, epistles, panegyrics, and the like, which naturally admit of

greater liberties. The enthusiasm in odes, and the freedom of epistles, is rarely disputed: but I have often heard the poems upon public occasions, written in heroic verse, which I choose to call panegyrics, severely censured upon this account; the reason whereof I cannot guess, unless it be, that because they are written in the same kind of numbers and spirit as an epic poem, they ought therefore to have the same regularity. Now an epic poem consisting chiefly in narration, it is necessary that the incidents should be related in the same order that they are supposed to have been transacted. But in works of the abovementioned kind, there is no more reason that such order should be observed, than that an oration should be as methodical as an history. I think it sufficient that the great hints, suggested from the subject, be so disposed, that the first may naturally prepare the reader for what follows, and so on; and that their places cannot be changed without disadvantage to the whole. I will add further, that sometimes gentle deviations, sometimes bold and even abrupt digressions, where the dignity of the subject seems to give the impulse, are proofs of a noble genius; as winding about and returning artfully to the main design are marks of address and dexterity.

Another artifice made use of by pretenders to criticism, is an insinuation, 'that all that is good is borrowed from the ancients.' This is very common in the mouths of pedants, and perhaps in their hearts too; but is often urged by men of no great learning, for reasons very obvious. Now nature being still the same, it is impossible for any modern writer to paint her otherwise than the ancients have done. If, for example, I was to describe the general's horse at the battle of Blenheim as my

fancy represented such a noble beast, and that description should resemble what Virgil hath drawn for the horse of his hero, it would be almost as ill-natured to urge that I had stolen my description from Virgil, as to reproach the duke of Marlborough for fighting like Æneas. All that the most exquisite judgment can perform is, out of that great variety of circumstances wherein natural objects may be considered, to select the most beautiful; and to place images in such views and lights as will affect the fancy after the most delightful manner. But over and above a just painting of nature, a learned reader will find a new beauty superadded in a happy imitation of some famous ancient, as it revives in his mind the pleasure he took in his first reading such an author. Such copyings as these give that kind of double delight which we perceive when we look upon the children of a beautiful couple; where the eye is not more charmed with the symmetry of the parts, than the mind by observing the resemblance transmitted from parents to their offspring, and the mingled features of the father and mother. The phrases of holy writ, and allusions to several passages in the inspired writings (though not produced as proofs of doctrine) add majesty and authority to the noblest discourses of the pulpit: in like manner an imitation of the air of Homer and Virgil raises the dignity of modern poetry, and makes it appear stately and venerable.

The last observation I shall make at present is upon the disgust taken by those critics, who put on their cloaths prettily, and dislike every thing that is not written with ease. I hereby therefore give the genteel part of the learned world to understand, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in language suitable to it, is written

with ease. There are some things which must be written with strength, which nevertheless are easy. The statue of the gladiator, though represented in such a posture as strains every muscle, is as easy as that of Venus; because the one expresses strength and fury as naturally as the other doth beauty and softness. The passions are sometimes to be roused, as well as the fancy to be entertained; and the soul to be exalted and enlarged, as well as soothed. This often requires a raised figurative style; which readers of low apprehensions or soft and languid dispositions (having heard of the words, fustian and bombast) are apt to reject as stiff and affected language. But nature and reason appoint different garbs for different things; and since I write this to the men of dress, I will ask them if a soldier who is to mount a breach, should be adorned like a beau, who is spruced up for a ball?

N° 13. THURSDAY, MARCH 26, 1713.

Pudore et liberalitate liberos
Retinere, satius esse credo, quàm metu.

TER. Adelph. Act. i. Sc. 1.

I esteem it better to keep children in awe by a sense of shame, and a condescension to their inclinations, than by fear.

THE reader has had some account of the whole family of the Lizards, except the younger sons. These are the branches which ordinarily spread themselves, when they happen to be hopeful, into

other houses, and new generations, as honourable, numerous, and wealthy as those from whence they are derived. For this reason it is, that a very peculiar regard is to be had to their education.

Young men, when they are good for any thing, and left to their own inclinations, delight either in those accomplishments we call their exercise, in the sports of the field, or in letters. Mr. Thomas, the second son, does not follow any of these with too deep an attention, but took to each of them enough never to appear ungraceful or ignorant. This general inclination makes him the more agreeable, and saves him from the imputation of pedantry. His carriage is so easy, that he is acceptable to all with whom he converses; he generally falls in with the inclination of his company, is never assuming, or prefers himself to others. Thus he always gains favour without envy, and has every man's good wishes. It is remarkable, that from his birth to this day, though he is now four and twenty, I do not remember that he has ever had a debate with any of his playfellows or friends.

His thoughts, and present applications are to get into a court life; for which, indeed, I cannot but think him peculiary formed: for he has joined to this complacency of manners a great natural sagacity, and can very well distinguish between things and appearances. That way of life, wherein all men are rivals, demands great circumspection to avoid controversies arising from different interests; but he who is by nature of a flexible temper has his work half done. I have been particularly pleased with his behaviour towards women: he has the skill, in their conversation, to converse with them as a man would with those from whom he might have expectations, but without making requests.

I do not know that I ever heard him make what they call a compliment, or be particular in his address to any lady; and yet I never heard any woman speak of him but with a peculiar regard. I believe he has been often beloved, but know not that he was ever yet a lover. The great secret among them is to be amiable without design. He has a voluble speech, a vacant countenance, and easy action, which represents the fact which he is relating with greater delight than it would have been to have been present at the transaction he recounts. For you see it not only your own way by the bare narration, but have the additional pleasure of his sense of it by this manner of representing it. There are mixed in his talk so many pleasant ironies, that things which deserve the severest language are made ridiculous instead of odious, and you see every thing in the most good-natured aspect it can bear. It is wonderfully entertaining to me to hear him so exquisitely pleasant, and never say an ill-natured thing. He is with all his acquaintance the person generally chosen to reconcile any difference, and if it be capable of accommodation, Tom Lizard is an unexceptionable referee. It has happened to him more than once, that he has been employed, by each opposite in a private manner, to feel the pulse of the adversary; and when each has proposed the decision of the matter by any whom the other should name, he has taken hold of the occasion, and put on the authority assigned by them both, so seasonably, that they have begun a new correspondence with each other, fortified by his friendship to whom they both owe the value they have for one another, and consequently confer a greater measure of their good-will upon the interposer. I must repeat, that above all, my

young man is excellent at raising the subject on which he speaks, and casting a light upon it more agreeable to his company, than they thought the subject was capable of. He avoids all emotion and violence, and never is warm but on an affectionate occasion. Gentleness is what peculiarly distinguishes him from other men, and it runs through all his words and actions.

Mr. William, the next brother, is not of this smooth make, nor so ready to accommodate himself to the humours and inclinations of other men, but to weigh what passes with some severity. He is ever searching into the first springs and causes of any action or circumstance, insomuch, that if it were not to be expected that experience and conversation would allay that humour, it must inevitably turn him to ridicule. But it is not proper to break in upon an inquisitive temper, that is of use to him in the way of life which he proposes to himself, to wit, the study of the law, and the endeavour to arrive at a faculty in pleading. I have been very careful to kill in him any pretensions to follow men already eminent, any farther than as their success is an encouragement; but make it my endeavour to cherish, in the principal and first place, his eager pursuit of solid knowledge in his profession: for I think that clear conception will produce clear expression, and clear expression proper action: I never saw a man speak very well, where I could not apparently observe this, and it shall be a maxim with me till I see an instance to the contrary. When young and unexperienced men take any particular person for their pattern, they are apt to imitate them in such things, to which their want of knowledge makes them attribute success, and not to the real causes of it. Thus one

may have an air, which proceeds from a just sufficiency and knowledge of the matter before him, which may naturally produce some motion of his head and body, which might become the bench better than the bar. How painfully wrong would this be in a youth at his first appearance, when it is not well even for the sergeant of the greatest weight and dignity. But I will, at this time, with an hint only of his way of life, leave Mr. William at his study in the Temple.

The youngest son, Mr. John, is now in the twentieth year of his age, and has had the good fortune and honour to be chosen last election fellow of All-Souls college in Oxford. He is very graceful in his person; has height, strength, vigour, and a certain chearfulness and serenity that creates a sort of love, which people at first sight observe is ripening into esteem. He has a sublime vein in poetry, and a warm manner in recommending, either in speech or writing, whatever he has earnestly at heart. This excellent young man has devoted himself to the service of his Creator; and with an aptitude to every agreeable quality, and every happy talent, that could make a man shine in a court, or command in a camp, he is resolved to go into holy orders. He is inspired with a true sense of that function, when chosen from a regard to the interests of piety and virtue, and a scorn of whatever men call great in a transitory being, when it comes in competition with what is unchangeable and eternal. Whatever men would undertake from a passion to glory, whatever they would do for the service of their country, this youth has a mind prepared to atchieve for the salvation of souls. What gives me great hopes that he will one day make an extraordinary figure in the Christian world, is, that

his invention, his memory, judgment and imagination, are always employed in this one view; and I do not doubt but in my future precautions to present the youth of this age with more agreeable narrations, compiled by this young man on the subject of heroic piety, than any they can meet with in the legends of love and honour.

Nº 14. FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1713.

Nec scit, qua sit iter, nec si sciat imperet——
OVID. Met. l. ii. 170.

——— Nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horſes, had he known, obey.
ADDISON.

' TO THE GUARDIAN.

' SIR,

' You having in your first paper declared, among other things, that you will publish whatever you think may conduce to the advancement of the conversation of gentlemen, I cannot but hope you will give my young masters, when I have told you their age, condition, and how they lead their lives, and who, though I say it, are as docile as any youths in Europe, a lesson which they very much want, to restrain them from the infection of bad company, and squandering away their time in idle and unworthy pursuits. A word

from you, I am very well assured, will prevail more with them than any remonstrance they will meet with at home. The eldest is now about seventeen years of age, and the younger fifteen, born of noble parentage, and to plentiful fortunes. They have a very good father and mother, and also a governor, but come very seldom (except against their wills) in the sight of any of them. That which I observe they have most relish to, is horses and cock-fighting, which they too well understand, being almost positive at first sight to tell you which horse will win the match, and which cock the battle; and if you are of another opinion, will lay you what you please on their own, and it is odds but you lose. What I fear to be the greatest prejudice to them, is their keeping much closer to their horses heels than their books, and conversing more with their stablemen and lackies than with their relations and gentlemen: and I apprehend, are at this time better skilled how to hold the reins, and drive a coach, than to translate a verse in Virgil or Horace. For the other day, taking a walk abroad, they met accidentally in the fields with two young ladies, whose conversation they were very much pleased with, and being desirous to ingratiate themselves further into their favour, prevailed with them, though they had never seen them before in their lives, to take the air in a coach of their father's which waited for them at the end of Gray's-inn-lane. The youths ran with the wings of love, and ordered the coachman to wait at the town's end till they came back. One of our young gentlemen got up before, and the other behind, to act the parts they had long, by the direction and example of their comrades, taken much pains to qualify themselves for, and so gallopped off. What these mean entertainments will

end in, it is impossible to foresee; but a precaution upon that subject might prevent very great calamities in a very worthy family, who take in your papers, and might perhaps be alarmed at what you lay before them upon this subject.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

T. S.'

'TO THE GUARDIAN.'

'SIR,

'I WRIT to you on the 21st of this month, which you did not think fit to take notice of; it gives me the greater trouble that you did not, because I am confident the father of the young lads, whom I mentioned, would have considered how far what was said in my letter concerned himself; upon which it is now too late to reflect. His ingenious son, the coachman, aged seventeen years, has since that time ran away with, and married, one of the girls I spoke of in my last. The manner of carrying on the intrigue, as I have picked it out of the younger brother, who is almost sixteen, still a bachelor, was as follows. One of the young women whom they met in the fields seemed very much taken with my master the elder son, and was prevailed with to go into a cake-house not far off the town. The girl, it seems, acted her part so well, as to enamour the boy, and make him inquisitive into her place of abode, with all other questions which were necessary toward further intimacy. The matter was so managed, that the lad was made to believe there was no possibility of conversing with her, by reason of a very severe

mother, but with the utmost caution. What, it seems, made the mother, forsooth, the more suspicious was, that because the men said her daughter was pretty, somebody or other would persuade her to marry while she was too young to know how to govern a family. By what I can learn from pretences as shallow as this, she appeared so far from having a design upon her lover, that it seemed impracticable to him to get her, except it were carried on with much secrecy and skill. Many were the interviews these lovers had in four and twenty hours time: for it was managed by the mother, that he should run in and out as unobserved by her, and the girl be called every other instant into the next room, and rated (that she could not stay in a place) in his hearing. The young gentleman was at last so much in love, as to be thought by the daughter engaged far enough to put it to the venture that he could not live without her. It was now time for the mother to appear, who surprised the lovers together in private, and banished the youth her house. What is not in the power of love! the charioteer, attended by his faithful friend the younger brother, got out the other morning a little earlier than ordinary, and having made a sudden friendship with a lad of their own age by the force of ten shillings*, who drove a hackney coach, the elder brother took his post in the coach-box, where he could act with a great deal of skill and dexterity, and waited at the corner of the street where his mistress lived, in hopes of carrying her off under that disguise. The whole day was spent in expectation of an opportunity; but in many parts of it he had kind looks from a distant win-

* Then probably the common fare for a day.

dow, which was answered by a brandish of his whip, and a compass taken to drive round and show his activity, and readiness to convey her where she should command him. Upon the approach of the evening, a note was thrown into his coach by a porter, to acquaint him that his mistress and her mother should take coach exactly at seven o'clock; but that the mother was to be set down, and the daughter to go further, and call again. The happy minute came at last, when our hack had the happiness to take in his expected fare, attended by her mother, and the young lady with whom he had first met her. The mother was set down in the Strand, and her daughter ordered to call on her when she came from her cousin's an hour afterwards. The mother was not so unskilful as not to have instructed her daughter whom to send for, and how to behave herself when her lover should urge her consent. We yet know no further particulars, but that my young master was married that night at Knightsbridge, in the presence of his brother and two or three other persons; and that just before the ceremony he took his brother aside, and asked him to marry the other young woman. Now, sir, I will not harangue upon this adventure, but only observe, that if the education of this compound creature had been more careful as to his rational part, the animal life in him had not, perhaps, been so forward, but he might have waited longer before he was a husband. However, as the whole town will in a day or two know the names, persons, and other circumstances, I think this properly lies before your Guardianship to consider for the admonition of others; but my young master's fate is irrevocable.

I am, Sir, your most humble servant.'

N° 15. SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1713.

—— *sibi quivis,*
Speret idem, sudet multùm, frustraque laboret,
Ausus idem ——— HOR. Ars Poet. v. 240.

All men will try, and hope to write as well,
And (not without much pains) be undeceiv'd.
ROSCOMMON.

I CAME yesterday into the parlour, where I found Mrs. Cornelia, my lady's third daughter, all alone, reading a paper, which, as I afterwards found, contained a copy of verses upon love and friendship. She, I believe, apprehended that I had glanced my eye upon the paper, and by the order and disposition of the lines might distinguish that they were poetry; and therefore, with an innocent confusion in her face, she told me I might read them if I pleased, and so withdrew. By the hand, at first sight, I could not guess whether they came from a beau or a lady; but having put on my spectacles, and perused them carefully, I found by some peculiar modes in spelling, and a certain negligence in grammar, that it was a female sonnet. I have since learned, that she hath a correspondent in the country, who is as bookish as herself; that they write to one another by the names of Astrea and Dorinda, and are mightily admired for their easy lines. As I should be loth to have a poetess in our family, and yet am unwilling harshly to cross the bent of a young lady's genius, I chose rather to throw together some thoughts upon that kind of

poetry which is distinguished by the name of Easy, than to risk the fame of Mrs. Cornelia's friend, by exposing her work to public view.

I have said, in a foregoing paper *, that every thought which is agreeable to nature, and expressed in a language suitable to it, is written with ease: which I offered in answer to those who ask for ease in all kinds of poetry; and it is so far true, as it states the notion of easy writing in general, as that is opposed to what is forced or affected. But as there is an easy mien, and easy dress, peculiarly so called; so there is an easy sort of poetry. In order to write easily, it is necessary in the first place to think easily. Now, according to different subjects, men think differently; anger, fury, and the rough passions, awaken strong thoughts; glory, grandeur, power, raise great thoughts: love, melancholy, solitude, and whatever gently touches the soul, inspire easy thoughts.

Of the thoughts suggested by these gentle subjects, there are some which may be set off by style and ornament. Others there are, which the more simply they are conceived, and the more clearly they are expressed, give the soul proportionably the more pleasing emotions. The figures of style added to them serve only to hide a beauty, however gracefully they are put on, and are thrown away like paint upon a fine complexion. But here not only liveliness of fancy is requisite to exhibit a great variety of images; but also niceness of judgment to cull out those, which, without the advantage of foreign art, will shine by their own intrinsic beauty. By these means, whatsoever seems to demand labour being rejected, that only which ap-

* No. 12.

pears to be easy and natural will come in; and so art will be hid by art, which is the perfection of easy writing.

I will suppose an author to be really possessed with the passion which he writes upon, and then we shall see how he would acquit himself. This I take to be the safest way to form a judgment of him: since if he be not truly moved, he must at least work up his imagination as near as possible, to resemble reality. I choose to instance in love, which is observed to have produced the most finished performances in this kind. A lover will be full of sincerity, that he may be believed by his mistress; he will therefore think simply; he will express himself perspicuously, that he may not perplex her; he will therefore write unaffectedly. Deep reflections are made by a head undisturbed; and points of wit and fancy are the work of an heart at ease; these two dangers then, into which poets are apt to run, are effectually removed out of the lover's way. The selecting proper circumstances, and placing them in agreeable lights, are the finest secrets of all poetry; but the recollection of little circumstances is the lover's sole meditation, and relating them pleasantly, the business of his life. Accordingly we find that the most celebrated authors of this rank excel in love-verses. Out of ten thousand instances I shall name one, which I think the most delicate and tender I ever saw.

'To myself I sigh often, without knowing why;
And when absent from Phyllis, methinks I could die.'

A man who hath ever been in love will be touched at the reading of these lines; and every

one, who now feels that passion, actually feels that they are true.

From what I have advanced it appears, how difficult it is to write easily. But when easy writings fall into the hand of an ordinary reader, they appear to him so natural and unlaboured, that he immediately resolves to write, and fancies that all he hath to do is to take no pains. Thus he thinks indeed simply, but the thoughts, not being chosen with judgment, are not beautiful: he, it is true, expresses himself plainly, but flatly withal. Again, if a man of vivacity takes it in his head to write this way, what self-denial must he undergo, when bright points of wit occur to his fancy! How difficult will he find it to reject florid phrases, and pretty embellishments of style! So true it is, that simplicity of all things is the hardest to be copied, and ease to be acquired with the greatest labour. Our family knows very well how ill Lady Flame looked, when she imitated Mrs. Jane in a plain black suit. And, I remember, when Frank Courtly was saying the other day, that any man might write easy, I only asked him, if he thought it possible that squire Hawthorn should ever come into a room as he did? He made me a very handsome bow, and answered with a smile, 'Mr. Ironside, you have convinced me.'

I shall conclude this paper by observing that pastoral poetry, which is the most considerable kind of easy writing, has the oftenest been attempted with ill success, of any sort whatsoever. I shall therefore, in a little time, communicate my thoughts upon that subject to the public.

Nº 16. MONDAY, MARCH 30, 1713.

——— *Ne fortè pudori*
Sit tibi musa lyræ solers, et cantor Apollo.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 406.

Blush not to patronise the muse's skill.

Two mornings ago a gentleman came in to my lady Lizard's tea-table, who is distinguished in town by the good taste he is known to have in polite writings, especially such as relate to love and gallantry. The figure of the man had something odd and grotesque in it, though his air and manner were genteel and easy, and his wit agreeable. The ladies, in complaisance to him, turned the discourse to poetry. This soon gave him an occasion of producing two new songs to the company; which, he said, he would venture to recommend as compleat performances. The first, continued he, is by a gentleman of an unrivalled reputation in every kind of writing*; and the second by a lady who does me the honour to be in love with me, because I am not handsome. Mrs. Annabella upon this (who never lets slip an occasion of doing sprightly things) gives a twitch to the paper with a finger and a thumb, and snatches it out of the gentleman's hands: then casting her eye over it with a seeming impatience, she read us the songs; and in a very obliging manner, desired the gentleman would let

* Probably Addison.

her have a copy of them, together with his judgment upon songs in general; that I may be able, said she, to judge of gallantries of this nature, if ever it should be my fortune to have a poetical lover. The gentleman complied; and accordingly Mrs. Annabella, the very next morning, when she was at her toilet, had the following packet delivered to her by a spruce valet de chambre.

THE FIRST SONG.

I.

On Belvidera's bosom lying,
Wishing, panting, sighing, dying,
The cold regardless maid to move,
With unavailing prayers I sue:
'You first have taught me how to love,
Ah teach me to be happy too!'

II.

But she, alas! unkindly wise,
To all my sighs and tears replies,
'Tis every prudent maid's concern
Her lover's fondness to improve;
If to be happy you shall learn,
You quickly would forget to love.'

THE SECOND SONG.

I.

Boast not, mistaken swain, thy art
To please my partial eyes;
The charms that have subdued my heart,
Another may despise.

II.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:
Perhaps, by some fond whim betray'd,
In oddness I delight.

III.

Vain youth to your confusion know,
'Tis to my love's excess
You all your fancy'd beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

IV.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You should preserve my fire:
Since you, my swain, no more will shine,
When I no more admire.

V.

By me, indeed, you are allow'd
The wonder of your kind;
But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

' TO MRS. ANNABELLA LIZARD.

' MADAM,

' To let you see how absolute your commands are over me, and to convince you of the opinion I have of your good sense, I shall, without any preamble of compliments, give you my thoughts upon Song-writing, in the same order as they have occurred to me. Only allow me, in my own defence, to say, that I do not remember ever to have met with any piece of criticism upon this subject; so that if I err, or seem singular in my opinions, you will be the more at liberty to differ from them, since I do not pretend to support them by any authority.

' In all ages, and in every nation where poetry has been in fashion, the tribe of sonneteers hath been very numerous. Every pert young fellow that has a moving fancy, and the least jingle of

verse in his head, sets up for a writer of songs, and resolves to immortalize his bottle or his mistress. What a world of insipid productions in this kind have we been pestered with since the revolution, to go no higher! This, no doubt, proceeds in a great measure from not forming a right judgment of the nature of these little compositions. It is true, they do not require an elevation of thought, nor any extraordinary capacity, nor an extensive knowledge; but then they demand great regularity, and the utmost nicety; an exact purity of style, with the most easy and flowing numbers; an elegant and unaffected turn of wit, with one uniform and simple design. Greater works cannot well be without some inequalities and oversights, and they are in them pardonable; but a song loses all its lustre if it be not polished with the greatest accuracy. The smallest blemish in it, like a flaw in a jewel, takes off the whole value of it. A song is, as it were, a little image in enamel, that requires all the nice touches of the pencil, a gloss and a smoothness, with those delicate finishing strokes, which would be superfluous and thrown away upon larger figures, where the strength and boldness of a masterly hand gives all the grace.

'Since you may have recourse to the French and English translations, you will not accuse me of pedantry, when I tell you that Sappho, Anacreon, and Horace in some of his shorter lyrics, are the completest models for little odes or sonnets. You will find them generally pursuing a single thought in their songs, which is driven to a point, without those interruptions and deviations so frequent in the modern writers of this order. To do justice to the French, there is no living language that abounds so much in good songs. The genius of the

people, and the idiom of their tongue, seems adapted to compositions of this sort. Our writers generally croud into one song, materials enough for several; and so they starve every thought, by endeavouring to nurse up more than one at a time. They give you a string of imperfect sonnets, instead of one finished piece, which is a fault Mr. Waller (whose beauties cannot be too much admired) sometimes falls into. But, of all our countrymen, none are more defective in their songs, through a redundancy of wit, than Dr. Donne, and Mr. Cowley. In them, one point of wit flashes so fast upon another, that the reader's attention is dazzled by the continual sparkling of their imagination; you find a new design started almost in every line, and you come to the end without the satisfaction of seeing any one of them executed.

'A song should be conducted like an epigram; and the only difference between them is, that one does not require the lyric numbers, and is usually employed upon satirical occasions; whereas the business of the other, for the most part, is to express (as my lord Roscommon translates it from Horace)

'Love's pleasing cares, and the free joys of wine.'

'I shall conclude what I have to say upon this subject, by observing, that the French do very often confound the song and the epigram, and take the one reciprocally for the other. An instance of which I shall give you in a remarkable epigram which passes current abroad for an excellent song.

'Tu parles mal par-tout de moi,
Je dis du bien par-tout de toi;
Quel malheur est le nôtre?
L'on ne croit ni l'un ni l'autre.'

For the satisfaction of such of your friends as may not understand the original, I shall venture to translate it after my fashion, so as to keep strictly to the turn of thought, at the expence of losing something in the poetry and versification.

'Thou speakest always ill of me,
I speak always well of thee:
But spite of all our noise and pother,
The world believes nor one nor t'other.'

'Thus, madam, I have endeavoured to comply with your commands; not out of vanity of erecting myself into a critic, but out of an earnest desire of being thought, upon all occasions,

Your most obedient servant.'

Nº 17. TUESDAY, MARCH 31, 1713.

—*Minimumque libidine peccant.* JUV. Sat. vi. 134.

Lust is the smallest sin they own. DRYDEN.

If it were possible to bear up against the force of ridicule, which fashion has brought upon people for acknowledging a veneration for the most sacred things, a man might say that the time we now are in * is set apart for humiliation; and all our actions should at present more particularly tend that way. I remember about thirty years ago an eminent divine, who was also most exactly well bred, told

* Viz. Lent.

his congregation at Whitehall, that if they did not vouchsafe to give their lives a new turn, they must certainly go to a place which he did not think fit to name in that courtly audience. It is with me as with that gentleman. I would, if possible, represent the errors of life, especially those arising from what we call gallantry, in such a manner as the people of pleasure may read me. In this case I must not be rough to gentlemen and ladies, but speak of sin as a gentleman. It might not perhaps be amiss, if, therefore, I should call my present precaution A Criticism upon Fornication; and, by representing the unjust taste they have who affect that way of pleasure, bring a distaste upon it among all those who are judicious in their satisfactions. I will be bold then to lay it down for a rule, that he who follows this kind of gratification, gives up much greater delight in pursuing it, than he can possibly enjoy from it. As to the common women and the stews, there is no one but will allow this assertion at first sight; but if it will appear, that they who deal with those of the sex who are less profligate, descend to greater basenesses than if they frequented brothels, it should, methinks, bring this iniquity under some discountenance. The rake, who without sense of character or decency wallows and ranges in common houses, is guilty no farther than of prostituting himself, and exposing his health to diseases: but the man of gallantry cannot pursue his pleasures without treachery to some man he ought to love, and making despicable the woman he admires. To live in a continual deceit: to reflect upon the dishonour you do some husband, father, or brother, who does not deserve this of you, and whom you would destroy did you know they did the like towards you, are circum-

stances which pall the appetite, and give a man of any sense of honour very painful mortification. What more need be said against a gentleman's delight, than that he himself thinks himself a base man in pursuing it; when it is thoroughly considered he gives up his very being as a man of integrity who commences gallant? Let him or her who is guilty this way but weigh the matter a little, and the criminal will find that those whom they most esteemed are of a sudden become the most disagreeable companions; nay, their good qualities are grown odious and painful. It is said, people who have the plague have a delight in communicating the infection; in like manner, the sense of shame, which is never wholly overcome, inclines the guilty this way to contribute to the destruction of others. And women are pleased to introduce more women into the same condition, though they can have no other satisfaction from it, than that the infamy is shared among greater numbers, which they flatter themselves eases the burden of each particular person.

It is a most melancholy consideration, that for momentary sensations of joy, obtained by stealth, men are forced into a constraint of all their words and actions in the general and ordinary occurrences of life. It is an impossibility in this case to be faithful to one person, without being false to all the rest of the world. The gay figures in which poetical men of loose morals have placed this kind of stealth are but feeble consolations, when a man is inclined to soliloquy or meditation upon his past life; flashes of wit can promote joy, but they cannot allay grief.

Disease, sickness, and misfortune, are what all men living are liable to; it is therefore ridiculous

and mad to pursue, instead of shunning, what must add to our anguish under disease, sickness, or misfortune. It is possible there may be those whose bloods are too warm to admit of those compunctions: if there are such, I am sure they are laying up store for them: but I have better hopes of those who have not yet erased the impressions and advantages of a good education and fortune; they may be assured, that whoever wholly gives themselves up to lust, will soon find it the least fault they are guilty of.

Irreconcileable hatred to those they have injured, mean shifts to cover their offences, envy and malice to the innocent, and a general sacrifice of all that is good-natured or praise-worthy when it interrupts them, will possess all their faculties, and make them utter strangers to the noble pleasures which flow from honour and virtue. Happy are they, who from the visitation of sickness, or any other accident, are awakened from a course which leads to an insensibility of the greatest enjoyments in human life.

A French author, giving an account of a very agreeable man, in whose character he mingles good qualities and infirmities, rather than vices or virtues, tells the following story.

'Our knight,' says he, 'was pretty much addicted to the most fashionable of all faults. He had a loose rogue for a lackey, not a little in his favour, though he had no other name for him when he spoke of him but "the rascal," or, to him, but "sirrah." One morning when he was dressing, "Sirrah," says he, "be sure you bring home this evening a pretty wench." The fellow was a person of diligence and capacity, and had for some time addressed himself to a decayed old gentlewoman,

who had a young maiden to her daughter, beauteous as an angel, not yet sixteen years of age. The mother's extreme poverty, and the insinuations of this artful lackey concerning the soft disposition and generosity of his master, made her consent to deliver up her daughter. But many were the intreaties and representations of the mother to gain her child's consent to an action, which she said she abhorred, at the same time she exhorted her to it; " but child," says she, " can you see your mother die for hunger?" The virgin argued no longer, but bursting into tears, said she would go any where. The lackey conveyed her with great obsequiousness and secrecy to his master's lodging, and placed her in a commodious apartment till he came home. The knight, who knew his man never failed of bringing in his prey, indulged his genius at a banquet, and was in high humour at an entertainment with ladies, expecting to be received in the evening by one as agreeable as the best of them. When he came home, his lackey met him with a saucy and joyful familiarity, crying out, " She is as handsome as an angel (for there is no other simile on these occasions); but the tender fool has wept till her eyes are swelled and bloated; for she is a maid and a gentlewoman." With that he conducted his master to the room where she was, and retired. The knight, when he saw her bathed in tears, said in some surprise, " Do not you know, young woman, why you are brought hither?" The unhappy maid fell on her knees, and with many interruptions of sighs and tears, said to him " I know, alas! too well why I am brought hither; my mother, to get bread for her and myself, has sent me to do what you pleased; but would it would please Heaven I could die, before I am added to the

number of those miserable wretches who live without honour!" With this reflection she wept anew, and beat her bosom. The knight, stepping back from her, said, "I am not so abandoned as to hurt your innocence against your will."

'The novelty of the accident surprized him into virtue; and, covering the young maid with a cloak, he led her to a relation's house, to whose care he recommended her for that night. The next morning he sent for her mother, and asked her if her daughter was a maid? The mother assured him, that when she delivered her to his servant, she was a stranger to man. "Are not you then," replied the knight, "a wicked woman to contrive the debauchery of your own child?" She held down her face with fear and shame, and in her confusion uttered some broken words concerning her poverty. "Far be it," said the gentleman, "that you should relieve yourself from want by a much greater evil: your daughter is a fine young creature; do you know of none that ever spoke of her for a wife?" The mother answered, "There is an honest man in our neighbourhood that loves her, who has often said he would marry her with two hundred pounds." The knight ordered his man to reckon out that sum, with an addition of fifty to buy the bride cloaths, and fifty more as a help to her mother.'

I appeal to all the gallants in the town, whether possessing all the beauties in Great Britain could give half the pleasure as this young gentleman had in the reflection of having relieved a miserable parent from guilt and poverty, an innocent virgin from public shame, and bestowing a virtuous wife upon an honest man?

Though all men who are guilty this way have not fortunes or opportunities for making such atone-

ments for their vices, yet all men may do what is certainly in their power at this good season *. For my part, I do not care how ridiculous the mention of it may be, provided I hear it has any good consequence upon the wretched, that I recommend the most abandoned and miserable of mankind to the charity of all in prosperous conditions under the same guilt with those wretches. The Lock hospital in Kent-street, Southwark, for men; that in Kingsland for women, is a receptacle for all sufferers mangled by this iniquity. Penitents should in their own hearts take upon them all the shame and sorrow they have escaped; and it would become them to make an oblation for their crimes, by charity to those upon whom vice appears in that utmost misery and deformity, which they themselves are free from by their better fortune, rather than greater innocence. It would quicken our cómpassion in this case, if we considered there may be objects there, who would now move horror and loathing, that we have once embraced with transport: and as we are men of honour (for I must not speak as we are Christians) let us not desert our friends for the loss of their noses.

* Viz. Lent.

No 18. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 1, 1713.

———*Animæque capaces*
Mortis——— LUCAN.

Souls, undismay'd by death.

THE prospect of death is so gloomy and dismal, that if it were constantly before our eyes, it would imbitter all the sweets of life. The gracious Author of our being hath therefore so formed us, that we are capable of many pleasing sensations and reflections, and meet with so many amusements and solicitudes, as divert our thoughts from dwelling upon an evil, which, by reason of its seeming distance, makes but languid impressions upon the mind. But how distant soever the time of our death may be, since it is certain that we must die, it is necessary to allot some portion of our life to consider the end of it; and it is highly convenient to fix some stated times to meditate upon the final period of our existence here. The principle of self-love, as we are men, will make us inquire, what is like to become of us after our dissolution; and our conscience, as we are Christians, will inform us, that according to the good or evil of our actions here, we shall be translated to the mansions of eternal bliss or misery. When this is seriously weighed, we must think it madness to be unprepared against the black moment: but when we reflect that perhaps that black moment may be to-night, how watchful ought we to be!

I was wonderfully affected with a discourse I had lately with a clergyman of my acquaintance upon this head, which was to this effect: ‘The consideration,’ said the good man, ‘that my being is precarious, moved me many years ago to make a resolution, which I have diligently kept, and to which I owe the greatest satisfaction that a mortal man can enjoy. Every night before I address myself in private to my Creator, I lay my hand upon my heart, and ask myself, whether if God should require my soul of me this night, I could hope for mercy from him? The bitter agonies I underwent in this my first acquaintance with myself were so far from throwing me into despair of that mercy which is over all God's works, that they rather proved motives to greater circumspection in my future conduct. The oftener I exercised myself in meditations of this kind, the less was my anxiety; and by making the thoughts of death familiar, what was at first so terrible and shocking is become the sweetest of my enjoyments. These contemplations have indeed made me serious, but not sullen; nay, they are so far from having soured my temper, that as I have a mind perfectly composed, and a secret spring of joy in my heart, so my conversation is pleasant, and my countenance serene; I have no share in pleasures that leave a sting behind them, nor am I cheated with that kind of mirth, “in the midst of which there is heaviness.”

Of all the professions of men, a soldier's chiefly should put him upon this religious vigilance. His duty exposes him to such hazards, that the evil which to men in other stations may seem far distant, to him is instant and ever before his eyes. The consideration, that what men in a martial life purchase is gained with danger and labour, and

must perhaps be parted with very speedily, is the cause of much licence and riot. As moreover it is necessary to keep up the spirits of those who are to encounter the most terrible dangers, offences of this nature meet with great indulgence. But there is a courage better founded than this animal fury. The secret assurance, that all is right within, that if he falls in battle, he will the more speedily be crowned with true glory, will add strength to a warrior's arm, and intrepidity to his heart.

One of the most successful stratagems whereby Mahomet became formidable, was the assurance that impostor gave his votaries, that whoever was slain in battle should be immediately conveyed to that luxurious paradise his wanton fancy had invented. The ancient Druids taught a doctrine which had the same effect, though with this difference from Mahomet's, That the souls of the slain should transmigrate into other bodies, and in them be rewarded according to the degrees of their merit. This is told by Lucan with his usual spirit.

'You teach that souls, from fleshy chains unbound,
Seek not pale shades and Erebus profound,
But fleeting hence to other regions stray,
Once more to mix with animated clay;
Hence death's a gap (if men may trust the lore)
'Twixt lives behind and ages yet before.
A blest mistake! which fate's dread power disarms;
And spurs its vot'ries on to war's alarms;
Lavish of life, they rush with fierce delight
Amidst the legions, and provoke the fight;
O'er-matching death, and freely cast away
That loan of life the gods are bound to pay.'

Our gallant countryman, sir Philip Sidney, was a noble example of courage and devotion. I am particularly pleased to find that he hath translated the whole book of Psalms into English verse. A

friend of mine informs me, that he hath the manuscript by him, which is said in the title to have been done 'By the most noble and virtuous Gent. Sir Philip Sidney, Knight.' They having been never printed, I shall present the public with one of them, which my correspondent assures me he hath faithfully transcribed, and wherein I have taken the liberty only to alter one word.

PSALM CXXXVII *.

NIGH seated where the river flows,
That watereth Babel's thankful plain,
Which then our tears, in pearled rows,
Did help to water with the rain:
The thought of Sion bred such woes,
That though our harps we did retain,
Yet useless and untouched there,
On willows only hang'd they were.

II.

Now while our harps were hanged so,
The men whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting go,
And more to grieve us thus did say:
You that of music make such show,
Come sing us now a Sion's lay:
Oh no! we have no voice nor hand
For such a song in such a land.

III.

Though far I be, sweet Sion hill,
In foreign soil exil'd from thee,
Yet let my hand forget his skill
If ever thou forgotten be;
And let my tongue fast glewed still
Unto my roof, lie mute in me;
If thy neglect within me spring,
Or aught I do, but Salem sing.

* Dr. Donne's Poems, &c. Ps. 137, p. 284, edit. 1719, 24to.

IV.

But thou, O Lord, shalt not forget
  To quit the plains of Edom's race,
Who causelessly, yet hotly set
  Thy holy city to deface,
Did thus the bloody victors whet,
  What time they enter'd first the place,
    'Down, down with it at any hand,
    Make all a waste, let nothing stand.'

V.

And Babylon, that didst us waste,
  Thyself shalt one day wasted be:
And happy he, who what thou hast
  Unto us done, ſhall do to thee;
Like bitterness shall make thee taste,
  Like woeful objects make thee see:
    Yea, happy who thy little ones
    Shall take and dash against the stones.

Nº 19. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1713.

Ne te semper inops agitet vexetque cupido;
Ne pavor, et rerum mediocriter utilium spes.
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 98.

Lest avarice, still poor, disturb thine ease;
Or fear should shake, or cares thy mind abuse,
Or ardent hope for things of little use. CREECH.

It was prettily observed by somebody concerning the great vices, that there are three which give pleasure, as covetousness, gluttony, and lust; one, which tastes of nothing but pain, as envy; the rest

have a mixture of pleasure and pain, as anger and pride. But when a man considers the state of his own mind, about which every member of the Christian world is supposed at this time to be employed, he will find that the best defence against vice is preserving the worthiest part of his own spirit pure from any great offence against it. There is a magnanimity which makes us look upon ourselves with disdain, after we have been betrayed by sudden desire, opportunity of gain, the absence of a person who excels us, the fault of a servant, or the ill fortune of an adversary, into the gratification of lust, covetousness, envy, rage, or pride; when the more sublime part of our souls is kept alive, and we have not repeated infirmities until they become vicious habits.

The vice of covetousness is what enters deepest into the soul of any other; and you may have seen men, otherwise the most agreeable creatures in the world, so seized with the desire of being richer, that they shall startle at indifferent things, and live in a continual guard and watch over themselves from a remote fear of expence. No pious man can be so circumspect in the care of his conscience, as the covetous man is in that of his pocket.

If a man would preserve his own spirit, and his natural approbation of higher and more worthy pursuits, he could never fall into this littleness, but his mind would be still open to honour and virtue, in spite of infirmities and relapses. But what extremely discourages me in my precautions as a Guardian, is, that there is an universal defection from the admiration of virtue. Riches and outward splendor have taken up the place of it; and no man thinks he is mean, if he is not poor. But alas! this despicable spirit debases our very

being, and makes our passions take a new turn from their natural bent.

It was a cause of great sorrow and melancholy to me some nights ago at a play, to see a crowd in the habits of the gentry of England stupid to the noblest sentiments we have. The circumstance happened in the scene of distress betwixt Percy and Anna Bullen: One of the centinels who stood on the stage, to prevent the disorders which the most unmannerly race of young men that ever were seen in any age frequently raise in public assemblies, upon Percy's beseeching to be heard, burst into tears; upon which the greatest part of the audience fell into a loud and ignorant laughter; which others, who were touched with the liberal compassion of the poor fellow, could hardly suppress by their clapping. But the man, without the least confusion or shame in his countenance for what had happened, wiped away the tears and was still intent upon the play. The distress still rising, the soldier was so much moved, that he was obliged to turn his face from the audience, to their no small merriment. Percy had the gallantry to take notice of his honest heart; and, as I am told, gave him a crown to help him in his affliction. It is certain this poor fellow, in his humble condition, had such a lively compassion as a soul unwedded to the world; were it otherwise, gay lights and dresses, with appearance of people of fashion and wealth, to which his fortune could not be familiar, would have taken up all his attention and admiration.

It is every thing that is praise-worthy, as well as pure religion (according to a book too sacred for me to quote), 'to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.' Every step that a man makes

beyond moderate and reasonable provision, is taking so much from the worthiness of his own spirit; and he that is entirely set upon making a fortune, is all that while undoing the man. He must grow deaf to the wretched, estrange himself from the agreeable, learn hardness of heart, disrelish every thing that is noble, and terminate all in his despicable self. Indulgence in any one immoderate desire or appetite engrosses the whole creature, and his life is sacrificed to that one desire or appetite; but how much otherwise is it with those that preserve alive in them something that adorns their condition and shews the man, whether a prince or a beggar, above his fortune!

I have just now recorded a foot-soldier for the politest man in a British audience, from the force of nature, untainted with the singularity of an ill-applied education. A good spirit that is not abused, can add new glories to the highest state in the world, as well as give beauties to the meanest. I shall exemplify this by inserting a prayer of Harry the fourth of France just before a battle, in which he obtained an entire victory.

'O Lord of hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory and the safety of thy people; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state; favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and

the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign: but, if thy good providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown, make me this day a sacrifice to thy will, let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.'

The king uttered this generous prayer in a voice, and with a countenance, that inspired all who heard and beheld him with like magnanimity: then turning to the squadron, at the head of which he designed to charge, 'My fellow-soldiers,' said he, 'as you run my fortune, so do I yours; your safety consists in keeping well your ranks; but if the heat of the action should force you to disorder, think of nothing but rallying again; if you lose sight of your colours and standards, look round for the white plume in my beaver; you shall see it wherever you are, and it shall lead you to glory and victory.'

The magnanimity of this illustrious prince was supported by a firm reliance on Providence, which inspired him with a contempt of life, and an assurance of conquest. His generous scorn of royalty, but as it consisted with the service of God, and good of his people, is an instance, that the mind of man, when it is well disposed, is always above its condition, even though it be that of a monarch.

Nº 20. FRIDAY, APRIL 3, 1713.

——— *Minuti*
Semper et infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas
Ultio ——— JUV. Sat. xiii. 189.

——— Revenge, which still we find
The weakest frailty of a feeble mind. CREECH.

ALL gallantry and fashion, one would imagine, should rise out of the religion and laws of that nation wherein they prevail; but, alas! in this kingdom, gay characters, and those which lead in the pleasure and inclinations of the fashionable world, are such as are readiest to practise crimes the most abhorrent to nature, and contradictory to our faith. A Christian and a gentleman are made inconsistent appellations of the same person; you are not to expect eternal life, if you do not forgive injuries; and your mortal life is uncomfortable, if you are not ready to commit a murder in resentment for an affront: for good sense as well as religion is so utterly banished the world, that men glory in their very passions, and pursue trifles with the utmost vengeance; so little do they know that to forgive is the most arduous pitch human nature can arrive at. A coward has often fought, a coward has often conquered, but 'a coward never forgave.' The power of doing that flows from a strength of soul conscious of its own force; whence it draws a certain safety, which its enemy is not of consideration enough to interrupt; for it is peculiar in the make

of a brave man to have his friends seem much above him, his enemies much below him.

Yet though the neglect of our enemies may, so intense a forgiveness as the love of them is not to be in the least accounted for by the force of constitution, but is a more spiritual and refined moral, introduced by him who died for those that persecuted him; yet very justly delivered to us, when we consider ourselves offenders, and to be forgiven on the reasonable terms of forgiving; for who can ask what he will not bestow, especially when that gift is attended with a redemption from the cruellest slavery to the most acceptable freedom? For when the mind is in contemplation of revenge, all its thoughts must surely be tortured with the alternate pangs of rancour, envy, hatred, and indignation; and they who profess a sweet in the enjoyment of it, certainly never felt the consummate bliss of reconciliation. At such an instant the false ideas we received unravel, and the shyness, the distrust, the secret scorns, and all the base satisfactions men had in each other's faults and misfortunes, are dispelled, and their souls appear in their native whiteness, without the least streak of that malice or distaste which sullied them: and perhaps those very actions, which, when we looked at them in the oblique glance with which hatred doth always see things, were horrid and odious, when observed with honest and open eyes, are beauteous and ornamental.

But if men are averse to us in the most violent degree, and we can never bring them to an amicable temper, then indeed we are to exert an obstinate opposition to them; and never let the malice of our enemies have so effectual an advantage over us, as to escape our good-will. For the neg-

lected and despised tenets of religion are so generous, and in so transcendent and heroic a manner disposed for public good, that it is not in a man's power to avoid their influence; for the Christian is as much inclined to your service when your enemy, as the moral man when your friend.

But the followers of a crucified Saviour must root out of their hearts all sense that there is any thing great and noble in pride or haughtiness of spirit; yet it will be very difficult to fix that idea in our souls, except we can think as worthily of ourselves, when we practise the contrary virtues. We must learn, and be convinced, that there is something sublime and heroic in true meekness and humility, for they arise from a great, not a groveling idea of things; for as certainly as pride proceeds from a mean and narrow view of the little advantages about a man's self, so meekness is founded on the extended contemplation of the place we bear in the universe, and a just observation how little, how empty, how wavering, are our deepest resolves and counsels. And as to a well-taught mind, when you have said an haughty and proud man, you have spoke a narrow conception, little spirit, and despicable carriage; so when you have said a man is meek and humble, you have acquainted us that such a person has arrived at the hardest task in the world, in an universal observation round him, to be quick to see his own faults, and other men's virtues, and at the height of pardoning every man sooner than himself; you have also given us to understand, that to treat him kindly, sincerely, and respectfully, is but a mere justice to him that is ready to do us the same offices. This temper of soul keeps us always awake to a just sense of things, teaches us that we are as

well akin to worms as to angels; and as nothing is above these, so is nothing below those. It keeps our understanding tight about us, so that all things appear to us great or little, as they are in nature and the sight of heaven, not as they are gilded or sullied by accident or fortune.

It were to be wished that all men of sense would think it worth their while to reflect upon the dignity of Christian virtues; it would possibly enlarge their souls into such a contempt of what fashion and prejudice have made honourable, that their duty, inclination, and honour, would tend the same way, and make all their lives an uniform act of religion and virtue.

As to the great catastrophe of this day *, on which the Mediator of the world suffered the greatest indignities and death itself for the salvation of mankind, it would be worth gentlemens consideration, whether from his example it would not be proper to kill all inclinations to revenge; and examine whether it would not be expedient to receive new motions of what is great and honourable.

This is necessary against the day wherein he who died ignominiously for us 'shall descend from heaven to be our judge, in majesty and glory.' How will the man who shall die by the sword of pride and wrath, and in contention with his brother, appear before him, at 'whose presence nature shall be in an agony, and the great and glorious bodies of light be obscured; when the sun shall be darkened, the moon turned into blood, and all the powers of heaven shaken; when the heavens themselves shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements dissolve with fervent heat;

* Viz. Good-Friday.

when the earth also, and all the works that are therein, shall be burnt up!'

What may justly damp in our minds the diabolical madness, which prompts us to decide our petty animosities by the hazard of eternity, is, that in that one act the criminal does not only highly offend, but forces himself into the presence of his judge; that is certainly his case who dies in a duel. I cannot but repeat it, he that dies in a duel knowingly offends God, and in that very action rushes into his offended presence. Is it possible for the heart of man to conceive a more terrible image than that of a departed spirit in this condition? Could we but suppose it has just left its body, and struck with the terrible reflection, that to avoid the laughter of fools, and being the by-word of idiots, it has now precipitated itself into the din of demons, and the howlings of eternal despair, how willingly now would it suffer the imputation of fear and cowardice, to have one moment left not to tremble in vain!

The scriptures are full of pathetical and warm pictures of the condition of an happy or miserable futurity; and, I am confident, that the frequent reading of them would make the way to an happy eternity so agreeable and pleasant, that he who tries it will find the difficulties, which he before suffered in shunning the allurements of vice, absorpt in the pleasure he will take in the pursuit of virtue: and how happy must that mortal be, who thinks himself in the favour of an Almighty, and can think of death as a thing which it is an infirmity not to desire?

N° 21. SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1713.

——— *Fungar inani*
Munere ——— VIRG. Æn. vi. 885.

An empty office I'll discharge.

DOCTOR Tillotson, in his discourse concerning the danger of all known sin, both from the light of nature and revelation, after having given us the description of the last-day out of holy writ, has this remarkable passage:

'I appeal to any man, whether this be not a representation of things very proper and suitable to that great day, wherein he who made the world shall come to judge it? And whether the wit of men ever devised any thing so awful, and so agreeable to the majesty of God, and the solemn judgment of the whole world? The description which Virgil makes of the Elysian Fields, and the Infernal Regions, how infinitely do they fall short of the majesty of the holy scripture, and the description there made of heaven and hell, and of the great and terrible day of the Lord! so that in comparison they are childish and trifling; and yet perhaps he had the most regular and most governed imagination of any man that ever lived, and observed the greatest decorum in his characters and descriptions. But who can declare the great things of God, but he to whom God shall reveal them?'

This observation was worthy a most polite man, and ought to be of authority with all who are

such, so far as to examine whether he spoke that as a man of a just taste and judgment, or advanced it merely for the service of his doctrine as a clergyman.

I am very confident whoever reads the gospels, with an heart as much prepared in favour of them as when he sits down to Virgil or Homer, will find no passage there which is not told with more natural force than any episode in either of those wits, which were the chief of mere mankind.

The last thing I read was the xxivth chapter of St. Luke, which gives an account of the manner in which our blessed Saviour, after his resurrection, joined with two disciples on the way to Emmaus as an ordinary traveller, and took the privilege as such to inquire of them, what occasioned a sadness he observed in their countenances; or whether it was from any public cause? Their wonder that any man so near Jerusalem should be a stranger to what had passed there; their acknowledgement to one they met accidentally that they had believed in this prophet; and that now, the third day after his death, they were in doubt as to their pleasing hope, which occasioned the heaviness he took notice of; are all represented in a style which men of letters call 'the great and noble simplicity.' The attention of the disciples when he expounded the scriptures concerning himself, his offering to take his leave of them, their fondness of his stay, and the manifestation of the great guest whom they had entertained while he was yet at meat with them, are all incidents which wonderfully please the imagination of a christian reader; and give to him something of that touch of mind which the brethren felt, when they said one to another, 'Did not our hearts

burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?'

I am very far from pretending to treat these matters as they deserve; but I hope those gentlemen who are qualified for it, and called to it, will forgive me, and consider that I speak as a mere secular man, impartially considering the effect which the sacred writings will have upon the soul of an intelligent reader; and it is some argument, that a thing is the immediate work of God, when it so infinitely transcends all the labours of man. When I look upon Raphael's picture of our Saviour appearing to his disciples after his resurrection, I cannot but think the just disposition of that piece has in it the force of many volumes on the subject. The evangelists are easily distinguished from the rest by a passionate zeal and love which the painter has thrown into their faces; the huddled group of those who stand most distant are admirable representations of men abashed with their late unbelief and hardness of heart. And such endeavours as this of Raphael, and of all men not called to the altar, are collateral helps not to be despised by the ministers of the gospel.

It is with this view that I presume upon subjects of this kind; and men may take up this paper, and be catched by an admonition under the disguise of a diversion.

All the arts and sciences ought to be employed in one confederacy against the prevailing torrent of vice and impiety; and it will be no small step in the progress of religion, if it is as evident as it ought to be, that he wants the best sense a man can have, who is cold to the 'Beauty of Holiness.'

As for my part, when I have happened to attend the corpse of a friend to his interment, and have

seen a graceful man at the entrance of a church-yard, who became the dignity of his function, and assumed an authority which is natural to truth, pronounce 'I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die:' I say, upon such an occasion, the retrospect upon past actions between the deceased whom I followed and myself, together with the many little circumstances that strike upon the soul, and alternately give grief and consolation, have vanished like a dream; and I have been relieved as by a voice from heaven, when the solemnity has proceeded, and after a long pause I again heard the servant of God utter, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God; whom I shall see for myself, and my eyes shall behold, and not another.' How have I been raised above this world and all its regards, and how well prepared to receive the next sentence which the holy man has spoken! 'We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out; the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord!'

There are, I know, men of heavy temper without genius, who can read these expressions of Scripture with as much indifference as they do the rest of these loose papers. However, I will not despair but to bring men of wit into a love and admiration of the sacred writings; and, old as I am, I promise myself to see the day when it shall be as much in fashion among men of politeness to admire a rapture of St. Paul, as any fine expression in Virgil or Horace; and to see a well-dressed young man pro-

duce an evangelist out of his pocket, and be no more out of countenance than if it were a classic printed by Elzevir.

It is a gratitude that ought to be paid to Providence by men of distinguished faculties, to praise and adore the author of their being with a spirit suitable to those faculties, and rouse slower men by their words, actions, and writings, to a participation of their transports and thanksgivings.

N° 22. MONDAY, APRIL 6, 1713.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius —

VIRG. Georg. ii. 485.

My next desire is, void of care and strife,
To lead a soft, secure, inglorious life,
A country cottage near a crystal flood,
A winding valley, and a lofty wood. DRYDEN.

Pastoral poetry, not only amuses the fancy the most delightfully, but is likewise more indebted to it than any other sort whatsoever. It transports us into a kind of fairy-land, where our ears are soothed with the melody of birds, bleating flocks, and purling streams; our eyes inchanted with flowery meadows and springing greens; we are laid under cool shades, and entertained with all the sweets and freshness of nature. It is a dream, it is a vision, which we wish may be real, and we believe that it is true.

Mrs. Cornelia Lizard's head was so far turned with these imaginations, when we were last in the country, that she lost her rest by listening to nightingales; she kept a pair of turtles cooing in her chamber, and had a tame lamb running after her up and down the house. I used all gentle methods to bring her to herself; as having had a design heretofore of turning shepherd myself, when I read Virgil or Theocritus at Oxford. But as my age and experience have armed me against any temptation to the pastoral life, I can now with the greater safety consider it; and shall lay down such rules, as those of my readers, who have the aforesaid design, ought to observe, if they would follow the steps of the shepherdesses of ancient times.

In order to form a right judgment of pastoral poetry, it will be necessary to cast back our eyes on the first ages of the world. For since that way of life is not now in being, we must inquire into the manner of it when it actually did exist. Before mankind was formed into large societies, or cities were built, and commerce established, the wealth of the world consisted chiefly in flocks and herds. The tending of these, we find to have been the employment of the first princes, whose subjects were sheep and oxen, and their dominions the adjoining vales. As they lived in great affluence and ease, we may presume that they enjoyed such pleasures as that condition afforded, free and uninterrupted. Their manner of life gave them vigour of body, and serenity of mind. The abundance they were possessed of, secured them from avarice, ambition, or envy; they could scarce have any anxieties or contentions, where every one had more than he could tell what to do with. Love indeed might occasion some rivalships amongst them, because many lovers

fix upon one object, for the loss of which they will be satisfied with no compensation. Otherwise it was a state of ease, innocence, and contentment; where plenty begot pleasure, and pleasure begot singing, and singing begot poetry, and poetry begot pleasure again.

Thus happy was the first race of men, but rude withal, and uncultivated. For before they could make any considerable progress in arts and sciences, the tranquillity of the rural life was destroyed by turbulent and ambitious spirits; who, having built cities, raised armies, and studied policies of state, made vassals of the defenceless shepherds, and rendered that which was before easy and unrestrained, a mean, laborious, miserable condition. Hence, if we consider the pastoral period before learning, we shall find it unpolished.

The use that I would make of this short review of the country-life shall be this. An author that would amuse himself by writing pastorals, should form in his fancy a rural scene of perfect ease and tranquillity, where innocence, simplicity, and joy abound. It is not enough that he writes about the country; he must give us what is agreeable in that scene, and hide what is wretched. It is indeed commonly affirmed, that truth well painted will certainly please the imagination; but it is sometimes convenient not to discover the whole truth, but that part which only is delightful. We must sometimes show only half an image to the fancy; which if we display in a lively manner, the mind is so dexterously deluded, that it doth not readily perceive that the other half is concealed. Thus in writing pastorals, let the tranquillity of that life appear full and plain, but hide the meanness of it; represent its simplicity as clear as you please, but

cover its misery. I would not hereby be so understood, as if I thought nothing that is irksome or unpleasant should have a place in these writings; I only mean that this state of life in general should be supposed agreeable. But as there is no condition exempt from anxiety, I will allow shepherds to be afflicted with such misfortunes, as the loss of a favourite lamb, or a faithless mistress. He may, if you please, pick a thorn out of his foot; or vent his grief for losing the prize in dancing; but these being small torments, they recommend that state which only produces such trifling evils. Again I would not seem so strict in my notions of innocence and simplicity, as to deny the use of a little railing, or the liberty of stealing a kid or a sheep-hook. For these are likewise such petty enormities, that we must think the country happy where these are the greatest transgressions.

When a reader is placed in such a scene as I have described, and introduced into such company as I have chosen, he gives himself up to the pleasing delusion; and since every one doth not know how it comes to pass, I will venture to tell him why he is pleased.

The first reason is, because all mankind love ease. Though ambition and avarice employ most mens thoughts, they are such uneasy habits, that we do not indulge them out of choice, but from some necessity, real or imaginary. We seek happiness, in which ease is the principal ingredient, and the end proposed in our most restless pursuits is tranquillity. We are therefore soothed and delighted with the representation of it, and fancy we partake of the pleasure.

A second reason is our secret approbation of innocence and simplicity. Human nature is not so

much depraved, as to hinder us from respecting goodness in others, though we ourselves want it. This is the reason why we are so much charmed with the pretty prattle of children, and even the expressions of pleasure or uneasiness in some part of the brute creation. They are without artifice or malice; and we love truth too well to resist the charms of sincerity.

A third reason is our love of the country. Health, tranquillity, and pleasing objects are the growth of the country, and though men, for the general good of the world, are made to love populous cities, the country hath the greatest share in an uncorrupted heart. When we paint, describe, or any way indulge our fancy, the country is the scéne which supplies us with the most lovely images. This state was that wherein God placed Adam when in Paradise; nor could all the fanciful wits of antiquity imagine any thing that could administer more exquisite delight in their Elysium.

Nº 23. TUESDAY, APRIL 7, 1713.

——— *Extrema per illos*
Justitia excedens terris vestigia fecit.

VIRG. Georg. ii. 473.

From hence Astrea took her flight, and here
The prints of her departing steps appear.

DRYDEN.

HAVING already conveyed my reader into the fairy or pastoral land, and informed him what manner of life the inhabitants of that region lead; I

shall, in this day's paper, give him some marks whereby he may discover whether he is imposed upon by those who pretend to be of that country; or, in other words, what are the characteristics of a true Arcadian.

From the foregoing account of the pastoral life, we may discover that simplicity is necessary in the character of shepherds. Their minds must be supposed so rude and uncultivated, that nothing but what is plain and unaffected can come from them. Nevertheless we are not obliged to represent them dull and stupid, since fine spirits were undoubtedly in the world before arts were invented to polish and adorn them. We may therefore introduce shepherds with good sense and even with wit, provided their manner of thinking be not too gallant or refined. For all men, both rude and polite, think and conceive things the same way (truth being eternally the same to all) though they express them very differently. For here lies the difference. Men, who, by long study and experience have reduced their ideas to certain classes, and consider the general nature of things abstracted from particulars, express their thoughts after a more concise, lively, surprising manner. Those who have little experience, or cannot abstract, deliver their sentiments in plain descriptions, by circumstances, and those observations which either strike upon the senses, or are the first motions of the mind. And though the former raises our admiration more, the latter gives more pleasure, and soothes us more naturally. Thus a courtly lover may say to his mistress,

> 'With thee for ever I in woods could rest,
> Where never human foot the ground hath prest;
> Thou e'en from dungeons darkness canst exclude,
> And from a desart banish solitude.'

A shepherd will content himself to say the same thing more simply:

> ' Come, Rosalind, oh! come, for without thee
> What pleasure can the country have for me?'

Again, since shepherds are not allowed to make deep reflections, the address required is so to relate an action, that the circumstances put together shall cause the reader to reflect. Thus, by one delicate circumstance Corydon tells Alexis that he is the finest songster of the country:

> ' Of seven smooth joints a mellow pipe I have,
> Which with his dying breath Damœtas gave:
> And said, " This, Corydon, I leave to thee,
> For only thou deserv'st it after me."

As in another pastoral writer, after the same manner a shepherd informs us how much his mistress likes him:

> ' As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
> Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay.
> The wanton laugh'd, and seem'd in haste to fly,
> Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.'

If ever a reflection be pardonable in pastorals, it is where the thought is so obvious, that it seems to come easily to the mind; as in the following admirable improvement of Virgil and Theocritus:

> ' Fair is my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
> If liquid fountains flatter not. And why
> Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
> The bordering flow'rs less beauteous than they grow *?'

A second characteristic of a true shepherd is simplicity of manners, or innocence. This is so

* From the first pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, entitled, Lobbin, l. 90, &c.

obvious from what I have before advanced, that it would be but repetition to insist long upon it. I shall only remind the reader, that as the pastoral life is supposed to be where nature is not much depraved, sincerity and truth will generally run through it. Some slight transgressions for the sake of variety may be admitted, which in effect will only serve to set off the simplicity of it in general. I cannot better illustrate this rule than by the following example of a swain who found his mistress asleep:

'Once Delia slept on easy moss reclin'd,
Her lovely limbs half-bare, and rude the wind:
I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss;
Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amiss *.'

A third sign of a swain is, that something of religion, and even superstition is part of his character. For we find that those who have lived easy lives in the country, and contemplate the works of Nature, live in the greatest awe of their Author. Nor doth this humour prevail less now than of old. Our peasants sincerely believe the tales of goblins and fairies, as the heathens those of fauns, nymphs, and satyrs. Hence we find the works of Virgil and Theocritus sprinkled with left-handed ravens, blasted oaks, witch-crafts, evil eyes, and the like. And I observe with great pleasure that our English author † of the pastorals I have quoted hath practised this secret with admirable judgment.

* From the sixth pastoral of Mr. A. Philips, intituled, Geron, Hobbinol, and Langrett, l. 73, *et seqq.* The four lines in the preceding page, relative to Lydia, are quoted from the same pastoral, l. 81, &c.

† Mr. Ambrose Philips, whose pastorals must have been published before the year 1708, because they are evidently prior to those of Pope. See Dr. Johnson's Lives of English Poets, &c. Vol. IV. p. 295. 8vo. 1781.

I will yet add another mark, which may be observed very often in the above-named poets, which is agreeable to the character of shepherds, and nearly allied to superstition, I mean the use of proverbial sayings. I take the common similitudes in pastoral to be of the proverbial order, which are so frequent, that it is needless and would be tiresome to quote them. I shall only take notice upon this head, that it is a nice piece of art to raise a proverb above the vulgar style, and still keep it easy and unaffected. Thus the old wish, 'God rest his soul,' is finely turned:

> 'Then gentle Sidney liv'd, the shepherd's friend,
> Eternal blessings on his shade attend!'

Nº 24. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 8, 1713.

—— *Dicenda tacendaque calles?* PERS. Sat. iv. 5.

> ——— Dost thou, so young,
> Know when to speak, and when to hold thy tongue?
> DRYDEN.

JACK LIZARD was about fifteen when he was first entered in the university, and being a youth of a great deal of fire, and a more than ordinary application to his studies, it gave his conversation a very particular turn. He had too much spirit to hold his tongue in company; but at the same time so little acquaintance with the world, that he did not know how to talk like other people.

After a year and a half's stay at the university, he came down among us to pass away a month or two in the country. The first night after his arrival, as we were at supper, we were all of us very much improved by Jack's table talk. He told us, upon the appearance of a dish of wild fowl, that according to the opinion of some natural philosophers they might be lately come from the moon. Upon which the Sparkler bursting out into a laugh, he insulted her with several questions relating to the bigness and distance of the moon and stars; and after every interrogation would be winking upon me, and smiling at his sister's ignorance. Jack gained his point; for the mother was pleased, and all the servants stared at the learning of their young master. Jack was so encouraged at this success, that for the first week he dealt wholly in paradoxes. It was a common jest with him to pinch one of his sister's lap-dogs, and afterwards prove he could not feel it. When the girls were sorting a set of knots, he would demonstrate to them that all the ribbands were of the same colour; or rather, says Jack, of no colour at all. My lady Lizard herself, though she was not a little pleased with her son's improvements, was one day almost angry with him; for having accidentally burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot, in the midst of her anguish, Jack laid hold of the opportunity to instruct her that there was no such thing as heat in fire. In short, no day passed over our heads, in which Jack did not imagine he made the whole family wiser than they were before.

That part of his conversation which gave me the most pain, was what passed among those country gentlemen that came to visit us. On such occa-

sions Jack usually took upon him to be the mouth of the company; and thinking himself obliged to be very merry, would entertain us with a great many odd sayings and absurdities of their college-cook. I found this fellow had made a very strong impression upon Jack's imagination; which he never considered was not the case of the rest of the company, until after many repeated trials he found that his stories seldom made any body laugh but himself.

I all this while looked upon Jack as a young tree shooting out into blossoms before its time; the redundancy of which, though it was a little unseasonable, seemed to foretell an uncommon fruitfulness.

In order to wear out the vein of pedantry which ran through his conversation, I took him out with me one evening, and first of all insinuated to him this rule, which I had myself learned from a very great author *, 'To think with the wise, but talk with the vulgar.' Jack's good sense soon made him reflect that he had exposed himself to the laughter of the ignorant by a contrary behaviour; upon which he told me, that he would take care for the future to keep his notions to himself, and converse in the common received sentiments of mankind. He at the same time desired me to give him any other rules of conversation which I thought might be for his improvement. I told him I would think of it; and accordingly, as I have a particular affection for the young man, I gave him the next morning the following rules in writing, which may perhaps have contributed to make him the agreeable man he is now.

* B. Gratian. See L'Homme de Cour, or, The Courtier, maxim 3.

The faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we express by the word conversation, has always been represented by moral writers as one of the noblest privileges of reason, and which more particularly sets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing so much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have constantly occasion for, and are obliged to practise every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The conversation of most men is disagreeable, not so much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and discretion.

If you resolve to please, never speak to gratify any particular vanity or passion of your own, but always with a design either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of these, is always easy in his discourse. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, because he considers that those who hear him are the best judges whether what he was saying could either divert or inform them.

A modest person seldom fails to gain the good-will of those he converses with, because nobody envies a man, who does not appear to be pleased with himself.

We should talk extremely little of ourselves. Indeed what can we say? it would be as imprudent to discover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domestic affairs are no less improper to be introduced in conversation. What does it concern the company how many horses you keep in your stables? or whether your servant is most knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in,

by engrossing all the talk, or observing a contemptuous silence.

Before you tell a story, it may be generally not amiss to draw a short character, and give the company a true idea of the principal persons concerned in it. The beauty of most things consisting not so much in their being said or done, as in their being said or done by such a particular person, or on such a particular occasion.

Notwithstanding all the advantages of youth, few young people please in conversation: the reason is, that want of experience makes them positive, and what they say is rather with a design to please themselves than any one else.

It is certain that age itself shall make many things pass well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more insupportable to men of sense, than an empty formal man who speaks in proverbs, and decides all controversies with a short sentence. This piece of stupidity is the more insufferable, as it puts on the air of wisdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular science, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not, methinks, an handsomer thing said of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever discovered he was a great poet by his discourse: besides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to lose. I might add, that he who is sometimes silent on a subject where every one is satisfied he could speak well, will often be thought no less knowing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are sooner convinced by a happy turn, or witty expression, than by demonstration.

Whenever you commend, add your reasons for doing so; it is this which distinguishes the approbation of a man of sense from the flattery of sycophants, and admiration of fools.

Raillery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleased with it. I would least of all be understood to except the person raillied.

Though good humour, sense and discretion can seldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy sometimes to prepare yourself in a particular manner for conversation, by looking a little further than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning subject. If our armies are besieging a place of importance abroad, or our house of commons debating a bill of consequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleasure, if you have nicely informed yourself of the strength, situation, and history of the first, or of the reasons for and against the latter. It will have the same effect, if when any single person begins to make a noise in the world, you can learn some of the smallest accidents in his life or conversation, which though they are too fine for the observation of the vulgar, give more satisfaction to men of sense (as they are the best openings to a real character) than the recital of his most glaring actions. I know but one ill consequence to be feared from this method, namely, that, coming full charged into company, you shall resolve to unload whether a handsome opportunity offers itself or no.

Though the asking of questions may plead for itself the specious names of modesty, and a desire of information, it affords little pleasure to the rest

of the company who are not troubled with the same doubts; besides which, he who asks a question would do well to consider that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receive an answer.

Nothing is more silly than the pleasure some people take in what they call 'speaking their minds.' A man of this make will say a rude thing for the mere pleasure of saying it, when an opposite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preserved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impossible for a man to form to himself as exquisite a pleasure in complying with the humour and sentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; since it is the certain sign of a superior genius, that can take and become whatever dress it pleases.

I shall only add, that, besides what I have here said, there is something which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices; and your own observations added to these will soon discover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and displeased with the discourse of another.

N. B. In the second paragraph of this paper, it is said, that 'Lady Lizard burnt her fingers as she was lighting the lamp for her tea-pot.' Silver tea-pots, with lamps under them, are still preserved among the college-plate.

N° 25. THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1713.

——*Quis tam Lucili fautor ineptè est,*
Ut non hoc fateatur? HOR. 1 Sat. x. 2.

——What friend of his *
So blindly partial, to deny me this? CREECH.

THE prevailing humour of crying up authors that have writ in the days of our forefathers, and of passing slightly over the merit of our contemporaries, is a grievance, that men of a free and unprejudiced thought have complained of through all ages in their writings.

I went home last night full of these reflections from a coffee-house, where a great many excellent writings were arraigned, and as many very indifferent ones applauded, more (as it seemed to me) upon the account of their date, than upon any intrinsic value or demerit. The conversation ended with great encomiums upon my lord Verulam's History of Henry the VIIth. The company were unanimous in their approbation of it. I was too well acquainted with the traditional vogue of that book throughout the whole nation, to venture my thoughts upon it. Neither would I now offer my judgment upon that work to the public (so great a veneration have I for the memory of a man whose writings are the glory of our nation), but that the authority of so leading a name may perpetuate a vicious taste amongst us, and betray future histori-

* Of the poet Lucilius.

ans to copy after a model, which I cannot help thinking far from complete.

As to the fidelity of the history, I have nothing to say: to examine it impartially in that view would require much pains and leisure. But as to the composition of it, and sometimes the choice of matter, I am apt to believe it will appear a little faulty to an unprejudiced reader. A compleat historian should be endowed with the essential qualifications of a great poet. His style must be majestic and grave, as well as simple and unaffected; his narration should be animated, short, and clear, and so as even to outrun the impatience of the reader, if possible. This can only be done by being very sparing and choice in words, by retrenching all cold and superfluous circumstances in an action, and by dwelling upon such alone as are material, and fit to delight or instruct a serious mind. This is what we find in the great models of antiquity, and in a more particular manner in Livy, whom it is impossible to read without the warmest emotions.

But my lord Verulam, on the contrary, is ever, in the tedious style of declaimers, using two words for one; ever endeavouring to be witty, and as fond of out-of-the-way similies as some of our old play-writers. He abounds in low phrases, beneath the dignity of history, and often condescends to little conceits and quibbles. His political reflections are frequently false, almost every where trivial and puerile. His whole manner of turning his thoughts is full of affectation and pedantry; and there appears throughout his whole work more the air of a recluse scholar, than of a man versed in the world.

After passing so free a censure upon a book which for these hundred years and upwards has met with the most universal approbation, I am obliged in my own defence to transcribe some of the many passages I formerly collected for the use of my first charge sir Marmaduke Lizard. It would be endless should I point out the frequent tautologies and circumlocutions that occur in every page, which do (as it were) rarify instead of condensing his thoughts and matter. It was, in all probability, his application to the law that gave him a habit of being so wordy; of which I shall put down two or three examples.

'That all records, wherein there was any memory or mention of the king's attainder, should be defaced, cancelled, and taken off the file—Divers secret and nimble scouts and spies, &c. to learn, search, and discover all the circumstances and particulars—to assail, sap, and work into the constancy of sir Robert Clifford.'

I leave the following passages to every one's consideration, without making any farther remarks upon them.

'He should be well enough able to scatter the Irish as a flight of birds, and rattle away this swarm of bees with their king.—The rebels took their way towards York, &c. but their snow-ball did not gather as it went.—So that (in a kind of *mattacina** of human fortune) he turned a broach † that had worn a crown; whereas fortune commonly doth not bring in a comedy or farce after a tragedy—The queen was crowned, &c. about two years after the marriage, like an old christening that had stayed long for god-fathers—Desirous to

* A frolicksome dance. † A spit.

trouble the waters in Italy, that he might fish the better, casting the net not out of St. Peter's, but out of Borgia's bark—And therefore upon the first grain of incense that was sacrificed upon the altar of peace at Bulloigne, Perkin was smoaked away—This was the end of this little cockatrice of a king, that was able to destroy those that did not espy him first—It was observed, that the great tempest which drove Philip into England blew down the Golden Eagle from the spire of St. Paul's; and in the fall, it fell upon a sign of the Black Eagle, which was in St. Paul's church-yard, in the place where the school-house now standeth, and battered it, and broke it down: which was a strange stooping of a hawk upon a fowl.—The king began to find where his shoe did wring him—in whose bosom or budget most of Perkins's secrets were laid up.—One might know afar off where the owl was by the flight of birds—Bold men, and careless of fame, and that took toll of their master's grist—Empson and Dudley would have cut another chop out of him—Peter Hialas, some call him Elias; surely he was the forerunner of, &c.—Lionel bishop of Concordia was sent as nuncio, &c. but, notwithstanding he had a good ominous name to have made a peace, nothing followed—Taxing him for a great taxer of his people, not by proclamations, but by court-fames, which commonly print better than printed proclamations—Sir Edward Poynings was enforced to make a wild chace upon the Wild Irish—In sparing of blood by the bleeding of so much treasure—And although his own case had both steel and parchment more than the other; that is to say, a conquest in the field, and an act of parliament—That Pope knowing that King Henry the Sixth was reputed in the

world abroad but for a simple man, was afraid it would but diminish the estimation of that kind of honour, if there were not a distance kept between innocents and saints.'

Not to trouble my reader with any more instances of the like nature, I must observe that the whole work is ill-conducted, and the story of Perkin Warbeck (which should have been only like an episode in a poem) is spun out to near a third part of the book. The character of Henry the Seventh, at the end, is rather an abstract of his history than a character. It is tedious, and diversified with so many particulars as confound the resemblance, and make it almost impossible for the reader to form any distinct idea of the person. It is not thus the antients drew their characters; but in a few just and bold strokes gave you the distinguishing features of the mind (if I may be allowed the metaphor) in so distinct a manner, and in so strong a light, that you grew intimate with your man immediately, and knew him from a hundred.

After all, it must be considered in favour of my lord Verulam, that he lived in an age wherein chaste and correct writing was not in fashion, and when pedantry was the mode even at court; so that it is no wonder if the prevalent humour of the times bore down his genius, though superior in force perhaps to any of our countrymen, that have either gone before or succeeded him.

No 26. FRIDAY, APRIL 10, 1713.

Non ego illam mihi dotem esse puto, quæ dos dicitur,
Sed pudicitiam et pudorem et sedatam cupidinem. PLAUT.

A woman's true dowry, in my opinion, is not that which is usually so called; but virtue, modesty, and restrained desires.

An healthy old fellow, that is not a fool, is the happiest creature living. It is at that time of life only, men enjoy their faculties with pleasure and satisfaction. It is then we have nothing to manage, as the phrase is; we speak the downright truth, and whether the rest of the world will give us the privilege or not, we have so little to ask of them, that we can take it. I shall be very free with the women from this one consideration; and, having nothing to desire of them, shall treat them as they stand in nature, and as they are adorned with virtue, and not as they are pleased to form and disguise themselves. A set of fops, from one generation to another, has made such a pother with 'Bright eyes, the fair sex, the charms, the air,' and something so incapable to be expressed but with a sigh, that the creatures have utterly gone out of their very being, and there are no women in all the world. If they are not nymphs, shepherdesses, graces, or goddesses, they are to a woman all of them 'the ladies.' Get to a christening at any alley in the town, and at the meanest artificer's, and the word is, 'Well, who takes care of the ladies?' I have taken notice that ever since the

word Forsooth was banished for Madam, the word Woman has been discarded for Lady. And as there is now never a woman in England, I hope I may talk of women without offence to the ladies. What puts me in this present disposition to tell them their own, is, that in the holy week I very civilly desired all delinquents in point of chastity to make some atonement for their freedoms, by bestowing a charity upon the miserable wretches who languish in the Lock hospital. But I hear of very little done in that matter; and I am informed, they are pleased, instead of taking notice of my precaution, to call me an ill-bred old fellow, and say I do not understand the world. It is not, it seems, within the rules of good-breeding to tax the vices of people of quality, and the Commandments were made for the vulgar. I am indeed informed of some oblations sent into the house, but they are all come from the servants of criminals of condition. A poor chamber-maid has sent in ten shillings out of her hush-money, to expiate her guilt of being in her mistress's secret; but says she dare not ask her ladyship for any thing, for she is not to suppose that she is locked up with a young gentleman, in the absence of her husband, three hours together, for any harm; but as my lady is a person of great sense, the girl does not know but that they were reading some good book together; but because she fears it may be otherwise, she has sent her ten shillings for the guilt of concealing it. We have a thimble from a country girl that owns she has had dreams of a fine gentleman who comes to their house, who gave her half a crown, and bid her have a care of the men in this town; but she thinks he does not mean what he says, and sends the thimble, because she does not hate him as she

ought. The ten shillings, this thimble, and an occamy spoon from some poor sinner, are all the atonement which is made for the body of sin in London and Westminster. I have computed that there is one in every three hundred who is not chaste; and if that be a modest computation, how great a number are those who make no account of my admonition! It might be expected one or two of the two hundred and ninety-nine honest, might out of mere charity and compassion to iniquity, as it is a misfortune, have done something upon so good a time as that wherein they were solicited. But major Crabtree, a sour pot companion of mine, says, the two hundred ninety and nine are one way or other as little virtuous as the three hundredth unchaste woman—I would say lady. It is certain, that we are infested with a parcel of jilflirts, who are not capable of being mothers of brave men, for the infant partakes of the temper and disposition of its mother. We see the unaccountable effects which sudden frights and longings have upon the offspring; and it is not to be doubted, but the ordinary way of thinking of the mother has its influence upon what she bears about her nine months. Thus from the want of care in this particular of choosing wives, you see men after much care, labour, and study, surprized with prodigious starts of ill-nature and passion, that can be accounted for no otherwise but from hence, that it grew upon them *in embrio*, and the man was determined surly, peevish, froward, sullen, or outrageous, before he saw the light. The last time I was in a public place I fell in love by proxy for Sir Harry Lizard. The young woman happens to be of quality. Her father was a gentleman of as noble a disposition, as any I ever met with. The widow her mother, under whose

wing she loves to appear, and is proud of it, is a pattern to persons of condition. Good-sense, heightened and exerted with good-breeding, is the parent's distinguishing character; and if we can get this young woman into our family, we shall think we have a much better purchase than others, who without her good qualities, may bring into theirs the greatest accession of riches. I sent sir Harry by last night's post the following letter on the subject.

'Dear Sir Harry,

'Upon our last parting, and as I had just mounted the little roan I am so fond of, you called me back; and when I stooped to you, you squeezed me by the hand, and with allusion to some pleasant discourse we had had a day or two before in the house, concerning the present mercantile way of contracting marriages, with a smile and a blush you bid me look upon some women for you, and send word how they went. I did not see one to my mind till the last opera before Easter. I assure you I have been as unquiet ever since, as I wish you were till you had her. Her height, her complexion, and every thing but her age, which is under twenty, are very much to my satisfaction: there is an ingenuous shame in her eyes, which is to the mind what the bloom of youth is to the body; neither implies that there are virtuous habits and accomplishments already attained by the possessor, but they certainly shew an unprejudiced capacity towards them. As to the circumstance of this young woman's age, I am reconciled to her want of years, because she pretends to nothing above them; you do not see in her the odious forwardness to I know not what, as in the assured countenances,

naked bosoms, and confident glances of her contemporaries.

'I will vouch for her, that you will have her whole heart, if you can win it; she is in no familiarities with the fops, her fan has never been yet out of her own hand, and her brother's face is the only man's she ever looked in stedfastly.

'When I have gone thus far, and told you that I am very confident of her as to her virtue and education, I may speak a little freely to you as you are a young man. There is a dignity in the young lady's beauty, when it shall become her to receive your friends with a good air, and affable countenance; when she is to represent that part of you which you must delight in, the frank and chearful reception of your friends, her beauties will do as much honour to your table, as they will give you pleasure in your bed.

'It is no small instance of felicity to have a woman, from whose behaviour your friends are more endeared to you; and for whose sake your children are as much valued as for your own.

'It is not for me to celebrate the lovely height of her forehead, the soft pulp of her lips, or to describe the amiable profile which her fine hair, cheeks and neck, made to the beholders that night, but shall leave them to your own observation when you come to town; which you may do at your leisure, and be time enough, for there are many in town richer than her whom I recommend.

I am, Sir,

your most obedient and

most humble servant,

NESTOR IRONSIDE.'

Nº 27. SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1713.

Multa putans, sortemque animo miseratus iniquam.
VIRG. Æn. vi. 332.

Struck with compassion of so sad a state.

In compassion to those gloomy mortals, who by their unbelief are rendered incapable of feeling those impressions of joy and hope, which the celebration of the late glorious festival * naturally leaves on the mind of a Christian, I shall in this paper endeavour to evince that there are grounds to expect a future state, without supposing in the reader any faith at all, not even the belief of a Deity. Let the most stedfast unbeliever open his eyes, and take a survey of the sensible world, and then say if there be not a connexion, and adjustment, and exact and constant order discoverable in all the parts of it. Whatever be the cause, the thing itself is evident to all our faculties. Look into the animal system, the passions, senses, and locomotive powers; is not the like contrivance and propriety observable in these too? Are they not fitted to certain ends, and are they not by nature directed to proper objects?

Is it possible then that the smallest bodies should, by a management superior to the wit of man, be disposed in the most excellent manner agreeable to their respective natures; and yet the spirits or souls of men be neglected, or managed

* Viz. Easter.

by such rules as fall short of man's understanding? Shall every other passion be rightly placed by nature, and shall that appetite of immortality natural to all mankind be alone misplaced, or designed to be frustrated? Shall the industrious application of the inferior animal powers in the meanest vocations be answered by the ends we propose, and shall not the generous efforts of a virtuous mind be rewarded? In a word, shall the corporeal world be all order and harmony, the intellectual discord and confusion? He who is bigot enough to believe these things, must bid adieu to that natural rule, of 'reasoning from analogy;' must run counter to that maxim of common sense, 'That men ought to form their judgments of things unexperienced, from what they have experienced.'

If any thing looks like a recompence of calamitous virtue on this side the grave, it is either an assurance that thereby we obtain the favour and protection of heaven, and shall, whatever befalls us in this, in another life meet with a just return; or else that applause and reputation, which is taught to attend virtuous actions. The former of these, our free-thinkers, out of their singular wisdom and benevolence to mankind, endeavour to erase from the minds of men. The latter can never be justly distributed in this life, where so many ill actions are reputable, and so many good actions disesteemed or misinterpreted; where subtle hypocrisy is placed in the most engaging light, and modest virtue lies concealed; where the heart and the soul are hid from the eyes of men, and the eyes of men are dimmed and vitiated. Plato's sense in relation to this point is contained in his Georgias, where he introduces Socrates speaking after this manner.

'It was in the reign of Saturn provided by a law, which the gods have continued down to this time, that they who had lived virtuously and piously upon earth, should after death enjoy a life full of happiness, in certain islands appointed for the habitation of the blessed: but that such as have lived wickedly should go into the receptacle of damned souls, named Tartarus, there to suffer the punishments they deserved. But in all the reign of Saturn, and in the beginning of the reign of Jove, living judges were appointed, by whom each person was judged in his life-time, in the same day on which he was to die. The consequence of which was, that they often passed wrong judgments. Pluto, therefore, who presided in Tartarus, and the guardians of the blessed islands, finding that on the other side many unfit persons were sent to their respective dominions, complained to Jove, who promised to redress the evil. He added, 'The reason of these unjust proceedings are that men are judged in the body. Hence many conceal the blemishes and imperfections of their minds by beauty, birth, and riches; not to mention, that at the time of trial there are crowds of witnesses to attest their having lived well. These things mislead the judges, who being themselves also of the number of the living, are surrounded each with his own body, as with a veil thrown over his mind. For the future, therefore, it is my intention that men do not come on their trial till after death, when they shall appear before the judge, disrobed of all their corporeal ornaments. The judge himself too shall be a pure unveiled spirit, beholding the very soul, the naked soul of the party before him. With this view I have already constituted my sons, Minos and Rhada-

manthus, judges, who are natives of Asia; and Æacus, a native of Europe. These, after death, shall hold their court in a certain meadow, from which there are two roads, leading the one to Tartarus, the other to the Islands of 'the Blessed.'

From this, as from numberless other passages of his writings, may be seen Plato's opinion of a future state. A thing therefore in regard to us so comfortable, in itself so just and excellent, a thing so agreeable to the analogy of nature, and so universally credited by all orders and ranks of men, of all nations and ages, what is it that should move a few men to reject? Surely there must be something of prejudice in the case. I appeal to the secret thoughts of a free-thinker, if he does not argue within himself after this manner: 'The senses and faculties I enjoy at present are visibly designed to repair or preserve the body from the injuries it is liable to in its present circumstances. But in an eternal state, where no decays are to be repaired, no outward injuries to be fenced against, where there are no flesh and bones, nerves or blood-vessels, there will certainly be none of the senses: and that there should be a state of life without the senses is inconceivable.'

But as this manner of reasoning proceeds from a poverty of imagination, and narrowness of soul in those that use it, I shall endeavour to remedy those defects, and open their views, by laying before them a case which, being naturally possible, may perhaps reconcile them to the belief of what is supernaturally revealed.

Let us suppose a person blind and deaf from his birth, who, being grown to man's estate, is by the dead palsy, or some other cause, deprived of his feelings, tasting, and smelling, and at the same

time has the impediment of his hearing removed, and the film taken from his eyes. What the five senses are to us, that the touch, taste, and smell, were to him. And any other ways of perception of a more refined and extensive nature were to him as inconceivable, as to us those are which will one day be adapted to perceive those things which 'eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive.' And it would be just as reasonable in him to conclude, that the loss of those three senses could not possibly be succeeded by any new inlets of perception; as in a modern free-thinker to imagine there can be no state of life and perception without the senses he enjoys at present. Let us further suppose the same person's eyes, at their first opening, to be struck with a great variety of the most gay and pleasing objects, and his ears with a melodious concert of vocal and instrumental music. Behold him amazed, ravished, transported; and you have some distant representation, some faint and glimmering idea of the ecstatic state of the soul in that article in which she emerges from this sepulchre of flesh into life and immortality.

N.B. 'It has been observed by the Christians, that a certain ingenious foreigner *, who has published many exemplary jests for the use of persons in the article of death, was very much out of humour in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery.'

* M. Deslandes, who came about this time from France with the duke D'Aumont, was a Freethinker, and had published an historical list of all who died laughing. He had the small-pox here in England, of which he recovered.

N° 28. MONDAY, APRIL 13, 1713.

Ætas parentum pejor avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiorem. HOR. 3. Od. vi. 46.

Our fathers have been worse than theirs,
And we than ours: next age will see
A race more profligate than we. ROSCOMMON.

THEOCRITUS, Bion and Moschus are the most famous amongst the Greek writers of pastorals. The two latter of these are judged to be far short of Theocritus, whom I shall speak of more largely, because he rivals the greatest of all poets, Virgil himself. He hath the advantage confessedly of the Latin, in coming before him, and writing in a tongue more proper for pastoral. The softness of the Doric dialect, which this poet is said to have improved beyond any who came before him, is what the ancient Roman writers owned their language could not approach. But besides this beauty, he seems to me to have had a soul more softly and tenderly inclined to this way of writing than Virgil, whose genius led him naturally to sublimity. It is true that the great Roman, by the niceness of his judgment, and great command of himself, has acquitted himself dexterously this way. But a penetrating judge will find there the seeds of that fire which burned afterwards so bright in the Georgics, and blazed out in the Æneid. I must not, however, dissemble that these bold strokes appear chiefly in those Eclogues of Virgil, which

ought not to be numbered amongst his pastorals, which are indeed generally thought to be all of the pastoral kind; but by the best judges are only called his select poems, as the word Eclogue originally means.

Those who will take the pains to consult Scaliger's comparison of these two poets, will find that Theocritus hath out-done him in those very passages which the critic hath produced in honour of Virgil. There is, in short, more innocence, simplicity, and whatever else hath been laid down as the distinguishing marks of pastoral, in the Greek than the Roman: and all arguments from the exactness, propriety, conciseness and nobleness of Virgil, may very well be turned against him. There is indeed sometimes a grossness and clownishness in Theocritus, which Virgil, who borrowed his greatest beauties from him, hath avoided. I will however add, that Virgil out of the excellence of genius only, hath come short of Theocritus: and had possibly excelled him, if in greater subjects he had not been born to excel all mankind.

The Italians were the first, amongst the moderns, that fell into pastoral writing. It is observed, that the people of that nation are very profound and abstruse in their poetry as well as politics; fond of surprising conceits and far-fetched imaginations, and labour chiefly to say what was never said before. From persons of this character, how can we expect that air of simplicity and truth which hath been proved so essential to shepherds? There are two pastoral plays in this language, which they boast of as the most elegant performances in poetry that the latter ages have produced; the Aminta of Tasso, and Guarini's Pastor Fido. In these the names of the persons are indeed pastoral, and the

Sylvan Gods, the Dryads, and the Satyrs, appointed with the equipage of antiquity; but neither the language, sentiments, passions, or designs, like those of the pretty triflers in Virgil and Theocritus. I shall produce an example out of each, which are commonly taken notice of, as patterns of the Italian way of thinking in pastoral. Sylvia in Tasso's poem enters adorned with a garland of flowers, and views herself in a fountain with such self-admiration, that she breaks out into a speech to the flowers on her head, and tells them, 'She doth not wear them to adorn herself, but to make them ashamed.' In the Pastor Fido, a shepherdess reasons after an abstruse philosophical manner about the violence of love, and expostulates with the gods, 'for making laws so rigorous to restrain us, and at the same time giving us invincible desires.' Whoever can bear these, may be assured he hath no taste for pastoral.

When I am speaking of the Italians, it would be unpardonable to pass by Sannazarius. He hath changed the scene in this kind of poetry from woods and lawns, to the barren beach and boundless ocean: introduces sea-calves in the room of kids and lambs, sea-mews for the lark and the linnet, and presents his mistress with oysters instead of fruits and flowers. How good soever his style and thoughts may be; yet who can pardon him for his arbitrary change of the sweet manners and pleasing objects of the country, for what in their own nature are uncomfortable and dreadful? I think he hath few or no followers, or, if any, such as knew little of his beauties, and only copied his faults, and so are lost and forgotten.

The French are so far from thinking abstrusely, that they often seem not to think at all. It is all a

run of numbers, common-place descriptions of woods, floods, groves, loves, &c. Those who write the most accurately fall into the manner of their country; which is gallantry. I cannot better illustrate what I would say of the French than by the dress in which they make their shepherds appear in their pastoral interludes upon the stage, as I find it described by a celebrated author, 'The shepherds,' says he, 'are all embroidered, and acquit themselves in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stockings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head covered with sedges and bull-rushes, making love in a fair full-bottomed perriwig and a plume of feathers; but with a voice so full of shakes and quivers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brook the much more agreeable music.'

Nº 29. TUESDAY, APRIL 14, 1713.

Ride si sapis —— MART. 2 Epig. xli. 1.

If you have taste, shew it by your laugh.

In order to look into any person's temper, I generally make my first observation upon his laugh, whether he is easily moved, and what are the passages which throw him into that agreeable kind of convulsion. People are never so much unguarded, as when they are pleased: And laughter being a visible symptom of some inward satisfaction, it is

then, if ever, we may believe the face. There is, perhaps, no better index to point us to the particularities of the mind than this, which is in itself one of the chief distinctions of our rationality. For, as Milton says,

'— Smiles from reason flow, to brutes deny'd,—
And are of love the food ———'

It may be remarked in general under this head, that the laugh of men of wit is for the most part but a faint constrained kind of half-laugh, as such persons are never without some diffidence about them; but that of fools is the most honest, natural, open laugh in the world.

I have often had thoughts of writing a treatise upon this faculty, wherein I would have laid down rules for the better regulation of it at the theatre. I would have criticised on the laughs now in vogue, by which our comic writers might the better know how to transport an audience into this pleasing affection. I had set apart a chapter for a dissertation on the talents of some of our modern comedians; and as it was the manner of Plutarch to draw comparisons of his heroes and orators, to set their actions and eloquence in a fairer light; so I would have made the parallel of Pinkethman, Norris, and Bullock *; and so far shown their different methods of raising mirth, that any one should be able to distinguish whether the jest was the poet's, or the actor's.

As the play-house affords us the most occasions of observing upon the behaviour of the face, it may be useful (for the direction of those who would be

* Three comic actors in vogue at the time when this paper was written.

critics this way) to remark, that the virgin ladies usually dispose themselves in the front of the boxes, the young married women compose the second row, while the rear is generally made up of mothers of long standing, undesigning maids, and contented widows. Whoever will cast his eye upon them under this view, during the representation of a play, will find me so far in the right, that a double entendre strikes the first row into an affected gravity, or careless indolence, the second will venture at a smile, but the third take the conceit entirely, and express their mirth in a downright laugh.

When I descend to particulars, I find the reserved prude will relapse into a smile, at the extravagant freedoms of the coquette; the coquette in her turn laughs at the starchness and aukward affectation of the prude; the man of letters is tickled with the vanity and ignorance of the fop; and the fop confesses his ridicule at the unpoliteness of the pedant.

I fancy we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:

The Dimplers.
The Smilers.
The Laughers.
The Grinners.
The Horse-laughers.

The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover; this was called by the ancients the Chian laugh.

The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is prac-

tised by lovers of the most delicate address. This tender motion of the physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

The laugh among us is the common risus of the ancients.

The grin by writers of antiquity is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed laugh, will baffle the most solid argument. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with, is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist.

The prude hath a wonderful esteem for the Chian laugh or dimple: she looks upon all the other kinds of laughter as excesses of levity; and is never seen upon the most extravagant jests to disorder her countenance with the ruffle of a smile. Her lips are composed with a primnesss peculiar to her character, all her modesty seems collected into her face, and she but very rarely takes the freedom to sink her cheek into a dimple.

The young widow is only a Chian for a time; her smiles are confined by decorum, and she is obliged to make her face sympathize with her habit: she looks demure by art, and by the strictest rules of decency is never allowed the smile till the first offer or advance towards her is over.

The effeminate fop, who by the long exercise of his countenance at the glass, hath reduced it to an exact discipline, may claim a place in this clan. You see him upon any occasion, to give spirit to his discourse, admire his own eloquence by a dimple.

The Ionics are those ladies that take a greater liberty with their features; yet even these may be said to smother a laugh, as the former to stifle a smile.

The beau is an Ionic out of complaisance, and practises the smile the better to sympathize with the fair. He will sometimes join in a laugh to humour the spleen of a lady, or applaud a piece of wit of his own, but always takes care to confine his mouth within the rules of good-breeding; he takes the laugh from the ladies, but is never guilty of so great an indecorum as to begin it.

The Ionic laugh is of universal use to men of power at their levées; and is esteemed by judicious place-hunters a more particular mark of distinction than the whisper. A young gentleman of my acquaintance valued himself upon his success, having obtained this favour after the attendance of three months only.

A judicious author some years since published a collection of sonnets, which he very successfully called Laugh and be fat; or, Pills to purge Melancholy: I cannot sufficiently admire the facetious title of these volumes, and must censure the world of ingratitude, while they are so negligent in rewarding the jocose labours of my friend Mr. D'Urfey, who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous production so many rural squires in the remotest parts of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them. The story of the sick man's breaking an imposthume by a sudden fit of laughter, is too well known to need a recital. It is my opinion, that the above pills would be extremely proper to be taken with asses milk, and mightily contribute towards the renewing and re-

storing decayed lungs. Democritus is generally represented to us as a man of the largest size, which we may attribute to his frequent exercise of his risible faculty. I remember Juvenal says of him,

'*Perpetuo risu pulmonem agitare solebat.*'—Sat. x. 33.
'He shook his sides with a perpetual laugh.'

That sort of man whom a late writer has called the Butt is a great promoter of this healthful agitation, and is generally stocked with so much good-humour, as to strike in with the gaiety of conversation, though some innocent blunder of his own be the subject of the raillery.

I shall range all old amorous dotards under the denomination of Grinners; when a young blooming wench touches their fancy, by an endeavour to recall youth into their cheeks, they immediately overstrain their muscular features, and shrivel their countenance into this frightful merriment.

The wag is of the same kind, and by the same artifice labours to support his impotence of wit: but he very frequently calls in the horse-laugh to his assistance.

There are another kind of grinners, which the ancients call Megarics; and some moderns have, not injudiciously, given them the name of the Sneerers. These always indulge their merit at the expence of their friends, and all their ridicule consists in unseasonable ill-nature. I could wish these laughers would consider, that let them do what they can, there is no laughing away their own follies by laughing at other people's.

The mirth of the tea-table is for the most part Megaric; and in visits the ladies themselves very seldom scruple the sacrificing a friendship to a laugh of this denomination.

The coquette hath a great deal of the Megaric

in her; but, in short, she is a proficient in laughter, and can run through the whole exercise of the features; she subdues the formal lover with the dimple, accosts the fop with a smile, joins with the wit in the downright laugh; to vary the air of her countenance frequently raillies with the grin; and when she has ridiculed her lover quite out of his understanding, to complete his misfortunes, strikes him dumb with the horse-laugh.

The horse-laugh is a distinguishing characteristic of the rural hoyden, and it is observed to be the last symptom of rusticity that forsakes her under the discipline of the boarding-school.

Punsters, I find, very much contribute towards the Sardonic, and the extremes of either wit or folly seldom fail of raising this noisy kind of applause. As the ancient physicians held the Sardonic laugh very beneficial to the lungs; I should, methinks, advise all my countrymen of consumptive and hectical constitutions to associate with the most facetious punsters of the age. Persius hath very elegantly described a Sardonic laughter in the following line,

'*Ingeminat tremulos naso crispante cachinnos.*' Sat. iii. 87.

'Redoubled peals of trembling laughter burst,
Convulsing every feature of the face.'

Laughter is a vent of any sudden joy that strikes upon the mind, which being too volatile and strong, breaks out in this tremor of the voice. The poets make use of this metaphor when they would describe nature in her richest dress, for beauty is never so lovely as when adorned with the smile, and conversation never sits easier upon us, than when we now and then discharge ourselves in a symphony of laughter, which may not improperly be called, The Chorus of Conversation.

N° 30. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 15, 1713.

——*redeunt Saturnia Regna.* VIRG. Ecl. iv. 6.

——Saturnian times
Roll round again. DRYDEN.

THE Italians and French being dispatched, I come now to the English, whom I shall treat with such meekness as becomes a good patriot; and shall so far recommend this our island as a proper scene for pastoral, under certain regulations, as will satisfy the courteous reader that I am in the landed interest.

I must in the first place observe, that our countrymen have so good an opinion of the ancients, and think so modestly of themselves, that the generality of pastoral-writers have either stolen all from the Greeks and Romans, or so servilely imitated their manners and customs, as makes them very ridiculous. In looking over some English pastorals a few days ago, I perused at least fifty lean flocks, and reckoned up an hundred left-handed ravens, besides blasted oaks, withering meadows, and weeping deities. Indeed most of the occasional pastorals we have, are built upon one and the same plan. A shepherd asks his fellow, 'Why he is so pale? if his favourite sheep hath strayed? if his pipe be broken? or Phyllis unkind?' He answers, 'None of these misfortunes have befallen him, but one much greater, for Da-

mon (or sometimes the god Pan) is dead.' This immediately causes the other to make complaints, and call upon the lofty pines and silver streams to join in the lamentation. While he goes on, his friend interrupts him, and tells him that Damon lives, and shews him a track of light in the skies to confirm it: then invites him to chesnuts and cheese. Upon this scheme most of the noble families in Great-Britain have been comforted; nor can I meet with any right honourable shepherd that doth not die and live again, after the manner of the aforesaid Damon.

Having already informed my reader wherein the knowledge of antiquity may be serviceable, I shall now direct him where he may lawfully deviate from the ancients. There are some things of an established nature in pastoral, which are essential to it, such as a country scene, innocence, simplicity. Others there are of a changeable kind, such as habits, customs, and the like. The difference of the climate is also to be considered, for what is proper in Arcadia, or even in Italy, might be very absurd in a colder country. By the same rule the difference of the soil, of fruits and flowers, is to be observed. And in so fine a country as Britain, what occasion is there for that profusion of hyacinths and Pæstan roses, and that cornucopia of foreign fruits which the British shepherds never heard of? How much more pleasing is the following scene to an English reader!

'This place may seem for shepherds' leisure made,
So lovingly these elms unite their shade.
Th' ambitious woodbine, how it climbs to breathe
Its balmy sweets around on all beneath!
The ground with grass of chearful green bespread,
Thro' which the springing flow'r up-rears its head!

Lo here the king-cup of a golden hue
Medley'd with daisies white, and endive blue!
Hark, how the gaudy goldfinch and the thrush,
With tuneful warblings fill that bramble-bush!
In pleasing concert all the birds combine,
And tempt us in the various song to join *.

The theology of the ancient pastoral is so very pretty, that it were pity intirely to change it; but I think that part only is to be retained which is universally known, and the rest to be made up out of our own rustical superstition of hobthrushes, fairies, goblins, and witches. The fairies are capable of being made very entertaining persons, as they are described by several of our poets; and particularly by Mr. Pope:

'About this spring (if ancient fame say true)
The dapper elves their moon-light sports pursue,
Their pigmy king, and little fairy queen,
In circling dances gambol'd on the green,
While tuneful springs a merry concert made,
And airy music warbled through the shade.'

What hath been said upon the difference of climate, soil, and theology, reaches the proverbial sayings, dress, customs and sports of shepherds. The following examples of our pastoral sports are extremely beautiful:

Whilome did I, tall as this poplar fair,
Up-raise my heedless head, devoid of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherds arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses hearts?
How deftly to mine oaten reed, so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
And weary'd in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well devised tale from me to learn?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chace the lingring sun a-down the sky.

* Philips's Fourth Pastoral, *ab initio.*

———O now! if ever, bring
The laurel green, the smelling eglantine,
And tender branches from the mantling vine,
The dewy cowslip that in meadow grows,
The fountain violet, and garden rose:
Your hamlet straw, and every public way,
And consecrate to mirth Albino's day.
Myself will lavish all my little store:
And deal about the goblet flowing o'er:
Old Moulin there shall harp, your Mico sing,
And cuddy dance the round amidst the ring,
And Hobbinol his antic gambols play *.'

The reason why such changes from the ancients should be introduced is very obvious; namely, that poetry being imitation, and that imitation being the best which deceives the most easily, it follows that we must take up the customs which are most familiar or universally known, since no man can be deceived or delighted with the imitation of what he is ignorant of.

It is easy to be observed that these rules are drawn from what our countrymen Spencer and Philips have performed in this way. I shall not presume to say any more of them, than that both have copied and improved the beauties of the ancients, whose manner of thinking I would above all things recommend. As far as our language would allow them, they have formed a pastoral style according to the Doric of Theocritus, in which I dare not say they have excelled Virgil! but I may be allowed, for the honour of our language, to suppose it more capable of that pretty rusticity than the Latin. To their works I refer my reader to make observations upon the pastoral style: where he will sooner find that secret than from a folio of criticisms.

* Philips's First Pastoral, l. 31, &c. Third Part, l. 106, &c.

Nº 31. THURSDAY, APRIL 16, 1713.

Fortem posce animum— JUV. Sat. x. 357.

Ask of the gods content and strength of mind.

MY lady Lizard is never better pleased than when she sees her children about her engaged in any profitable discourse. I found her last night sitting in the midst of her daughters, and forming a very beautiful semi-circle about the fire. I immediately took my place in an elbow chair, which is always left empty for me in one corner.

Our conversation fell insensibly upon the subject of happiness, in which every one of the young ladies gave her opinion, with that freedom and unconcernedness which they always use when they are in company only with their mother and myself.

Mrs. Jane declared, that she thought it the greatest happiness to be married to a man of merit, and placed at the head of a well-regulated family. I could not but observe, that, in her character of a man of merit, she gave us a lively description of Tom Worthy, who has long made his address to her. The sisters did not discover this at first, 'till she began to run down fortune in a lover, and, among the accomplishments of a man of merit, unluckily mentioned white teeth and black eyes.

Mrs. Annabella, after having rallied her sister upon her man of merit, talked much of conveniencies of life, affluence of fortune, and easiness of

temper, in one whom she should pitch upon for a husband. In short, though the baggage would not speak out, I found the sum of her wishes was a rich fool, or a man so turned to her purposes, that she might enjoy his fortune, and insult his understanding.

The romantic Cornelia was for living in a wood among choirs of birds, with zephyrs, echos, and rivulets, to make up the concert: she would not seem to include a husband in her scheme, but at the same time talked so passionately of cooing turtles, mossy banks, and beds of violets, that one might easily perceive she was not without thoughts of a companion in her solitudes.

Miss Betty placed her *summum bonum* in equipages, assemblies, balls, and birth-nights, talked in raptures of sir Edward Shallow's gilt coach, and my lady Tattle's room, in which she saw company; nor would she have easily given over, had she not observed that her mother appeared more serious than ordinary, and by her looks shewed that she did not approve such a redundance of vanity and impertinence.

My favourite, the Sparkler, with an air of innocence and modesty, which is peculiar to her, said that she never expected such a thing as happiness, and that she thought the most any one could do was to keep themselves from being uneasy; for, as Mr. Ironside has often told us, says she, we should endeavour to be easy here, and happy hereafter: at the same time she begged me to acquaint them by what rules this ease of mind, or if I would please to call it happiness, is best attained.

My lady Lizard joined in the same request with her youngest daughter, adding, with a serious look, The thing seemed to her of so great consequence,

that she hoped I would for once forget they were all women, and give my real thoughts of it with the same justness I would use among a company of my own sex. I complied with her desire, and communicated my sentiments to them on this subject, as near as I can remember, pretty much to the following purpose.

As nothing is more natural than for every one to desire to be happy, it is not to be wondered at that the wisest men in all ages have spent so much time to discover what happiness is, and wherein it chiefly consists. An eminent writer, named Varro, reckons up no less than two hundred eighty-eight different opinions upon this subject; and another, called Lucian, after having given us a long catalogue of the notions of several philosophers, endeavours to shew the absurdity of all of them, without establishing any thing of his own.

That which seems to have made so many err in this case, is the resolution they took to fix a man's happiness to one determined point; which I conceive cannot be made up but by the concurrence of several particulars.

I shall readily allow Virtue the first place, as she is the mother of Content. It is this which calms our thoughts, and makes us survey ourselves with ease and pleasure. Naked virtue, however, is not alone sufficient to make a man happy. It must be accompanied with at least a moderate provision of all the necessaries of life, and not ruffled and disturbed by bodily pains. A fit of the stone was sharp enough to make a stoick cry out, 'that Zeno, his master, taught him false, when he told him that pain was no evil.'

But, besides this, virtue is so far from being alone sufficient to make a man happy, that the ex-

cess of it in some particulars, joined to a soft and feminine temper, may often give us the deepest wounds, and chiefly contribute to render us uneasy. I might instance in pity, love, and friendship. In the two last passions it often happens, that we so entirely give up our hearts, as to make our happiness wholly depend upon another person; a trust for which no human creature, however excellent, can possibly give us a sufficient security.

The man therefore who would be truly happy, must, besides an habitual virtue, attain to such a 'strength of mind,' as to confine his happiness within himself, and keep it from being dependent upon others. A man of this make will perform all those good-natured offices that could have been expected from the most bleeding pity, without being so far affected at the common misfortunes of human life, as to disturb his own repose. His actions of this kind are so much more meritorious than another's, as they flow purely from a principle of virtue, and a sense of his duty; whereas a man of a softer temper, even while he is assisting another, may in some measure be said to be relieving himself.

A man endowed with that strength of mind I am here speaking of, tho' he leaves it to his friend or mistress to make him still more happy, does not put it in the power of either to make him miserable.

From what has been already said it will also appear, that nothing can be more weak than to place our happiness in the applause of others, since by this means we make it wholly independent of ourselves. People of this humour, who place their chief felicity in reputation and applause, are also extremely subject to envy, the most painful as well as the most absurd of all passions.

The surest means to attain that strength of mind, and independent state of happiness I am here recommending, is a virtuous mind sufficiently furnished with ideas to support solitude and keep up an agreeable conversation with itself. Learning is a very great help on this occasion, as it lays up an infinite number of notions in the memory, ready to be drawn out, and set in order upon any occasion. The mind often takes the same pleasure in looking over these her treasures, in augmenting and disposing them into proper forms, as a prince does in a review of his army.

At the same time I must own, that as a mind thus furnished feels a secret pleasure in the consciousness of its own perfection, and is delighted with such occasions as call upon it to try its force, a living imagination shall produce a pleasure very little inferior to the former in persons of much weaker heads. As the first therefore may not be improperly called 'the heaven of a wise man,' the latter is extremely well represented by our vulgar expression, which terms it 'a fool's paradise.' There is, however, this difference between them, that as the first naturally produces that strength and greatness of mind I have been all along describing as so essential to render a man happy, the latter is ruffled and discomposed by every accident, and lost under the most common misfortune.

It is this strength of mind that is not to be overcome by the changes of fortune, that arises at the sight of dangers, and could make Alexander (in that passage of his life so much admired by the prince of Conde), when his army mutinied, bid his soldiers return to Macedon, and tell their countrymen that they had left their king conquering the world; since for his part he could not doubt of

raising an army wherever he appeared. It is this that chiefly exerts itself when a man is most oppressed, and gives him always in proportion to whatever malice or injustice would deprive him of. It is this, in short, that makes the virtuous man insensibly set a value upon himself, and throws a varnish over his words and actions, that will at least command esteem, and give him a greater ascendant over others, than all the advantages of birth and fortune. *

Nº 32. FRIDAY, APRIL 17, 1713.

——ipse volens, facilisque sequetur,
Si te fata vocant: aliter non viribus ullis
Vincas—— VIRG. Æn. vi. 146.

The willing metal will obey thy hand,
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:
If not no labour can the tree constrain:
And strength of stubborn arms and steel are vain.
DRYDEN.

Having delivered my thoughts upon pastoral poetry, after a didactic manner, in some foregoing papers, wherein I have taken such hints from the critics as I thought rational, and departed from them according to the best of my judgment, and substituted others in their place, I shall close the whole with the following fable or allegory.

In ancient times there dwelt in a pleasant vale of Arcadia a man of very ample possessions, named

Menalcas; who, deriving his pedigree from the god Pan, kept very strictly up to the rules of the pastoral life, as it was in the golden age. He had a daughter, his only child, called Amaryllis. She was a virgin of a most inchanting beauty, of a most easy and unaffected air; but having been bred up wholly in the country, was bashful to the last degree. She had a voice that was exceeding sweet, yet had a rusticity in its tone, which however to most who heard her seemed an additional charm. Though in her conversation in general she was very engaging, yet to her lovers, who were numerous, she was so coy, that many left her in disgust after a tedious courtship, and matched themselves where they were better received. For Menalcas had not only resolved to take a son-in-law, who should inviolably maintain the customs of his family; but had received one evening as he walked in the fields, a pipe of an antique form from a Faun, or, as some say, from Oberon the fairy, with a particular charge not to bestow his daughter upon any one who could not play the same tune upon it as at that time he entertained him with.

When the time that he had designed to give her in marriage was near at hand, he published a decree, whereby he invited the neighbouring youths to make trial of his musical instrument, with promise that the victor should possess his daughter, on condition that the vanquished should submit to what punishment he thought fit to inflict. Those who were not yet discouraged, and had high conceits of their own worth, appeared on the appointed day, in a dress and equipage suitable to their respective fancies.

The place of meeting was a flowery meadow, through which a clear stream murmured in many

irregular meanders. The shepherds made a spacious ring for the contending lovers: and in one part of it there sat upon a little throne of turf, under an arch of eglantine and woodbines, the father of the maid, and at his right hand the damsel crowned with roses and lilies. She wore a flying robe of a slight green stuff; she had her sheep-hook in one hand, and the fatal pipe in the other.

The first who approached her was a youth of a graceful presence and courtly air, but drest in a richer habit than had ever been seen in Arcadia. He wore a crimson vest, cut indeed after the shepherd's fashion, but so enriched with embroidery, and sparkling with jewels, that the eyes of the spectators were diverted from considering the mode of the garment by the dazzling of the ornaments. His head was covered with a plume of feathers, and his sheep-hook glittered with gold and enamel. He accosted the damsel after a very gallant manner, and told her *, 'Madam, you need not to consult your glass to adorn yourself to-day; you may see the greatness of your beauty in the number of your conquests.' She, having never heard any compliment so polite, could give him no answer, but presented the pipe. He applied it to his lips, and began a tune which he set off with so many graces and quavers, that the shepherds and shepherdesses (who had paired themselves in order to dance) could not follow it; as indeed it required great skill and regularity of steps, which they had never been bred to. Menalcas ordered him to be stripped of his costly robes, and to be clad in a russet weed, and confined him to tend the flocks in the vallies for a year and a day.

* See Fontenelle.

The second that appeared was in a very different garb. He was cloathed in a garment of rough goatskins, his hair was matted, his beard neglected; in his person uncouth, and aukward in his gait. He came up fleering to the nymph, and told her * 'he had hugged his lambs, and kissed his young kids, but he hoped to kiss one that was sweeter.' The fair one blushed with modesty and anger, and prayed secretly against him as she gave him the pipe. He snatched it from her, but with some difficulty made it sound; which was in such harsh and jarring notes, that the shepherds cried one and all, that he understood no music. He was immediately ordered to the most craggy parts of Arcadia, to keep the goats, and commanded never to touch a pipe any more.

The third that advanced appeared in cloaths that were so strait and uneasy to him, that he seemed to move with pain. He marched up to the maiden with a thoughtful look and stately pace, and said †, 'Divine Amaryllis, you wear not those roses to improve your beauty, but to make them ashamed.' As she did not comprehend his meaning, she presented the instrument without reply. The tune that he played was so intricate and perplexing, that the shepherds stood stock-still, like people astonished and confounded. In vain did he plead that it was the perfection of music, and composed by the most skilful master in Hesperia. Menalcas, finding that he was a stranger, hospitably took compassion on him, and delivered him to an old shepherd, who was ordered to get him cloaths that would fit him, and teach him to speak plain.

The fourth that stepped forward was young Amyntas, the most beautiful of all the Arcadian

* See Theocritus. † See Tasso.

swains, and secretly beloved by Amaryllis. He wore that day the same colours as the maid for whom he sighed. He moved towards her with an easy but unassured air: she blushed as he came near her, and when she gave him the fatal present, they both trembled, but neither could speak. Having secretly breathed his vows to the gods, he poured forth such melodious notes, that though they were a little wild and irregular, they filled every heart with delight. The swains immediately mingled in the dance; and the old shepherds affirmed, that they had often heard such music by night, which they imagined to be played by some of the rural deities. The good old man leaped from his throne, and, after he had embraced him, presented him to his daughter, which caused a general acclamation.

While they were in the midst of their joy, they were surprised with a very odd appearance. A person in a blue mantle, crowned with sedges and rushes, stepped into the middle of the ring. He had an angling rod in his hand, a panier upon his back, and a poor meagre wretch in wet clothes carried some oysters before him *. Being asked, whence he came, and what he was? he told them, he was come to invite Amaryllis from the plains to the sea-shore, that his substance consisted in sea-calves, and that he was acquainted with the Nereids and the Naiads. 'Art thou acquainted with the Naiads?' said Menalcas; 'to them then shalt thou return.' The shepherds immediately hoisted him up as an enemy to Arcadia, and plunged him in the river, where he sunk, and was never heard of since.

* Sannazarius, mentioned No. 28.

Amyntas and Amaryllis lived a long and happy life, and governed the vales of Arcadia. Their generation was very long-lived, there having been but four descents in above two thousand years. His heir was called Theocritus, who left his dominions to Virgil; Virgil left his to his son Spencer; and Spencer was succeeded by his eldest-born Philips.

Nº 33. SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1713.

——— *Dignum sapiente, bonoque est.* HOR. 1 Ep. iv. 5.

Worthy a wise man, and a good.

I HAVE made it a rule to myself, not to publish any thing on a Saturday, but what shall have some analogy to the duty of the day ensuing. It is an unspeakable pleasure to me, that I have lived to see the time when I can observe such a law to myself, and yet turn my discourse upon what is done at the play-house. I am sure the reader knows I am going to mention the tragedy of Cato. The principal character is moved by no consideration but respect to that sort of virtue, the sense of which is retained in our language under the word Public Spirit. All regards to his domestic are wholly laid aside, and the hero is drawn as having, by this motive, subdued instinct itself, and taken comfort from the distresses of his family, which are brought upon them by their adherence to the cause

of truth and liberty. There is nothing uttered by Cato but what is worthy the best of men; and the sentiments which are given him are not only the most warm for the conduct of this life, but such as we may think will not need to be erased, but consist with the happiness of the human soul in the next. This illustrious character has its proper influence on all below it: the other virtuous personages are, in their degree, as worthy, and as exemplary, as the principal; the conduct of the lovers (who are more warm, though more discreet, than ever yet appeared on the stage) has in it a constant sense of the great catastrophe which was expected from the approach of Cæsar. But to see the modesty of an heroine, whose country and family were at the same time in the most imminent danger, preserved, while she breaks out into the most fond and open expressions of her passion for her lover, is an instance of no common address. Again, to observe the body of a gallant young man brought before us, who, in the bloom of his youth, in the defence of all that is good and great, had received numberless wounds: I say, to observe that this dead youth is introduced only for the example of his virtue, and that his death is so circumstantiated, that we are satisfied, for all his virtue, it was for the good of the world, and his own family, that his warm temper was not to be put upon farther trial, but his task of life ended while it was yet virtuous, is an employment worthy the consideration of our young Britons. We are obliged to authors, that can do what they will with us, that they do not play our affections and passions against ourselves; but to make us so soon resigned to the death of Marcus, of whom we were so fond, is a power that

would be unfortunately lodged in a man without the love of virtue.

Were it not that I speak, on this occasion, rather as a Guardian than a critic, I could proceed to the examination of the justness of each character, and take notice that the Numidian is as well drawn as the Roman. There is not an idea in all the part of Syphax which does not apparently arise from the habits which grow in the mind of an African; and the scene between Juba and his general, where they talk for and against a liberal education, is full of instruction. Syphax urges all that can be said against philosophy, as it is made subservient to ill ends by men who abuse their talents; and Juba sets the lesser excellences of activity, labour, patience of hunger, and strength of body, which are the admired qualifications of a Numidian, in their proper subordination to the accomplishments of the mind. But this play is so well recommended by others, that I will not for that, and some private reasons, enlarge any farther. Doctor Garth has very agreeably rallied the mercenary traffic between men and women of this age in the epilogue, by Mrs. Porter, who acted Lucia. And Mr. Pope has prepared the audience for a new scene of passion and transport on a more noble foundation than they have before been entertained with, in the prologue. I shall take the liberty to gratify the impatience of the town by inserting these two excellent pieces, as earnests of the work itself, which will be printed within a few days.

PROLOGUE TO CATO.

BY MR. POPE.

SPOKEN BY MR. WILKS.

To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;
To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage,
Commanding tears to stream thro' every age;
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love;
In pitying Love we but our weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.
Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,
Such tears as patriots shed for dying laws:
He bids your breasts with ancient ardor rise,
And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes:
Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and god-like Cato was.
No common object to your sight displays;
But what with pleasure Heaven itself surveys,
A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,
And greatly falling with a falling state.
While Cato gives his little senate laws,
What bosom beats not in his country's cause?
Who sees him act, but envies every deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar, 'midst triumphal cars,
The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,
Ignobly vain, and impotently great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state?
As her dead father's rev'rend image past,
The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast,
The triumph ceas'd—tears gush'd from ev'ry eye;
The world's great victor past unheeded by;
Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.
Britons attend: be worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the virtue to be mov'd.

With honest scorn the first-fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd.
Our scene precariously subsists too long
On French translation, and Italian song:
Dare to have sense yourselves, assert the stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native rage:
Such plays alone should please a British ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

EPILOGUE TO CATO.

BY DR. GARTH.

SPOKEN BY MRS. PORTER.

What odd fantastic things we women do!
Who would not listen when young lovers woo?
What! die a maid, yet have the choice of two!
Ladies are often cruel to their cost:
To give you pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of virginity should well be weigh'd;
Too oft they're cancel'd, tho' in convents made.
Would you revenge such rash resolves——you may
Be spiteful——and believe the thing we say;
We hate you when your're easily said Nay.
How needless, if you knew us, were your fears?
Let Love have eyes, and Beauty will have ears.
Our hearts are form'd, as you yourselves would choose,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse:
We give to merit, and to wealth we sell;
He sighs with most success that settles well.
The woes of wedlock with the joys we mix;
'Tis best repenting in a coach and fix.
Blame not our conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively lessons we have learn'd from you:
Your breasts no more the fire of beauty warms;
But wicked wealth usurps the power of charms:
What pains to get the gaudy thing you hate,
To swell in show, and be a wretch in state!
At plays you ogle, at the ring you bow;
Ev'n churches are no sanctuaries now:
There golden idols all your vows receive;
She is no goddess who has nought to give.

Oh may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the soul sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvy'd things,
And crowns less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Conſtancy feel transport in its chains;
Sighs with success their own soft anguish tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And Beauty fear no enemy but Time:
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

Nº 34. MONDAY, APRIL 20, 1713.

—— *Mores multorum vidit* ——

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 142.

He many men and many manners saw.

It is a most vexatious thing to an old man, who endeavours to square his notions by reason, and to talk from reflection and experience, to fall in with a circle of young ladies at their afternoon tea-table. This happened very lately to be my fate. The conversation, for the first half-hour, was so very rambling, that it is hard to say what was talked of, or who spoke least to the purpose. The various motions of the fan, the tossings of the head, intermixed with all the pretty kinds of laughter, made up the greatest part of the discourse. At last, this modish way of shining, and being witty, settled into something like conversation, and the talk ran upon fine gentlemen. From the several

characters that were given, and the exceptions that were made, as this or that gentleman happened to be named, I found that a lady is not difficult to be pleased, and that the town swarms with fine gentlemen. A nimble pair of heels, a smooth complexion, a full-bottom wig, a laced shirt, an embroidered suit, a pair of fringed gloves, a hat and feather; any one or more of these and the like accomplishments ennobles a man, and raises him above the vulgar, in a female imagination. On the contrary, a modest serious behaviour, a plain dress, a thick pair of shoes, a leathern belt, a waistcoat not lined with silk, and such like imperfections, degrade a man, and are so many blots in his escutcheon. I could not forbear smiling at one of the prettiest and liveliest of this gay assembly, who excepted to the gentility of sir William Hearty, because he wore a frize coat, and breakfasted upon toast and ale. I pretended to admire the fineness of her taste; and to strike in with her in ridiculing those aukward healthy gentlemen, that seem to make nourishment the chief end of eating. I gave her an account of an honest Yorkshire gentleman, who (when I was a traveller) used to invite his acquaintance at Paris to break their fast with him upon cold roast beef and mum. There was, I remember, a little French marquis, who was often pleased to rally him unmercifully upon beef and pudding, of which our countryman would dispatch a pound or two with great alacrity, while his antagonist was piddling at a mushroom, or the haunch of a frog. I could perceive the lady was pleased with what I said, and we parted very good friends by virtue of a maxim I always observe, Never to contradict or reason with a sprightly female. I went home, however, full of a great many serious reflections upon

what had passed: and though, in complaisance, I disguised my sentiments, to keep up the good humour of my fair companions, and to avoid being looked upon as a testy old fellow, yet out of the good-will I bear to the sex, and to prevent for the future their being imposed upon by counterfeits, I shall give them the distinguishing marks of 'a true fine gentleman.'

When a good artist would express any remarkable character in sculpture, he endeavours to work up his figure into all the perfections his imagination can form; and to imitate not so much what is, as what may or ought to be. I shall follow their example, in the idea I am going to trace out of a fine gentleman, by assembling together such qualifications as seem requisite to make the character compleat. In order to this I shall premise in general, that by a fine gentleman I mean a man compleatly qualified as well for the service and good, as for the ornament and delight, of society. When I consider the frame of mind peculiar to a gentleman, I suppose it graced with all the dignity and elevation of spirit that human nature is capable of. To this I would have joined a clear understanding, a reason free from prejudice, a steady judgment, and an extensive knowledge. When I think of the heart of a gentleman, I imagine it firm and intrepid, void of all inordinate passions, and full of tenderness, compassion, and benevolence. When I view the fine gentleman with regard to his manners, methinks I see him modest without bashfulness, frank and affable without impertinence, obliging and complaisant without servility, chearful and in good humour without noise. These amiable qualities are not easily obtained; neither are there many men that have a genius to excel this way. A finished

gentleman is perhaps the most uncommon of all the great characters in life. Besides the natural endowments with which this distinguished man is to be born, he must run through a long series of education. Before he makes his appearance and shines in the world, he must be principled in religion, instructed in all the moral virtues, and led through the whole course of the polite arts and sciences. He should be no stranger to courts and to camps; he must travel to open his mind, to enlarge his views, to learn the policies and interests of foreign states, as well as to fashion and polish himself, and to get clear of national prejudices; of which every country has its share. To all these more essential improvements, he must not forget to add the fashionable ornaments of life, such as are the languages and the bodily exercise, most in vogue: neither would I have him think even dress itself beneath his notice.

It is no very uncommon thing in the world to meet with men of probity; there are likewise a great many men of honour to be found. Men of courage, men of sense and men of letters are frequent: but a true fine gentleman is what one seldom sees. He is properly a compound of the various good qualities that embellish mankind. As the great poet animates all the different parts of learning by the force of his genius, and irradiates all the compass of his knowledge by the lustre and brightness of his imagination; so all the great and solid perfections of life appear in the finished gentleman, with a beautiful gloss and varnish; every thing he says or does is accompanied with a manner, or rather a charm, that draws the admiration and good-will of every beholder.

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the benefit of my female readers.

N. B. 'The gilt chariot, the diamond ring, the gold snuff-box, and brocade sword-knot, are no essential parts of a fine gentleman; but may be used by him, provided he casts his eye upon them but once a day.'

N° 35. TUESDAY, APRIL 21, 1713.

O vitæ Philosophia dux, virtutis indagatrix! CICERO.

O Philosophy, thou guide of life, and discoverer of virtue!

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I AM a man who have spent great part of that time in rambling through foreign countries, which young gentlemen usually pass at the university; by which course of life, although I have acquired no small insight into the manners and conversation of men, yet I could not make proportionable advances in the way of science and speculation. In my return through France, as I was one day setting forth this my case to a certain gentleman of that nation, with whom I had contracted a friendship; after some pause, he conducted me into his closet, and, opening a little amber cabinet, took from thence a small box of snuff; which he said,

was given him by an uncle of his, the author of The Voyage to the World of Descartes; and with many professions of gratitude and affection made me a present of it, telling me, at the same time, that he knew no readier way to furnish and adorn a mind with knowledge in the arts and sciences, than that same snuff rightly applied.

"You must know," said he, "that Descartes was the first who discovered a certain part of the brain, called by anatomists the Pineal Gland, to be the immediate receptacle of the soul, where she is affected with all sorts of perceptions, and exerts all her operations by the intercourse of the animal spirits which run through the nerves that are thence extended to all parts of the body. He added, that the same philosopher having considered the body as a machine, or piece of clock-work, which performed all the vital operations without the concurrence of the will, began to think a way may be found out for separating the soul for some time from the body, without any injury to the latter; and that after much meditation on that subject, the above-mentioned *virtuoso* composed the snuff he then gave me; which, if taken in a certain quantity, would not fail to disengage my soul from my body. Your soul (continued he) being at liberty to transport herself with a thought wherever she pleases, may enter into the pineal gland of the most learned philosopher, and being so placed, become spectator of all the ideas in his mind, which would instruct her in a much less time than the usual methods." I returned him thanks, and accepted his present, and with it a paper of directions.

'You may imagine it was no small improvement and diversion, to pass my time in the pineal glands of philosophers, poets, beaux, mathematicians,

ladies, and statesmen. One while to trace a theorem in mathematics through a long labyrinth of intricate turns, and subtleties of thought; another, to be conscious of the sublime ideas and comprehensive views of a philosopher, without any fatigue or wasting of my own spirits. Sometimes to wander through perfumed groves, or enameled meadows, in the fancy of a poet: at others to be present when a battle or a storm raged, or a glittering palace rose in his imagination; or to behold the pleasures of a country life, the passion of a generous love, or the warmth of devotion wrought up to rapture. Or (to use the words of a very ingenious author) to

'Behold the raptures which a writer knows,
When in his breast a vein of fancy glows,
Behold his business while he works the mine,
Behold his temper when he sees it shine.'

Essay on the different styles of poetry.

'These gave me inconceivable pleasure. Nor was it an unpleasant entertainment, sometimes to descend from these sublime and magnificent ideas to the impertinences of a beau, the dry schemes of a coffee-house politician, or the tender images in the mind of a young lady. And, as in order to frame a right idea of human happiness, I thought it expedient to make a trial of the various manners wherein men of different pursuits were affected: I one day entered into the pineal gland of a certain person, who seemed very fit to give me an insight into all that which constitutes the happiness of him who is called a Man of Pleasure. But I found myself not a little disappointed in my notion of the pleasures which attend a voluptuary, who has shaken off the restraints of reason.

'His intellectuals, I observed, were grown unserviceable by too little use, and his senses were decayed and worn out by too much. That perfect inaction of the higher powers prevented appetite in promoting him to sensual gratifications; and the outrunning natural appetite produced a loathing instead of a pleasure. I there beheld the intemperate cravings of youth, without the enjoyments of it; and the weakness of old age, without its tranquillity. When the passions were teazed and roused by some powerful object, the effect was not to delight or sooth the mind, but to torture it between the returning extremes of appetite, and satiety. I saw a wretch racked, at the same time, with a painful remembrance of past miscarriages, a distaste of the present objects that solicit his senses, and a secret dread of futurity. And I could see no manner of relief or comfort in the soul of this miserable man, but what consisted in preventing his cure, by inflaming his passions, and suppressing his reason. But though it must be owned he had almost quenched that light which his Creator has set up in his soul, yet, in spite of all his efforts, I observed at certain seasons frequent flashes of remorse strike through the gloom, and interrupt that satisfaction he enjoyed in hiding his own deformities from himself.

'I was also present at the original formation or production of a certain book in the mind of a free-thinker, and, believing it may not be unacceptable to let you into the secret manner and internal principles by which that phænomenon was formed, I shall in my next give you an account of it.

I am, in the mean time,
Your most obedient humble servant,
Ulysses Cosmopolita.

N. B. Mr. Ironside has lately received out of France ten pound averdupois weight of this philosophical snuff, and gives notice that he will make use of it, in order to distinguish the real from the professed sentiments of all persons of eminence in court, city, town, and country.

Nº 36. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 22, 1713.

Punnica *ſe quantis attollet gloria* rebus!

VIRG. Æn. iv. 49.

What Rebus's exalt the Punnic fame *!

THE gentleman who doth me the favour to write the following letter, saith as much for himself as the thing will bear. I am particularly pleased to find, that in his apology for punning he only celebrates the art, as it is a part of conversation. I look upon premeditated quibbles and puns committed to the press as unpardonable crimes. There is as much difference betwixt these and the starts in common discourse as betwixt casual rencounters, and murder with malice prepense.

' TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

' SIR,

' I HAVE from your writings conceived such an opinion of your benevolence to mankind, that I trust you will not suffer any Art to be vilified,

* The double pun in the motto of this paper is adapted to the subject of it.

which helps to polish, and adorn us. I do not know any sort of wit that hath been used so reproachfully as the pun: and I persuade myself that I shall merit your esteem, by recommending it to your protection; since there can be no greater glory to a generous soul, than to succour the distrest. I shall therefore, without farther preface, offer to your consideration the following Modest Apology for Punning; wherein I shall make use of no double meanings or equivocations: since I think it unnecessary to give it any other praises than truth and common sense, its professed enemies, are forced to grant.

'In order to make this an useful work, I shall state the nature and extent of the pun; I shall discover the advantages that flow from it, the moral virtues that it produces, and the tendency that it hath to promote vigour of body and ease of mind.

'The pun is defined by one, who seems to be no well-wisher to it, to be "A conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense." Now if this be the essence of the pun, how great must we allow the dignity of it to be, when we consider that it takes in most of the considerable parts of learning! For is it not most certain, that all learned disputes are rather about sounds than sense? Are not the controversies of divines about the different interpretations of terms? Are not the disputations of philosophers about words, and all their pompous distinctions only so many unravellings of double meanings? Who ever lost his estate in Westminster-hall, but complained that he was quibbled out of his right? Or what monarch ever broke a treaty, but by virtue of equivocation? In short, so great is the excellence of this art, so diffusive its influence, that

when I go into a library, I say to myself, "What volumes of puns do I behold!" When I look upon the men of business, I cry out, "How powerful is the tribe of the quibblers!" When I see statesmen and ambassadors, I reflect, "How splendid the equipage of the quirk! in what pomp do the punsters appear!"

'But as there are serious puns, such as I have instanced in, so likewise there are puns comical. These are what I would recommend to my countrymen; which I shall do by displaying the advantages flowing from them.

'The first advantage of punning is, that it gives us the compass of our own language. This is very obvious. For the great business of the punster is to hunt out the several words in our tongue that agree in sound, and have various significations. By this means he will likewise enter into the nicety of spelling, an accomplishment regarded only by middling people, and much neglected by persons of great, and no quality. This error may produce unnecessary folios amongst grammarians yet unborn. But to proceed. A man of learning hath, in this manner of wit, great advantages; as indeed, what advantages do not flow from learning? If the pun fails in English, he may have speedy recourse to the Latin, or the Greek, and so on. I have known wonders performed by this secret. I have heard the French assisted by the German, the Dutch mingle with the Italian, and where the jingle hath seemed desperate in the Greek, I have known it revive in the Hebrew. My friend Dick Babel hath often, to show his parts, started a conceit at the equinoctial, and pursued it through all the degrees of latitude: and, after he had punned round the globe, hath sat down like Alexander,

and mourned that he had no more worlds to conquer.

'Another advantage in punning is, that it ends disputes, or, what is all one, puns comical destroy puns serious. Any man that drinks a bottle knows very well, that about twelve, people that do not kiss, or cry, are apt to debate. This often occasions heats and heart-burnings, unless one of the disputants vouchsafes to end the matter with a joke. How often have Aristotle and Cartesius been reconciled by a merry conceit! how often have whigs and tories shook hands over a quibble! and the clashing of swords been prevented, by the jingling of words!

'Attention of mind, is another benefit enjoyed by punsters. This is discoverable from the perpetual gape of the company where they are, and the earnest desire to know what was spoken last, if a word escapes any one at the table. I must add, that quick apprehension is required in the hearer, readily to take some things which are very far fetched; as likewise great vivacity in the performer, to reconcile distant and even hostile ideas by the mere mimicry of words, and energy of sound.

'Mirth or good-humour is the last advantage, that, out of a million, I shall produce to recommend punning. But this will more naturally fall in when I come to demonstrate its operation upon the mind and body. I shall now discover what moral virtues it promotes; and shall content myself with instancing in those which every reader will allow of.

'A punster is adorned with humility. This our adversaries will not deny; because they hold it to be a condescension in any man to trifle, as they arrogantly call it, with words. I must however

confess, for my own share, I never punned out of the pride of my heart, nor did I ever know one of our fraternity, that seemed to be troubled with the thirst of glory.

'The virtue called urbanity by the moralists, or a courtly behaviour, is much cultivated by this science. For the whole spirit of urbanity consists in a desire to please the company, and what else is the design of the Punster? Accordingly we find such bursts of laughter, such agitations of the sides, such contortions of the limbs, such earnest attempts to recover the dying laugh, such transport in the enjoyment of it, in equivocating assemblies, as men of common sense are amazed at, and own they never felt.

'But nothing more displays itself in the punster, than justice, the queen of all the virtues. At the quibbling board every performer hath its due. The soul is struck at once, and the body recognizes the merit of each joke, by sudden and comical emotions. Indeed how should it be otherwise, where not only words, but even syllables, have justice done them; where no man invades the right of another, but with perfect innocence; and good-nature takes as much delight in his neighbour's joy, as in his own?

'From what hath been advanced, it will easily appear, that this science contributes to ease of body, and serenity of mind. You have, in a former precaution, advised your hectical readers to associate with those of our brotherhood, who are, for the most part, of a corpulent make, and a round vacant countenance. It is natural the next morning, after a merriment, to reflect how we behaved ourselves the night before: and I appeal to any one, whether it will not occasion greater peace

of mind to consider, that he hath only been waging harmless war with words, than if he had stirred his brother to wrath, grieved the soul of his neighbour by calumny, or increased his own wealth by fraud. As for health of body, I look upon punning as a nostrum, a *Medicina Gymnastica*, that throws off all the bad humours, and occasions such a brisk circulation of the blood, as keeps the lamp of life in a clear, and constant flame. I speak, as all physicians ought to do, from experience. A friend of mine, who had the ague this spring, was, after the failing of several medicines and charms, advised by me to enter into a course of quibbling. He threw his electuaries out at his window, and took Abracadabra off from his neck, and by the mere force of punning upon that long magical word, threw himself into a fine breathing sweat, and a quiet sleep. He is now in a fair way of recovery, and says pleasantly, he is less obliged to the Jesuits for their powder, than for their equivocation.

'Sir, this is my Modest Apology for Punning; which I was the more encouraged to undertake, because we have a learned university where it is in request, and I am told that a famous club hath given it protection. If this meets with encouragement, I shall write a vindication of the rebus, and do justice to the conundrum. I have indeed looked philosophically into their natures, and made a sort of *Arbor Porphyriana* of the several subordinations, and divisions of low wit. This the ladies perhaps may not understand; but I shall thereby give the beaux an opportunity of shewing their learning.

I am, Sir,

with great respect,

your most obedient

humble servant.'

Nº 37. THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1713.

Me duce damnosas homines compescite curas.
OVID. Rem. Amor. v. 69.

Learn, mortals, from my precepts to controul
The furious passions, that disturb the soul.

It is natural for an old man to be fond of such entertainments as revive in his imagination the agreeable impressions made upon it in his youth : the set of wits and beauties he was first acquainted with, the balls and drawing rooms in which he made an agreeable figure, the music and actors he heard and saw, when his life was fresh, and his spirits vigorous and quick, have usually the preference in his esteem to any succeeding pleasures that present themselves when his taste is grown more languid. It is for this reason I never see a picture of Sir Peter Lely, who drew so many of my first friends and acquaintance, without a sensible delight; and I am in raptures when I reflect on the compositions of the famous Mr. Henry Laws, long before Italian music was introduced into our nation. Above all, I am pleased in observing that the tragedies of Shakspeare, which in my youthful days have so frequently filled my eyes with tears, hold their rank still, and are the great support of our theatre.

It was with this agreeable prepossession of mind, I went some time ago, to see the old tragedy of Othello, and took my female wards with me, having promised them a little before to carry them to

the first play of Shakspeare's which should be acted. Mrs. Cornelia, who is a great reader, and never fails to peruse the play-bills, which are brought to her every day, gave me notice of it early in the morning. When I came to my lady Lizard's at dinner, I found the young folks all drest, and expecting the performance of my promise. I went with them at the proper time, placed them together in the boxes, and myself by them in a corner seat. As I have the chief scenes of the play by heart, I did not look much on the stage, but formed to myself a new satisfaction in keeping an eye on the faces of my little audience, and observing, as it were by reflection, the different passions of the play represented in their countenances. Mrs. Betty told us the names of several persons of distinction, as they took their places in their boxes, and entertained us with the history of a new marriage or two, till the curtain drew up. I soon perceived that Mrs. Jane was touched with the love of Desdemona, and in a concern to see how she would come off with her parents. Annabella had a rambling eye, and for some time was more taken up with observing what gentlemen looked at her, and with criticising the dress of the ladies, than with any thing that passed on the stage. Mrs. Cornelia, who I have often said is addicted to the study of Romances, commended that speech in the play in which Othello mentions his 'hair-breadth scapes in th' imminent deadly breach,' and recites his travels and adventures with which he had captivated the heart of Desdemona. The Sparkler looked several times frighted: and as the distress of the play was heightened, their different attention was collected, and fixed wholly on the stage, 'till I saw them all, with a secret satisfaction, betrayed into tears.

I have often considered this play as a noble, but irregular, production of a genius, who had the power of animating the theatre beyond any writer we have ever known. The touches of nature in it are strong and masterly; but the œconomy of the fable, and in some particulars the probability, are too much neglected. If I would speak of it in the most severe terms, I should say as Waller does of the Maid's Tragedy,

'Great are its faults, but glorious is its flame.'

But it would be a poor employment in a critic to observe upon the faults, and shew no taste for the beauties, in a work that has always struck the most sensible part of our audiences in a very forcible manner.

The chief subject of this piece is the passion of jealousy, which the poet hath represented at large, in its birth, its various workings and agonies, and its horrid consequences. From this passion, and the innocence and simplicity of the person suspected, arises a very moving distress.

It is a remark, as I remember, of a modern writer, who is thought to have penetrated deeply into the nature of the passions, that 'the most extravagant love is nearest to the strongest hatred.' The Moor is furious in both these extremes. His love is tempestuous, and mingled with a wildness peculiar to his character, which seems very artfully to prepare for the change which is to follow.

How savage, yet how ardent is that expression of the raptures of his heart, when, looking after Desdemona as she withdraws, he breaks out,

'Excellent wench! Perdition catch my soul,
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.'

The deep and subtle villainy of Iago, in working this change from love to jealousy, in so tumultuous a mind as that of Othello, prepossessed with a confidence in the disinterested affection of the man who is leading him on insensibly to his ruin, is likewise drawn with a masterly hand. Iago's broken hints, questions, and seeming care to hide the reason of them; his obscure suggestions to raise the curiosity of the Moor; his personated confusion, and refusing to explain himself while Othello is drawn on, and held in suspence till he grows impatient and angry; then his throwing in the poison, and naming to him in a caution the passion he would raise,

'——O beware of jealousy!——'

are inimitable strokes of art, in that scene which has always been justly esteemed one of the best which was ever represented on the theatre.

To return to the character of Othello; his strife of passions, his starts, his returns of love, and threatenings to Iago, who put his mind on the rack, his relapses afterwards to jealousy, his rage against his wife, and his asking pardon of Iago, whom he thinks he had abused for his fidelity to him, are touches which no one can overlook that has the sentiments of human nature, or has considered the heart of man in its frailties, its penances, and all the variety of its agitations. The torments which the Moor suffers are so exquisitely drawn, as to render him as much an object of compassion, even in the barbarous action of murdering Desdemona, as the innocent person herself who falls under his hand.

But there is nothing in which the poet has more shewn his judgment in this play, than in the cir-

cumstance of the handkerchief, which is employed as a confirmation to the jealousy of Othello already raised. What I would here observe is, that the very slightness of this circumstance is the beauty of it. How finely has Shakspeare expressed the nature of jealousy in those lines, which, on this occasion, he puts into the mouth of Iago,

> 'Trifles light as air
> Are to the jealous, confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ.'

It would be easy for a tasteless critic to turn any of the beauties I have here mentioned into ridicule; but such an one would only betray a mechanical judgment, formed out of borrowed rules and common-place reading, and not arising from any true discernment in human nature, and its passions.

As the moral of this tragedy is an admirable caution against hasty suspicions, and the giving way to the first transports of rage and jealousy, which may plunge a man in a few minutes into all the horrors of guilt, distraction and ruin, I shall further enforce it, by relating a scene of misfortunes of the like kind, which really happened some years ago in Spain; and is an instance of the most tragical hurricane of passion I have ever met with in history. It may be easily conceived that a heart ever big with resentments of its own dignity, and never allayed by reflections which make us honour ourselves for acting with reason and equality, will take fire precipitantly. It will on a sudden flame too high to be extinguished. The short story I am going to tell is a lively instance of the truth of this observation, and a just warning to those of jealous honour, to look about them, and begin to

possess their souls as they ought, for no man of spirit knows how terrible a creature he is, till he comes to be provoked.

Don Alonzo, a Spanish nobleman, had a beautiful and virtuous wife, with whom he had lived for some years in great tranquillity. The gentleman, however, was not free from the faults usually imputed to his nation; he was proud, suspicious, and impetuous. He kept a Moor in his house, whom, on a complaint from his lady, he had punished for a small offence with the utmost severity. The slave vowed revenge, and communicated his resolution to one of the lady's women with whom he lived in a criminal way. This creature also hated her mistress, for she feared she was observed by her; she therefore undertook to make Don Alonzo jealous, by insinuating that the gardener was often admitted to his lady in private, and promising to make him an eye-witness of it. At a proper time agreed on between her and the Morisco, she sent a message to the gardener, that his lady, having some hasty orders to give him, would have him come that moment to her in her chamber. In the mean time she had placed Alonzo privately in an outer room, that he might observe who passed that way. It was not long before he saw the gardener appear. Alonzo had not patience, but, following him into the apartment, struck him at one blow with a dagger to the heart; then dragging his lady by the hair without inquiring farther, he instantly killed her.

Here he paused, looking on the dead bodies with all the agitations of a dæmon of revenge; when the wench who had occasioned these terrors, distracted with remorse, threw herself at his feet, and in a voice of lamentation, without sense of the

consequence, repeated all her guilt. Alonzo was overwhelmed with all the violent passions at one instant, and uttered the broken voices and motions of each of them for a moment, till at last he recollected himself enough to end his agony of love, anger, disdain, revenge, and remorse, by murdering the maid, the Moor, and himself.

Nº 38. FRIDAY, APRIL 24, 1713.

— *Prodire tenus si non datur ultrà.* HOR. 1 Ep. i. 32.

Thus far at least, though here we stop.

I HAVE lately given a precaution concerning the difficulty in arriving at what ought to be esteemed a 'fine gentleman.' That character has been long wholly engrossed by well-drest beaux, and men of sense have given up all pretence to it. The highest any of them contend for is the character of 'a pretty gentleman;' for here the dress may be more careless, and some wit is thought necessary; whereas a fine gentleman is not obliged to converse further than the offering his snuff-box round the room. However, the pretty gentleman must have his airs: and though they are not so pompous as those of the other, yet they are so affected, that few who have understanding can bring themselves to be proficients this way, though ever so useful towards being well received; but, if they fail here, they succeed with some difficulty in being allowed

to have much of the gentleman in them. To obtain this epithet, a man of sense must arrive at a certain desire to appear more than is natural to him; but as the world goes, it is fit he should be encouraged in this attempt, since nothing can mend the general taste, but setting the true character in as public a view as the false. This indeed can never be done to the purpose, while the majority is so great on the wrong side; one of a hundred will have the shout against him; but if people of wit would be as zealous to assist old Ironside, as he is to promote them and their interest, a little time would give these things a new turn. However, I will not despair but I shall be able to summon all the good sense in the nation to my assistance, in my ambition to produce a new race of mankind, to take the places of such as have hitherto pretended to engross the fashion. The university scholar shall be called upon to learn his exercise, and frequent mixt company; the military and the travelled man, to read the best authors; the country gentleman, to divide his time, so as, together with the care of his estate, to make an equal progress in learning, and breeding; and when the several candidates think themselves prepared, I shall appoint under officers to examine their qualifications, and, as I am satisfied with their report, give out my passports recommending them to all companies as 'the Guardian's fine gentlemen.' If my recommendations appear just, I will not doubt but some of the present fine gentlemen will see the necessity of retirement, till they can come abroad with approbation. I have indeed already given out orders in this behalf, and have directed searchers to attend at the inn, where the Oxford and Cambridge coaches stand, and commanded them

to bring any young fellow, of any hopes in the world, directly to my lodgings as soon as he lands, for I will take him though I know I can only make him 'much of a gentleman;' for, when I have gone thus far, one would think it should be easy to make him a 'gentleman-like man.' As the world now goes, we have no adequate idea of what is meant by 'gentlemanly, gentleman-like, or much of a gentleman;' you cannot be cheated at play, but it is certainly done by 'a very gentleman-like man;' you cannot be deceived in your affairs, but it was done in some 'gentlemanly manner;' you cannot be wronged in your bed, but all the world will say of him that did the injury, it must be allowed 'he is very much of a gentleman.' Here is a very pleasant fellow, a correspondent of mine, that puts in for that appellation even to highwaymen. I must confess the gentleman he personates is very apparently such, though I did not look upon that sort of fellow in that light, till he favoured me with his letter, which is as follows:

'MR. IRONSIDE,

'I HAVE been upon the highway these six years, in the Park, at the Play, at Bath, Tunbridge, Epsom, and at every other place where I could have any prospect of stealing a fortune; but have met with no success, being disappointed either by some of your damned Ironside race, or by old cursed curs, who put more bolts on their doors and bars in their windows than are in Newgate. All that see me own I am a 'gentleman-like man;' and, whatever rascally things the grave folks say I am guilty of, they themselves acknowledge I am a 'gentlemanly kind of man,' and in every respect accomplished for running away with a lady. I

have been bred up to no business, am illiterate, have spent the small fortune I had in purchasing favours from the fair sex. The bounty of their purses I have received, as well as the endearments of their persons, but I have gratefully disposed of it among themselves, for I always was a keeper when I was kept. I am fearless in my behaviour, and never fail of putting your bookish sort of fellows, your men of merit, forsooth, out of countenance. I triumph when I see a modest young woman blush at an assembly, or a virgin betrayed into tears at a well-wrought scene in a tragedy. I have long forgot shame, for it proceeds from a consciousness of some defect; and I am, as I told you, 'a gentlemanly man.' I never knew any but you musty philosophers applaud blushes, and you yourselves will allow that they are caused, either by some real imperfection, or the apprehension of some defect where there is not any; but for my part I hate mistakes, and shall not suspect myself wrongfully. Such as I am, if you approve of my person, estate and character, I desire you would admit me as a suitor to one of the Lizards, and beg your speedy answer to this; for it is the last time my black coat will bear scouring, or my long wig buckling.

I am, Sir, the fair ladies,
and your humble servant,
WILL. BAREFACE.'

Those on the highway, who make a stand with a pistol at your breast (compelled perhaps by necessity, misfortune, or driven out of an honest way of life, to answer the wants of a craving family), are much more excusable than those of their fraternity, who join the conversations of gentlemen, and get into a share of their fortunes without one good art

about them. What a crowd of these gentleman-like men are about this town? For from an unjust modesty, and incapacity for common life, the ordinary failings of men of letters and industry in our nation, it happens that impudence suppresses all virtue, and assumes the reward and esteem which are due to it. Hence it is that worthless rogues have the smiles of the fair, and the favours of the great: to be well dressed and in health, and very impudent, in this licentious undistinguishing age, is enough to constitute a person 'very much of a gentleman;' and to this pass are we come, by the prostitution of wit in the cause of vice, which has made the most unreasonable and unnatural things prevail against all the suggestions of common sense. No body denies that we live in a christian country, and yet he who should decline, upon respective opportunities, to commit adultery or murder, would be thought very little of a gentleman.

Nº. 39. SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1713.

——— *Ægri somnia.* HOR. Ars Poet. v. 7.

A sick man's dreams.

MY correspondent, who has acquired the faculty of entering into other mens thoughts, having, in pursuance to a former letter, sent me an account of certain useful discoveries he has made by the help of that invention, I shall communicate the same to the public in this paper.

MR. IRONSIDE,

'On the eleventh day of October, in the year 1712, having left my body locked up safe in my study, I repaired to the Grecian coffee-house, where entering into the pineal gland of a certain eminent free-thinker, I made directly to the highest part of it, which is the seat of the understanding, expecting to find there a comprehensive knowledge of all things human and divine; but to my no small astonishment, I found the place narrower than ordinary, insomuch that there was not any room for a miracle, prophecy, or separate spirit.

'This obliged me to descend a story lower, into the imagination, which I found larger, indeed, but cold and comfortless. I discovered Prejudice, in the figure of a woman, standing in a corner, with her eyes close shut, and her fore-fingers stuck in her ears; many words in a confused order, but spoken with great emphasis, issued from her mouth. These, being condensed by the coldness of the place, formed a sort of mist, through which methought I saw a great castle with a fortification cast round it, and a tower adjoining to it that through the windows appeared to be filled with racks and halters. Beneath the castle I could discern vast dungeons, and all about it lay scattered the bones of men. It seemed to be garrisoned by certain men in black, of a gigantic size, and most terrible forms. But, as I drew near, the terror of the appearance vanished; and the castle I found to be only a church, whose steeple with its clock and bell-ropes was mistaken for a tower filled with racks and halters. The terrible giants in black shrunk into a few innocent clergymen. The dungeons were turned into vaults designed only for

the habitation of the dead; and the fortifications proved to be a church-yard, with some scattered bones in it, and a plain stone-wall round it.

'I had not been long here before my curiosity was raised by a loud noise that I heard in the inferior region. Descending thither I found a mob of the Passions assembled in a riotous manner. Their tumultuary proceedings soon convinced me, that they affected a democracy. After much noise and wrangle, they at length all hearkened to Vanity, who proposed the raising of a great army of notions, which she offered to lead against those dreadful phantoms in the imagination that had occasioned all this uproar.

'Away posted Vanity, and I after her, to the storehouse of ideas; where I beheld a great number of lifeless notions confusedly thrown together, but upon the approach of Vanity they began to crawl. Here were to be seen, among other odd things, sleeping deities, corporeal spirits, and worlds formed by chance; with an endless variety of heathen notions, the most irregular and grotesque imaginable. And with these were jumbled several of Christian extraction; but such was the dress and light they were put in, and their features were so distorted, that they looked little better than heathens. There was likewise assembled no small number of phantoms in strange habits, who proved to be idolatrous priests of different nations. Vanity gave the word, and strait-way the Talapoins, Faquirs, Bramines and Bonzes, drew up in a body. The right wing consisted of ancient heathen notions, and the left of Christians naturalized. All these together, for numbers, composed a very formidable army; but the precipitation of Vanity was so great, and such was their own inbred aversion to the

tyranny of rules and discipline, that they seemed rather a confused rabble than a regular army. I could, nevertheless, observe, that they all agreed in a squinting look, or cast of their eyes towards a certain person in a mask, who was placed in the center, and whom by sure signs and tokens I discovered to be Atheism.

'Vanity had no sooner led her forces into the imagination, but she resolved upon storming the castle, and giving no quarter. They began the assault with loud outcry and great confusion. I, for my part, made the best of my way, and re-entered my own lodging. Some time after, inquiring at a bookseller's for A Discourse on Free-thinking, which had made some noise, I met with the representatives of all those notions drawn up in the same confused order upon paper. Sage Nestor, I am,

Your most obedient humble servant,

ULYSSES COSMÓPOLITA.'

'N.B. I went round the table, but could not find a wit, or mathematician among them.'

I imagine the account here given may be useful in directing to the proper cure of a free-thinker. In the first place, it is plain his understanding wants to be opened and enlarged, and he should be taught the way to order and methodise his ideas; to which end the study of the mathematics may be useful. I am farther of opinion, that as his imagination is filled with amusements, arising from prejudice, and the obscure or false lights in which he sees things, it will be necessary to bring him into good company, and now and then carry him to church; by which means he may in time come to a right sense of religion, and wear off the ill impres-

sions he has received. Lastly, I advise whoever undertakes the reformation of a modern free-thinker, that above all things he be careful to subdue his vanity; that being the principal motive which promotes a little genius to distinguish itself by singularities that are hurtful to mankind.

Or, if the passion of vanity, as it is for the most part very strong in your free-thinkers, cannot be subdued, let it be won over to the interest of religion, by giving them to understand that the greatest Genii of the age have a respect for things sacred; that their rhapsodies find no admirers, and that the name Free-thinker has, like Tyrant of old, degenerated from its original signification, and is now supposed to denote something contrary to wit and reason. In fine, let them know that whatever temptations a few men of parts might formerly have had, from the novelty of the thing, to oppose the received opinions of Christians, yet that now the humour is worn out, and blasphemy and irreligion are distinctions which have long since descended down to lackeys and drawers.

But it must be my business to prevent all pretenders in this kind from hurting the ignorant and unwary. In order to this, I communicated an intelligence which I received of a gentleman's appearing very sorry that he was not well during a late fit of sickness, contrary to his own doctrine, which obliged him to be merry upon that occasion, except he was sure of recovering. Upon this advice to the world, the following advertisement got a place in the Post-boy:

'WHEREAS in the paper called the Guardian, of Saturday the eleventh of April instant, a corollary reflection was made on Monsieur D——, a

member of the royal academy of sciences in Paris, author of a book lately published, entituled,

'A philological Essay, or Reflections on the death of Free-thinkers, with the characters of the most eminent persons of both sexes, ancient and modern, that died pleasantly and unconcerned, &c. Sold by J. Baker in Pater-noster-row.' Suggesting, as if that gentleman, now in London, 'was very much out of humour, in a late fit of sickness, till he was in a fair way of recovery:' This is to assure the public, that the said gentleman never expressed the least concern at the approach of death, but expected the fatal minute with a most heroical and philosophical resignation; of which a copy of verses he writ, in the serene intervals of his distemper, is an invincible proof.'

All that I contend for, is, that this gentleman * was out of humour when he was sick; and the advertiser, to confute me, says, that 'in the serene intervals of his distemper,' that is, when he was not sick, he writ verses. I shall not retract my advertisement till I see those verses, and I will choose what to believe then, except they are underwritten by his nurse, nor then neither, except she is an housekeeper. I must tie this gentleman close to the argument; for, if he had not actually his fit upon him, there is nothing courageous in the thing, nor does it make for his purpose, nor are they heroic verses.

The point of being merry at the hour of death is a matter that ought to be settled by divines; but the publisher of the philological Essay produces his chief authorities from Lucretius, the earl of

* M. Deslandes. See Guard. No. 27, *ad finem.*

Rochester, and Mr. John Dryden, who were gentlemen that did not think themselves obliged to prove all they said, or else proved their assertions, by saying or swearing they were all fools that believed to the contrary. If it be absolutely necessary that a man should be facetious at his death, it would be very well if these gentlemen, Monsieur D——— and Mr. B——— would repent betimes, and not trust to a death-bed ingenuity; by what has appeared hitherto they have only raised our longing to see their posthumous works.

The author of *Poetæ Rusticantis literatum Otium* is but a mere phraseologist, the philological publisher is but a translator; but I expected better usage from Mr. Abel Roper, who is an original.

Nº 40. MONDAY, APRIL 27, 1713.

Compulerantque greges Corydon et Thyrsis in unum:
Ex illo Corydon, Corydon est tempore nobis.

VIRG. Ecl. vii. 2.

Their sheep and goats together graz'd the plains—
Since when, 'tis Corydon among the swains,
Young Corydon without a rival reigns. DRYDEN.

I DESIGNED to have troubled the reader with no farther discourses of pastorals; but, being informed that I am taxed of partiality in not mentioning an author, whose eclogues are published in the same volume with Mr. Philips's, I shall employ

this paper in observations upon him, written in the free spirit of criticism, and without apprehension of offending that gentleman, whose character it is, that he takes the greatest care of his works before they are published, and has the least concern for them afterwards.

I have laid it down as the first rule of pastoral, that its idea should be taken from the manners of the golden age, and the moral formed upon the representation of innocence; it is therefore plain that any deviations from that design degraded a poem from being true pastoral. In this view it will appear that Virgil can only have two of his eclogues allowed to be such. His first and ninth must be rejected, because they describe the ravages of armies, and oppressions of the innocent; Corydon's criminal passion for Alexis throws out the second; the calumny and railing in the third are not proper to that state of concord; the eighth represents unlawful ways of procuring love by enchantments, and introduces a shepherd whom an inviting precipice tempts to self-murder. As to the fourth, sixth and tenth, they are given up by * Heinsius, Salmasius, Rapin, and the critics in general. They likewise observe that but eleven of the Idyllia of Theocritus are to be admitted as pastorals; and even out of that number the greater part will be excluded, for one or other of the reasons above-mentioned. So that when I remarked in a former paper, that Virgil's eclogues, taken altogether, are rather select poems than pastorals, I might have said the same thing, with no less truth, of Theocritus. The reason of this I take to be yet unobserved by the critics, viz. 'They never meant

* See Rapin *de Carm. Past. pars* 3.

them all for pastorals.' Which it is plain Philips hath done, and in that particular excelled both Theocritus and Virgil.

As simplicity is the distinguishing characteristic of pastoral, Virgil has been thought guilty of too courtly a style: his language is perfectly pure, and he often forgets he is among peasants. I have frequently wondered that since he was so conversant in the writings of Ennius, he had not imitated the rusticity of the Doric, as well, by the help of the old obsolete Roman language, as Philips hath the antiquated English. For example, might he not have said '*quoi*' instead of '*cui*;' '*quoijum*' for '*cujum*;' '*volt*' for '*vult*,' &c. as well as our modern hath '*welladay*' for '*alas*,' '*whilome*' for '*of old*,' '*make mock*' for '*deride*,' and '*whitless younglings*' for '*simple lambs*,' &c. by which means he had attained as much of the air of Theocritus, as Philips hath of Spenser?

Mr. Pope hath fallen into the same error with Virgil. His clowns do not converse in all the simplicity proper to the country. His names are borrowed from Theocritus and Virgil, which are improper to the scene of his pastorals. He introduces Daphnis, Alexis, and Thyrsis on British plains, as Virgil had done before him on the Mantuan: whereas Philips, who hath the strictest regard to propriety, makes choice of names peculiar to the country, and more agreeable to a reader of delicacy; such as Hobbinol, Lobbin, Cuddy, and Colin Clout.

So easy as pastoral writing may seem (in the simplicity we have described it), yet it requires great reading, both of the ancients and moderns, to be a master of it. Philips hath given us manifest proofs of his knowledge of books; it must be con-

fessed his competitor hath imitated some single thoughts of the ancients well enough, if we consider he had not the happiness of an university education; but he hath dispersed them here and there, without that order and method which Mr. Philips observes, whose whole third pastoral is an instance how well he hath studied the fifth of Virgil, and how judiciously reduced Virgil's thoughts to the standard of pastoral; as his contention of Colin Clout and the Nightingale, shows with what exactness he hath imitated Strada.

When I remarked it as a principal fault to introduce fruits and flowers of a foreign growth, in descriptions where the scene lies in our country, I did not design that observation should extend also to animals, or the sensitive life; for Philips hath with great judgement described wolves in England, in his first pastoral *. Nor would I have a poet slavishly confine himself (as Mr. Pope hath done) to one particular season of the year, one certain time of the day, and one unbroken scene in each eclogue. It is plain Spenser neglected this pedantry, who in his pastoral of November, mentions the mournful song of the nightingale.

'Sad Philomel her song in tears doth steep.'

And Mr. Philips, by a poetical creation, hath raised up finer beds of flowers than the most industrious gardener; his roses, lilies and daffodils, blow in the same season.

But the better to discover the merits of our two contemporary pastoral writers, I shall endeavour to draw a parallel of them, by setting several of

* Ossian has forgot them, as Mr. Pennant acutely observes. A.

their particular thoughts in the same light, whereby it will be obvious how much Philips hath the advantage. With what simplicity he introduces two shepherds singing alternately:

'*Hobb.* Come, Rosalind, O come, for without thee
What pleasure can the country have for me.
Come, Rosalind, O come: My brinded kine,
My snowy sheep, my farm, and all, is thine.
Lanq. Come, Rosalind, O come; here shady bowers,
Here are cool fountains, and here springing flow'rs.
Come, Rosalind; here ever let us stay,
And sweetly waste our live-long time away.'

Our other pastoral writer, in expressing the same thought, deviates into downright poetry.

Streph. In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; forc'd from Delia's sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.
Daph. Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
Ev'n spring displeases when she shines not here:
But, blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

In the first of these authors, two shepherds thus innocently describe the behaviour of their mistresses.

'*Hobb.* As Marian bath'd, by chance I passed by;
She blush'd, and at me cast a side-long eye:
Then swift beneath the crystal wave she try'd
Her beauteous form, but all in vain, to hide.
Lanq. As I to cool me bath'd one sultry day,
Fond Lydia lurking in the sedges lay;
The wanton laugh'd and seem'd in haste to fly;
Yet often stopp'd, and often turn'd her eye.'

The other modern (who it must be confessed hath a knack of versifying) hath it as follows:

'*Streph.* Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh, to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

Daph. The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

There is nothing the writers of this kind of poetry are fonder of, than descriptions of pastoral presents. Philips says thus of a sheep-hook:

'Of season'd elm; where studs of brass appear,
To speak the giver's name, the month, and year,
The hook of polish'd steel, the handle turn'd,
And richly by the graver's skill adorn'd.'

The other of a bowl embossed with figures:

'——— where wanton ivy twines;
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines;
Four figures rising from the work appear,
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve bright signs in beauteous order lie?'

The simplicity of the swain in this place, who forgets the name of the Zodiac, is no ill imitation of Virgil; but how much more plainly and unaffected would Philips have dressed this thought in his Doric?

And what That height, which girds the Welkin sheen,
Where twelve gay signs in meet array are seen?

If the reader would indulge his curiosity any farther in the comparison of particulars, he may read the first pastoral of Philips with the second of his contemporary, and the fourth and sixth of the former, with the fourth and first of the latter; where several parallel places will occur to every one.

Having now shown some parts, in which these two writers may be compared, it is a justice I owe

to Mr. Philips, to discover those in which no man can compare with him. First, that beautiful rusticity, of which I shall only produce two instances, out of a hundred not yet quoted:

'O woful day! O day of woe, quoth he,
And woful I, who live the day to see?'

That simplicity of diction, the melancholy flowing of the numbers, the solemnity of this sound, and the easy turn of the words, in this dirge (to make use of our author's expression) are extremely elegant.

In another of his pastorals a shepherd utters a dirge not much inferior to the former, in the following lines:

'Ah me the while! ah me, the luckless day!
Ah luckless lad, the rather might I say;
Ah silly I! more silly than my sheep,
Which on the flow'ry plains I once did keep.'

How he still charms the ear with these artful repetitions of the epithets; and how significant is the last verse! I defy the most common reader to repeat them without feeling some motions of compassion.

In the next place I shall rank his proverbs, in which I formerly observed he excels. For example,

'A rolling stone is ever bare of moss;
And, to their cost, green years old proverbs cross.
———He that late lies down, as late will rise,
And, sluggard-like, till noon-day snoring lies,
Against ill luck all cunning foresight fails;
Whether we sleep or wake it nought avails.
———Nor fear, from upright sentence, 'wrong.'

Lastly his elegant dialect, which alone might prove him the eldest born of Spenser, and our only true

Arcadian; I should think it proper for the several writers of pastoral, to confine themselves to their several counties: Spenser seems to have been of this opinion; for he hath laid the scene of one of his pastorals in Wales, where, with all the simplicity natural to that part of our island, one shepherd bids the other good-morrow in an unusual and elegant manner.

'Diggon Davey, I bid hur God-day;
Or Diggon hur is, or I mis-say.

Diggon answers,

'Hur was hur while it was day-light:
But now hur is a most wretched wight,' &c.

But the most beautiful example of this kind that I ever met with, is a very valuable piece which I chanced to find among some old manuscripts, entituled, A Pastoral Ballad; which I think, for its nature and simplicity, may (notwithstanding the modesty of the title) be allowed a perfect pastoral. It is composed in the Somersetshire dialect, and the names such as are proper to the country people. It may be observed, as a farther beauty of this pastoral, the words Nymph, Dryad, Naiad, Faun, Cupid, or Satyr, are not once mentioned through the whole. I shall make no apology for inserting some few lines of this excellent piece. Cicily breaks thus into the subject, as she is going a milking;

'*Cicily.* Rager go vetch tha * kee, or else tha zun
Will quite be go, bevore c'have half a don.
Roger. Thou shouldst not ax ma tweece, but I've a be
To dreave our bull to bull tha parson's kee.'

It is to be observed, that this whole dialogue is formed upon the passion of jealousy; and his men-

* That is the kine or cows.

tioning the parson's kine naturally revives the jealousy of the shepherdess Cicily, which she expresses as follows:

'*Cicily.* Ah Rager, Rager, chez was zore avraid
When in yond vield you kiss'd tha parson's maid:
Is this the love that once to me you zed
When from tha wake thou broughtst me gingerbread?
Roger. Cicily thou charg'st me false—I'll zwear to thee,
Tha parson's maid is still a maid for me.'

In which answer of his are expressed at once that 'spirit of religion,' and that 'innocence of the golden age,' so necessary to be observed by all writers of pastoral.

At the conclusion of this piece, the author reconciles the lovers, and ends the eclogue the most simply in the world:

'So Rager parted vor to vetch tha kee,
And vor her bucket in went Cicily.'

I am loth to shew my fondness for antiquity so far as to prefer this ancient British author to our present English writers of pastoral; but I cannot avoid making this obvious remark, that both Spenser and Philips have hit into the same road with this old west country bard of ours.

After all that hath been said I hope none can think it any injustice to Mr. Pope, that I forbore to mention him as a pastoral-writer; since upon the whole he is of the same class with Moschus and Bion, whom we have excluded that rank; and of whose eclogues, as well as some of Virgil's, it may be said, that according to the description we have given of this sort of poetry, they are by no means pastorals, but 'something better.'

N° 41. TUESDAY, APRIL 28, 1713.

Even churches are no sanctuaries now.
Epilogue to CATO.

THE following letter has so much truth and reason in it, that I believe every man of sense and honour in England, will have a just indignation against the person who could commit so great a violence, as that of which my correspondent complains.

' TO THE AUTHOR OF THE GUARDIAN.

' SIR,

' I CLAIM a place in your paper for what I now write to you, from the declaration which you made at your first appearance, and the very title you assume to yourself.

' If the circumstance, which I am going to mention, is over-looked by one who calls himself Guardian, I am sure honour and integrity, innocence and virtue, are not the objects of his care.—The Examiner ends his discourse of Friday the twenty-fourth instant with these words:

" No sooner was D——— * among the whigs, and confirmed past retrieving, but lady Char—te † is taken knotting in saint James's chapel during

* Earl of Nottingham.

† His daughter lady Charlotte Finch, afterwards duchess of Somerset.

divine service, in the immediate presence both of God and her majesty, who were affronted together, that the family might appear to be entirely come over. I spare the beauty for the sake of her birth; but certainly there was no occasion for so public a proof, that her fingers are more dextrous in tying a knot, than her father's brains in perplexing the government."

'It is apparent that the person here intended is by her birth a lady, and daughter of an earl of Great Britain; and the treatment this author is pleased to give her, he makes no scruple to own she is exposed to, by being his daughter. Since he has assumed a licence to talk of this nobleman in print to his disadvantage, I hope his lordship will pardon me, that out of the interest which I, and all true Englishmen, have in his character, I take the liberty to defend him.

'I am willing on this occasion, to allow the claim and pretension to merit to be such, as the same author describes in his preceding paper.

"By active merit (says the Examiner of the twenty-first) I understand, not only the power and ability to serve, but the actual exercise of any one or more virtues, for promoting the good of one's country, and a long and steady course of real endeavours to appear useful in a government; or where a person, eminently qualified for public affairs, distinguishes himself in some critical juncture, and at the expence of his ease and fortune, or with the hazard of his person, exposes himself to the malice of a designing faction, by thwarting their wicked purposes, and contributing to the safety, repose and welfare of a people."

'Let us examine the conduct of this noble earl by this description. Upon the late glorious re-

volution when it was in debate in what manner the people of England should express their gratitude to their deliverer, this lord, from the utmost tenderness and loyalty to his unhappy prince, and apprehensive of the danger of so great a change, voted against king William's accession to the throne. However his following services sufficiently testified the truth of that his memorable expression, "Though he could not make a king he could obey him." The whole course and tenour of his life ever since has been visibly animated, by a steady and constant zeal for the monarchy and episcopacy of these realms. He has been ever reviled by all who are cold to the interests of our established religion, or dissenters from it, as a favourer of persecution, and a bigot to the church, against the civil rights of his fellow-subjects. Thus it stood with him at the trial of doctor Sacheverell, when this noble earl had a very great share in obtaining the gentle sentence which the house of lords pronounced on that occasion. But, indeed, I have not heard that any of his lordship's dependents joined saint Harry * in the pilgrimage which "that meek man" took afterwards round England, followed by drum, trumpet and acclamations to "visit the churches."—Civil prudence made it, perhaps, necessary to throw the public affairs into such hands as had no pretensions to popularity in either party, but from the distribution of the queen's favours.

'During such, and other later transactions (which are too fresh to need being recounted) the earl of Nottingham has had the misfortune to differ with the lords who have the honour to be employed

* Dr. Henry Sacheverell.

in the administration; but even among these incidents he has highly distinguished himself in procuring an act of parliament, to prevent that those who dissent from the church should serve in the state.

'I hope these are great and critical junctures, wherein this gentleman has shewn himself a patriot and lover of the church in as eminent manner as any other of his fellow-subjects. "He has at all times, and in all seasons, shown the same steady abhorrence to all innovations." But it is from this behaviour, that he has deserved so ill of the Examiner, as to be termed a "late convert" to those whom he calls factious, and introduced in his profane dialogue of April the 6th, with a servant, and a mad-woman. I think I have, according to the Examiner's own description of merit, shewn how little this nobleman deserves such treatment. I shall now appeal to all the world, to consider whether the outrage committed against the young lady had not been cruel, and insufferable, towards the daughter of the highest offender.

'The utmost malice and invention could go no farther than to forge a story of her having inadvertently done an indifferent action in a sacred place. Of what temper can this man be made, that could have no sense of the pangs he must give a young lady to be barely mentioned in a public paper, much more to be named in a libellous manner, as having offended God and man.

'But the wretch, as dull as he is wicked, felt it strike on his imagination, that knotting and perplexing would make a quaint sting at the end of his paper, and had no compunction, though he introduced his witticism at the expence of a young lady's quiet, and (as far as in him lies) her honour.

Does he thus finish his discourse of religion? This is indeed "to lay at us, and make every blow fell to the ground."

'There is no party concerned in this circumstance; but every man that hopes for a virtuous woman to his wife, that would defend his child, or protect his mistress, ought to receive this insolence as done to himself. "In the immediate presence of God and her majesty, that the family might appear to be intirely come over," says the fawning miscreant.—It is very visible which of those powers (that he has put together) he is the more fearful of offending. But he mistakes his way in making his court to a pious sovereign, by naming her with the Deity, in order to find protection for insulting a virtuous woman, who comes to call upon him in the royal chapel.

'If life be (as it ought to be with people of their character, whom the Examiner attacks) less valuable and dear than honour and reputation, in that proportion is the Examiner worse than an assassin. We have stood by and tamely heard him aggravate the disgraces of the brave and unfortunate. We have seen him double the anguish of the unhappy man, we have seen him trample on the ashes of the dead; but all this has concerned greater life, and could touch only public characters, they did but remotely affect our private and domestic interests; but when due regard is not had to the honour of women, all human society is assaulted. The highest person in the world is of that sex, and has the utmost sensibility of an outrage committed against it. She, who was the best wife that ever prince was blessed with, will, though she sits on a throne, jealously regard the honour of a young lady who has not entered into that condition.

'Lady Char—te's quality will make it impossible that this cruel usage can escape her majesty's notice; and it is the business of every honest man to trace the offender, and expose him to the indignation of his sovereign.'

Nº 42. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1713.

Non missura cutem, nisi plena cruoris hirudo.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. ult.

Sticking like leeches till they burst with blood.

ROSCOMMON.

Tom Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templer, was highly delighted with it, and the next day being with some of his inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence, or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin, and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave; it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and as I have no-

thing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain, that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light, than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination, and a mirthful temper, will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life; yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well, that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end; but this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks, and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could

I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, tho' upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those, who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to shew their parts with too much ostentation: I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate, or enliven it. Stories, that are very common, are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at, and mentioned by way of allusion. Those, that are altogether new, should never be ushered in, without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned; because, by that means, you make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us administer more mirth, than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance, in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly, that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch

narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly. So that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story, and the manner of conducting and pointing it, is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters, and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating, and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'that's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists; so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great trangressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy,—he's gone—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner, when such a thing happened; in what ditch his bay stone-horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John,—no! it was William, started a hare in the common field; that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and inter-marriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed; and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July, or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in

the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and inchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another, in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but, father,' saith the son, 'let us have the spirit in the wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but, father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith sir Harry, with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that: but it is a pleasant conceit, to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order; and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he strokes his belly, and says with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, sir Harry?'

replies my lady, 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent stomach.' At this, his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs. Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent; in opposition to those gloomy mortals, who disdain every thing but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift every thing with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour, pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those, who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats, and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well! and what then?' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence: and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment *.

* The biſhop of Bangor was at a whig-feaſt, where John Sly of facetious memory, being mellow, came into the room on his knees, with a frothing quart tankard in his hand, which he drank off 'to the immortal memory,' and retired in like manner. Hoadly was observing this with great gravity, when the author of this paper, No 42, who sat next his lordship, whispered him in the ear, 'laugh my good lord, it is humanity to laugh.'

This anecdote of Steele is given on the written authority of the biſhop's son, Dr. John Hoadly.

N° 43. THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1713.

Effutire leves indigna Tragœdia versus,
Ut festis Matrona moveri jussa diebus.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 231.

—— Tragedy shou'd blush as much to stoop
To the low mimic follies of a farce,
As a grave matron would to dance with girls.
ROSCOMMON.

I HAD for some days observed something in agitation, which was carried by smiles and whispers, between my lady Lizard and her daughters, with a professed declaration that Mr. Ironside should not be in the secret. I would not trespass upon the integrity of the Sparkler so much as to solicit her to break her word even in a trifle; but I take it for an instance of her kindness to me, that as soon as she was at liberty, she was impatient to let me know it, and this morning sent me the following billet.

'SIR,

'MY brother Tom waited upon us all last night to Cato; we sat in the first seats in the box of the eighteen-penny gallery. You must come hither this morning, for we shall be full of debates about the characters. I was for Marcia last night, but find that partiality was owing to the awe I was under in her father's presence; but this morning Lucia is my woman. You will tell me

whether I am right or no when I see you; but I think it is a more difficult virtue to forbear going into a family, though she was in love with the heir of it, for no other reason but because her happiness was inconsistent with the tranquillity of the whole * house to which she should be allied. I say, I think it a more generous virtue in Lucia to conquer her love from this motive, than in Marcia to suspend hers in the present circumstances of her father and her country: but pray be here to settle these matters. I am,

your most obliged and
obedient humble servant,
MARY LIZARD.'

I made all the haste imaginable to the family, where I found Tom with the play in his hand, and the whole company with a sublime chearfulness in their countenance, all ready to speak to me at once; and before I could draw my chair, my lady herself repeated:

' 'Tis not a set of features, or complexion,
The tincture of a skin that I admire;
Beauty soon grows familiar to the lover,
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex;
True, she is fair; (oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely maid improves her charms
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,
And sanctity of manners.'

I was going to speak, when Mrs. Cornelia stood up, and with the most gentle accent and sweetest tone of voice succeeded her mother:

* 'Whole' ought to have been left out here, and the reason surely is a very strong one. A.

'So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains
Of rushing torrents and descending rains,
Works itself clear, and as it runs refines,
Till by degrees the floating mirror shines,
Reflects each flower that on the border grows,
And a new heaven in its fair bosom shows.'

I thought now they would have given me time to draw a chair; but the Sparkler took hold of me, and I heard her with the utmost delight pursue her admiration of Lucia in the words of Portius:

'——— Athwart the terrors that thy vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy charms,
Loveliest of women! Heaven is in thy soul,
Beauty and virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other; thou art all divine!'

When the ladies had done speaking, I took the liberty to take my place; while Tom, who, like a just courtier, thinks the interest of his prince and country the same, dwelt upon these lines:

'Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,
The generous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age, by your renown'd fore-fathers,
(So dearly bought, the price of so much blood.)
O let it never perish in your hands!
But piously transmit it to your children.'

Though I would not take notice of it at that time, it went to my heart that Annabella, for whom I have long had some apprehensions, said nothing on this occasion, but indulged herself in the sneer of a little mind, to see the rest so much affected. Mrs. Betty also, who knows forsooth more than us all, overlooked the whole drama, but acknowledged the dresses of Syphax and Juba were prettily imagined. The love of virtue, which has been so warmly roused by this admirable piece in all parts

of the theatre, is an unanswerable instance of how great force the stage might be towards the improvement of the world, were it regarded and encouraged as much as it ought. There is no medium in this case, for the advantage of action, and the representation of vice and virtue in an agreeable or odious manner before our eyes, are so irresistably prevalent, that the theatre ought to be shut up, or carefully governed, in any nation that values the promotion of virtue or guard of innocence among its people. Speeches or sermons will ever suffer, in some degree, from the characters of those that make them; and mankind are so unwilling to reflect on what makes for their own mortification, that they are ever cavilling against the lives of those who speak in the cause of goodness, to keep themselves in countenance, and continue in beloved infirmities. But in the case of the stage, envy and detraction are baffled, and none are offended, but all insensibly won by personated characters, which they neither look upon as their rivals, or superiors; every man that has any degree of what is laudable in a theatrical character, is secretly pleased, and encouraged, in the prosecution of that virtue, without fancying any man about him has more of it. To this purpose I fell a talking at the tea-table, when my lady Lizard, with a look of some severity towards Annabella and Mrs. Betty, was pleased to say, that it must be from some trifling prepossession of mind that any one could be unmoved with the characters of this tragedy; nor do I yet understand to what circumstance in the family her ladyship alluded, when she made all the company look serious, and rehearsed, with a tone more exalted, those words of the heroine,

'In spite of all the virtues we can boast,
The woman that deliberates is lost.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

'WHEREAS Bat Pigeon in the Strand, hair-cutter to the family of the Lizards, has attained to great proficiency in his art, Mr. Ironside advises all persons of fine heads, in order to have justice done them, to repair to that industrious mechanic.

'N. B. Mr. Pigeon has orders to talk with, and examine into the parts and characters of young persons, before he thins the covering near the seat of the brain.'

N° 44. FRIDAY, MAY 1, 1713.

——— *Hoc iter Elysium nobis.* VIRG. Æn. vi. 542.

This path conducts us to th' Elysian fields.

I HAVE frequently observed in the walks belonging to all the inns of court, a set of old fellows who appear to be humourists, and wrapped up in themselves; but have long been at a loss when I have seen them smile, and name my name as I passed by, and say, Old Ironside wears well. I am a mere boy to some of them who frequent Gray's-inn, but am not a little pleased to find they are even with the world, and return upon it its neglect towards them, which is all the defence we old fellows have against the petulancy of young people. I am very glad to observe that these sages of this peripatetic sect study tranquillity and indolence of body and mind, in the neighbourhood of so much contention

as is carried on among the students of Littleton. The following letter gives us some light into the manners and maxims of these philosophers.

'TO THE GUARDIAN.

' SIR,

' As the depredations of time and fortune have been lamented in all ages, those persons who have resisted and disputed the tyranny of either of these, have employed the sublimest speculations of the writers in all languages. As these deceased heroes have had their places judiciously assigned them already in the temple of fame, I would immortalize some persons now alive, who to me are greater objects of envy, both as their bravery is exercised with the utmost tranquillity and pleasure to themselves, and as they are substantially happy on this side the grave, in opposition to all the Greek and Latin scraps to the contrary.

' As therefore I am naturally subject to cruel inroads from the spleen, as I affirm all evil to come from the east, as I am the weather-glass of every company I come into, I sometimes, according to Shakspeare,

> ' Sit like my grandsire cut in alabaster,
> Sleep while I wake, and creep into the jaundice
> By being peevish. ———— '

' I would furnish out a table of merry fame, in envious admiration of those jovial blades, who disappoint the strokes of age and fortune with the same gaiety of soul, as when through youth or affluence they were in their prime for fancy, frolic, and atchievement. There are, you may observe, in all public walks, persons who by a singular shab-

biness of their attire, make a very ridiculous appearance in the opinion of the men of dress. They are very sullen and involved, and appear in such a state of distress and tribulation as to be thought inconsolable. They are generally of that complexion which was in fashion during the pleasurable reign of Charles the Second. Some of them, indeed, are of a lighter brown, whose fortunes fell with that of king James. Now these, who are the jest of such as take themselves, and the world usually takes, to be in prosperity, are the very persons whose happiness, were it understood, would be looked upon with burning envy. I fell into the discovery of them in the following manner. One day last summer, being particularly under the dominion of the spleen, I resolved to sooth my melancholy in the company of such, whose appearance promised a full return of any complaints I could possibly utter. Living near Gray's-inn walk, I went thither in search of the persons above described, and found some of them seated upon a bench, where as Milton sings,

> ' ——— the unpierced shade
> Imbrowned their noontide bower.'

' I squeezed in among them, and they did not only receive my moanings with singular humanity, but gave me all possible encouragement to enlarge them. If the blackness of my spleen raised any imaginary distemper of body, some one of them immediately sympathized with me. If I spoke of any disappointment in my fortune, another of them would abate my sorrowing by recounting to me his own defeat upon the very same circumstances. If I touched upon overlooked merit, the whole assembly seemed to condole with me very feelingly

upon that particular. In short, I could not make myself so calamitous in mind, body, or circumstances, but some one of them was upon a level with me. When I had wound up my discourse, and was ripe for their intended raillery, at first they crowned my narration with several piteous sighs and groans, but after a short pause, and a signal given for the onset, they burst out into a most incomprehensible fit of laughter. You may be sure I was notably out of countenance, which gave occasion to a second explosion of the same mirth. What troubled me most was, that their figure, age, and short swords, preserved them from any imputation of cowardice upon refusal of battle, and their number from insult. I had now no other way to be upon good terms with them, but desiring I might be admitted into this fraternity. This was at first vigorously opposed, it being objected to me, that I affected too much the appearance of an happy man, to be received into a society so proud of appearing the most afflicted. However, as I only seemed to be what they really were, I am admitted by way of triumph upon probation for a year: and if within that time it shall be possible for them to infuse any of their gaiety into me, I can, at Monmouth-street, upon mighty easy terms, purchase the robes necessary for my installment into this order; and when they have made me as happy, shall be willing to appear as miserable as any of this assembly. I confess I have ever since been ashamed, that I should once take that place to be sacred to the disconsolate, which I now must affirm to be the only Elysium on this side the Styx; and that ever I should look upon those personages as lively instances of the outrage of time and fortune, who disallowed their empire with such inimitable bra-

very. Some of these are pretty good classical scholars, and they follow these studies always walking, upon account of a certain sentence in Pliny's epistles to the following effect. "It is inconceivable how much the understanding is enlivened by the exercise of the body." If therefore their author is a little difficult, you will see them fleeting with a very precipitate pace, and when it has been very perplexed and abstruse, I have seen a couple of these students prepare their apprehensions by still quicker motions, 'till they run into wisdom. These courses do not only make them go through their studies with pleasure and profit, but there is more spirit and vigour in their dialogues after the heat and hurry of these perambulations. This place was chosen as the peculiar resort of those sages; not only upon account of its air and situation, but in regard to certain edifices and seats therein raised with great magnificence and convenience: and here, after the toils of their walks, and upon any stress of weather, these blessed inhabitants assemble themselves. There is one building particularly, in which, if the day permit, they have the most frequent conferences, not so much because of the loveliness of its eminence, as a sentence of literature incircling the extremities of it, which I think is as follows: "*Franciscus Bacon Eques Auratus Executor Testamenti Jeremiæ Bettenham Hujus Hospitii Viri Abstemii et Contemplativi Hanc Sedem posuit in Memoriam Ejusdem.*" Now this structure being erected in honourable memory of the abstemious the contemplative Mr. Bettenham, they take frequent occasion to rally this erudition, which is to continue the remembrance of a person, who, according to their translation of the words, being confessed to have been

of most splenetic memory, ought rather to lie buried in oblivion.

Lest they should flag in their own way of conversation, they admit a fair-one to relieve them with hers. There are two or three thin existences among them, which I think I may call the ghosts of departed beaus, who pay their court more particularly to this lady, though their passion never rises higher than a kiss, which is always

> 'Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
> And sweet reluctant amorous delay.' MILTON.

'As it is the character of this fraternity to turn their seeming misfortunes to their advantage, they affirm it to be the greatest indulgence imaginable in these amours, that nature perpetuates their good inclinations to the fair, by an inability to extinguish them.

'During my year of probation, I am to prepare myself with such parts of history as have engaged their application during the leisure of their ill-fortune; I am therefore to read Rushworth and Clarendon, in the perusal of which authors I am not obliged to enter into the justness of their reflections and characters, but am desired to read, with an eye particularly curious, the battles of Marston-moor and Edge-hill, in one of which every man of this assembly has lost a relation; and each has a story which none who has not read those battles is able to taste.

'I had almost forgot to mention a most unexampled piece of their gallantry. Some time since, in a prodigious foggy morning, I went in search of these persons to their usual place of resort, and perhaps shall hardly be believed, when I affirm, that, notwithstanding they sucked-in so

condensed and poisonous an æther, I found them enjoying themselves with as much vivacity, as if they had breathed in the serenity of Montpelier.

I am, Sir,

your humble servant,

J. W.'

Nº 45. SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1713.

I DO not know that I have been more intimately moved with pity in my whole life, than when I was reading a letter from a young woman, not yet nineteen, in which there are these lamentable words, 'Alas! whither shall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, and left me.' The circumstances of her story are only those ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than she could expect would address her upon honourable terms; but she said to herself, 'She had wit and beauty, and such charms as often captivate so far as to make men forget those meaner considerations, and innocent freedoms were not to be denied. A gentleman of condition is not to be shunned purely for being such; and they who took notice of it, did it only out of malice, because they were not used by him with the same distinction.' But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, consider with horror the insolence of wealth. Fortune does in a great measure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go so far, innocence is helpless, and oppression

unpunished without its assistance; for this reason it is, that I would strictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whose circumstances can support them against their falsehood, and have the fashion of a base self-interested world on their side, which, instead of avenging the cause of an abused woman, will proclaim her dishonour; while the person injured is shunned like a pestilence, he who did the wrong sees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he the less welcome to the rest of the sex, who are still within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumstance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon those who have greatest merit and understanding. Gentleness of disposition, and taste of polite conversation, I have often known snares towards vice in some, whilst sullenness and disrelish of any thing that was agreeable, have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correspondent's letter before me; and she says she is sure, 'he is so much a gentleman, and he has that natural softness, that if he reads any thing moving on this subject in my paper, it will certainly make him think.' Poor girl! 'Cæsar ashamed! Has not he seen Pharsalia?' Does the poor creature imagine that a scrip of paper, a collection of sentences, and an old man's talk of pleasure which he is past, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a series of falsehood; let drop ambiguous sentences in her absence, to give her false hope from the repetition of them by some friend that heard them; that could pass as much time in the pursuit of her, as would have attained some useful art or science; and that only to attain a short revel of his senses, under a stupor of faith, ho-

nour, and conscience! No; the destruction of a well-educated young woman is not accomplished by the criminal who is guilty of it, in a sudden start of desire; he is not surprised into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, skill, and meditation. It is no small aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thousand times conquered and resisted, even while it is prosecuted. He that waits for fairer occasions, for riper wishes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conquest of any certain scruple, has it in his power to obey his conscience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain, and a destroyer. There can be nothing said for such an evil: but that the restraints of shame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of custom. I do not, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; they may be some way efficacious on those who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, that our sex has usurped a certain authority to exclude chastity out of the catalogue of masculine virtues, by which means females adventure all, against those who have nothing to lose; and they have nothing but empty sighs, tears, and reproaches, against those who reduced them to real sorrow, and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chastity as the noblest male qualification.

It is methinks very unreasonable, that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them honourable, but in this case the very attempt is become ridiculous. But, in spite of all the raillery of the world, truth is still truth, and will have beauties inseparable from it. I should upon this occasion bring examples of heroic chas-

tity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modish part of the town, who go no farther, at best, than the mere absence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiseworthy. In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus reported to his majesty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyric by telling him, that since he was at leisure he would carry him to visit her: but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, answered the pimp, because he was a man of quality, without roughness, and said with a smile, 'If I should visit her upon your introduction now I have leisure, I do not know but I might go again upon her own invitation, when I ought to be better employed.' But when I cast about all the instances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one so generous, so honest, and so noble, as that of Joseph in holy writ. When his master had trusted him so unreservedly (to speak it in the emphatical manner of the scripture) 'He knew not aught he had save the bread which he did eat,' he was so unhappy as to appear irresistibly beautiful to his mistress; but when this shameless woman proceeds to solicit him, how gallant is his answer! 'Behold my master wotteth not what is with me in the house, and hath committed all that he hath to my hand, there is none greater in the house than I, neither hath he kept back any thing from me but thee, because thou art his wife.' The same argument, which a base mind would have made to itself for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greatest motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falsehood of the disappointed woman naturally arose on that occasion, and there is but a short step from the practice

of virtue, to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth serious consideration in both sexes, and the matter is of importance enough to them, to ask themselves whether they would change lightness of heart, indolence of mind, chearful meals, untroubled slumbers, and gentle dispositions, for a constant pruriency, which shuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with insensibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their species.

A loose behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is serious, flowing from some degree of this petulancy, is observable in the generality of the youth of both sexes in this age. It is the one common face of most public meetings, and breaks in upon the sobriety, I will not say severity, that we ought to exercise in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of those in the same inclinations, at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my protest that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propose, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only answer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occasion, when a young fellow, just come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery against the continency of his principal character, if I had been alone with a lady I should not have passed my time like your Spartan; 'That may be,' answered the bard with a very grave face, 'but give me leave to tell you, sir, you are no hero.'

N° 46. MONDAY, MAY 4, 1713.

Sola est cœlesti digna reperta toro.

OVID, 3 Ep. de Ponto, i. 118.

Alone found worthy a celestial bed.

YESTERDAY, at my lady Lizard's tea-table, the discourse happened to turn upon women of renown; such as have distinguished themselves in the world by surprising actions, or by any great and shining qualities, so as to draw upon themselves the envy of their own sex, and the admiration of ours. My lady has been curious in collecting the lives of the most famous, of which she has a considerable number, both in print and manuscript. This naturally led me to speak of madam Maintenon; and, at the request of my lady and her daughters, I have undertaken to put together such circumstances of her life, as I had formerly gathered out of books, and picked up from conversation in my travels.

"Madam Maintenon was born a gentlewoman, her name is Frances Daubigné. Monsieur Daubigné, her grandfather, was not only a person of condition, but likewise of great merit. He was born in the year 1550, and died in 1630, in the 80th year of his age. A little before his death he writ his own epitaph, which is engraven upon his tomb-stone in the cloister of St. Peter's church at Geneva, and may be seen in Spon's history of that republic. He was a leading man among the Protestants in France, and much courted to come over

to the opposite party. When he perceived there was no safety for him any longer in his own country, he fled for refuge to Geneva, about the year 1619. The magistrates and the clergy there, received him with great marks of honour and distinction; and he passed the remaining part of his life amongst them in great esteem. Mezeray (the French historian) says, that he was a man of great courage and boldness, of a ready wit, and of a fine taste in polite learning, as well as of good experience in matters of war.

"The son of this Daubigné was father to the present madam Maintenon. This gentleman was thrown into prison when he was but a youth, for what reason I cannot learn; but his life it seems, was in question, if the keeper of the prison's daughter (touched with his misfortunes and his merit) had not determined with herself to set him at liberty. Accordingly a favourable opportunity presenting itself, she set the prisoner at large, and accompanied him herself in his flight. The lovers finding themselves now in no danger of being apprehended, monsieur Daubigné acquitted himself of the promise he had given his fair deliverer, and married her publicly. To provide against their immediate want in a strange place, she had taken with her what she found at home most valuable and easy to be carried off. All this was converted into money; and while their little treasure lasted, our new-married couple thought themselves the happiest persons living. But their provision now began to fail, and monsieur Daubigné, who plainly saw the straits to which they must be in little time reduced, notwithstanding all his love and tenderness, thought he should soon be in a far worse condition, than that from which he had so lately

escaped. But what most afflicted him was to see that his wife, whom he loved so tenderly, must be reduced to the utmost necessity, and that too at a time when she was big with child.

"Monsieur Daubigné, pressed with these difficulties, formed to himself a very hazardous resolution; and since the danger he saw in it was only to his person, he put it in execution, without ever consulting his wife. The purpose he entered upon, was to venture back into France, and to endeavour there to get up some of his effects, and in a short time to have the pleasure of returning to his wife with some little means of subsistence. He flattered himself, that he was now no longer thought of in his own country, and that, by the help of a friend, he might continue there unknown for some time. But upon trial it happened quite otherwise, for he was betrayed by those in whom he confided; so that he was a second time cast into prison. I should have mentioned, that he left his wife without ever taking leave; and that the first notice she had of his design was by a letter, which he sent her from the place where he lay the first night. Upon reading of it, she was immediately alarmed for the life of a husband so very dear to her; but she fell into the last affliction when she received the news of his being imprisoned again, of which she had been apprehensive from the beginning. When her concern was a little abated, she considered that the afflicting of herself could give him no relief; and despairing ever to be able a second time to bring about the delivery of her husband, and likewise finding it impossible for her to live long separated from him, she resolved to share in his misfortunes, and to live and die with him in his prison. Therefore, without the least regard to the danger of a

woman's travelling in her condition (for she was now far gone with child) she entered upon her journey, and having found out her husband, voluntarily gave herself up to remain a prisoner with him. And here it was that she was delivered of that daughter, who has since proved the wonder of her age.

"The relations of monsieur Daubigné, dissatisfied with his conduct and his marriage, had all of them abandoned him, excepting madam Villete his sister, who used to visit him. She could not but be touched with the condition in which she found him, entirely destitute of all the conveniences, and almost the very necessaries of life. But that which most moved her compassion was, to see, in the arms of a disconsolate mother, the poor helpless infant exposed amidst her cries, to cold, to nakedness, and hunger. In this extremity madam Villete took the child home with her, and gave her to the care of her daughter's nurse, with whom she was bred up for some time, as a foster-sister. Besides this, she sent the two prisoners several necessaries. Some time after monsieur Daubigné found means, by changing his religion, to get out of prison, upon condition he would quit the kingdom; to which he consented.

"Monsieur Daubigné, knowing he was never like to see France more, got together what little substance he could, in order to make a long voyage; and so, with a small family, he embarked for America; where he and his wife lived in quiet, and made it their principal care to give their children (a son and a daughter) good education.

"These unfortunate parents died both in their exile, leaving their children very young. The daughter, who was elder than her brother, as she

grew up began to be very desirous of seeing her native country; this, together with the hopes she had of recovering something of that which once belonged to her father, made her willing to take the first opportunity of returning into France. Finding therefore a ship that was ready to sail thither, she went on board, and landed at Rochelle. From thence she proceeded directly to Poitou, and there made it her business first to inquire out madam Villete her aunt, who she knew very well was the person to whom she owed her life. Madam Villete received her with great marks of affection; and after informing her, that she must not expect to recover any thing of what had belonged to her father, since that was all irreparably lost and dissipated by his banishment, and the proceedings against him; she added, that she should be welcome, if she thought fit to live with her; where at least she should never be reduced to want a subsistence.

"Mademoiselle Daubigné accepted the offer which her aunt made her, and studied by all means imaginable to render herself necessary and agreeable to a person upon whom she saw that she must entirely depend for every thing. More especially she made it her business to insinuate herself into the affections of her cousin, with whom she had one common nurse. And, to omit nothing that might please them, she expressed a great desire to be instructed in the religion of her ancestors; she was impatient to have some conversation with ministers, and to frequent their sermons; so that in a short time she began to take a great liking to the protestant religion. And it is not to be doubted, but that she would have openly professed this way of worship, if some of her father's relations

that were papists, and who forsook him in his adversity, had not, to make their own court, been busy in advertising some great men of the danger mademoiselle Daubigné was in as to her salvation, and in demanding thereupon an order to have her put into the hands of catholics. This piece of zeal was acceptable to the ruling party, and orders were immediately given that she should be taken from her aunt Villete, and put into the hands of her officious relations. This was soon executed; and mademoiselle Daubigné was in a manner forced by violence from madam Villete, who was the only relation that ever had taken any care of her. She shed abundance of tears at parting, and assured her aunt, and her cousin (who was now married to monsieur Saint Hermine) that she should always preserve, with the remembrance of their kindness, the good impressions she had received of their religion, and never fail to acknowledge both the one and the other, when she found a time and occasion proper for it."

Nº 47. TUESDAY, MAY 5, 1713.

"MADEMOISELLE Daubigné was conducted from madam Villete's to a relation, who had a law-suit then depending at Paris; and being for that reason obliged to go thither, she carried mademoiselle Daubigné with her. This lady hired apartments in the same house where the famous Scaron was

lodged. She made an acquaintance with him; and one day, being obliged to go abroad alone upon a visit, she desired he would give her cousin leave, in the mean time, to come and sit with him; knowing very well that a young lady was in no danger from such a person, and that perhaps it might turn to her advantage. Monsieur Scaron was, of all men living, the most unhappy in an untoward frame of body, being not only deformed, but likewise very infirm. In consideration of his wit and parts, he had a yearly pension from the court of five hundred crowns. Scaron was charmed with the conversation of mademoiselle Daubigné; and her kinswoman took frequent opportunities of leaving her with him. This gave Scaron occasion to discover still new beauties in her from time to time. She would sometimes entertain him with the story of her adventures and her misfortunes, beginning even with what she suffered before she was born; all which she knew how to describe in so expressive and moving a manner, that he found himself touched with a strong compassion towards her; and resolved with himself, if not to make her happy, at least to set her at ease, by placing her in a nunnery at his own expence. But upon farther deliberation, he found himself very much inclined to lay before her an alternative, which in all likelihood she never expected. One day therefore, when she was left alone with him, as usual, he opened his intentions to her (as it is said) much after the following manner. 'I am, mademoiselle,' says he, 'not a little moved with your misfortunes, and the great sufferings you have undergone. I am likewise very sensible of the uneasy circumstances under which you labour at present; and I have now for some days been contriving with myself

how to extricate you out of all your difficulties. At last I have fallen upon two ways of doing what I so much desire; I leave you to determine according to your inclinations, in the choice of the one or the other: or, if neither of them please you, to refuse them both. My fortunes are too narrow to enable me to make yours answerable to your merit; all that I am capable of doing is, either to make you a joint partaker with myself of the little I have, or to place you, at my own expence, in any convent you shall choose. I wish it were in my power to do more for you. Consult your own inclinations, and do what you think will be most agreeable to yourself. As for my person, I do not pretend to recommend it to you; I know, I make but an ungainly figure: but I am not able to new-mould it; I offer myself to you such as I am; and yet, such as you see me, I do assure you that I would not bestow myself upon another; and that I must have a very great esteem for you, ever to propose a marriage, which, of all things in the world, I have had the least in my thoughts hitherto. Consider, therefore, and take your final resolutions, either to turn nun, or to marry me, or to continue in your present condition, without repining, since these do all of them depend upon your own choice.'

"Mademoiselle Daubigné returned monsieur Scaron the thanks he so well deserved. She was too sensible of the disagreeableness of a dependent state, not to be glad to accept of a settlement that would place her at least above want. Finding therefore in herself no call towards a nunnery, she answered monsieur Scaron without hesitation, that, 'she had too great a sense of her obligations to him not to be desirous of that way of life, that would

give her the most frequent occasions of shewing her gratitude to him.' Scaron, who was prepossessed with the flattering hopes of passing his life with a person he liked so well, was charmed with her answer. They both came to a resolution, that he should ask her relation's consent that very evening. She gave it very frankly; and this marriage, so soon concluded, was, as it were, the inlet to all the future fortunes of madam Maintenon. She made a good wife to Scaron, living happily with him, and wanted no conveniencies during his life; but losing him, she lost all; his pension ceased upon his death; and she found herself again reduced to the same indigent condition in which she had been before her marriage.

"Upon this she retired into the convent in the Place Royale, founded for the relief of necessitous persons; where the friends of her deceased husband took care of her. It was here the friendship between her and madam Saint Basile (a nun) had its beginning, which has continued ever since, for she still goes to visit her frequently in the convent de la Raquette, where she now lives. And to the honour of madam Maintenon, it must be allowed, that she has always been of a grateful temper, and mindful, in her high fortunes, of her old friends, to whom she had formerly been obliged.

"Her husband's friends did all they could to prevail upon the court to continue to her the pension which monsieur Scaron had enjoyed. In order to this, petitions were frequently given in, which began always with, 'The widow Scaron most humbly prays your majesty,' &c. But all these petitions signified nothing; and the king was so weary of them that he has been heard to say, 'Must I always be pestered with the widow Sca-

ron?' Notwithstanding which, her friends were resolved not to be discouraged in their endeavours to serve her.

"After this, she quitted the convent, and went to live in the hotel d'Albert, where her husband had always been very much esteemed. Here (it is said) something very remarkable happened to her, which I shall relate, because I find it so confidently affirmed upon the knowledge of a certain author. There were masons at work in the hotel d'Albert, not far from the apartment of madam Scaron. One of them came into her chamber, and, finding two or three visitants of her own sex, desired he might speak with her in private; she carried him into her closet, where he took upon him to tell her all the future events of her life. But whence he drew this knowledge (continues my author) which time has so wonderfully verified, is a mystery still to me. As to madam Scaron, she saw then so little appearance of probability in his predictions, that she hardly gave the least heed to them. Nevertheless the company, upon her return, remarked some alteration in her countenance; and one of the ladies said, 'Surely this man has brought you some very pleasing news, for you look with a more cheerful air than you did before he came in.' 'There would be sufficient reason for my doing so,' replied she, 'if I could give any credit to what this fellow has promised me. And I can tell you,' says she, smiling, 'that if there should be any thing in it, you will do well to begin to make your court to me beforehand.' These ladies could not prevail upon her to satisfy their curiosity any farther; but she communicated the whole secret to a bosom friend after they were gone; and it is from that lady it came to be known, when the events foretold

were come to pass, and so scrupulous a secrecy in that point did no longer seem necessary.

"Some time after this, she was advised to seek all occasions of insinuating herself into the favour of madam Mountespan, who was the king's mistress, and had an absolute influence over him Madam Scaron therefore found the means of being presented to madam Mountespan, and at that time spoke to her with so good a grace, that madam Mountespan, pitying her circumstances, and resolving to make them more easy, took upon her to carry a petition from her to the king, and to deliver it with her own hands. The king, upon her presenting it to him, said 'What, the widow Scaron again? Shall I never see any thing else?' 'Indeed, sir,' says madam Mountespan, 'it is now a long time since you ought not to have had her name mentioned to you any more; and it is something extraordinary that your majesty has done nothing all this while for a poor woman, who, without exception, deserves a much better condition, as well upon the account of her own merit, as of the reputation of her late husband.' The king, who was always glad of an opportunity to please madam Mountespan, granted the petitioner all that was desired. Madam Scaron came to thank her patroness; and madam Mountespan took such a liking to her, that she would by all means present her to the king, and after that proposed to him, that she might be made governante to their children. His majesty consented to it; and madam Scaron, by her address and good conduct, won so much upon the affections and esteem of madam Mountespan, that in a little time she became her favourite and confidant.

"It happened one night that madam Mountespan sent for her, to tell her, that she was in great perplexity. She had just then, it seems, received a billet from the king, which required an immediate answer; and though she did by no means want wit, yet in that instant she found herself incapable of writing any thing with spirit. In the mean time the messenger waited for an answer, while she racked her invention to no purpose. Had there been nothing more requisite, but to say a few tender things, she needed only to have copied the dictates of her heart; but she had over and above the reputation of her stile and manner of writing to maintain, and her invention played her false in so critical a juncture. This reduced her to the necessity of desiring madam Scaron to help her out; and giving her the king's billet, she bid her make an answer to it immediately. Madam Scaron would, out of modesty, have excused herself; but madam Mountespan laid her absolute commands upon her: so that she obeyed, and writ a most agreeable billet, full of wit and tenderness. Madam Mountespan was very much pleased with it, she copied it, and sent it. The king was infinitely delighted with it. He thought madam Mountespan had surpassed herself; and he attributed her more than ordinary wit upon this occasion to an increase of tenderness. The principal part of his amusement that night, was to read over and over again this letter, in which he discovered new beauties upon every reading. He thought himself the happiest and the most extraordinary man living, to be able to inspire his mistress with such surprising sentiments and turns of wit.

"Next morning, as soon as he was drest, he went directly to make a visit to madam Moun-

tespan. 'What happy genius, madam,' says he, upon his first coming into her chamber, 'influenced your thoughts last night? Never certainly was there any thing so charming, and so finely writ, as the billet you sent me! and if you truly feel the tenderness you have so well described, my happiness is complete.' Madam Mountespan was in confusion with these praises, which properly belonged to another; and she could not help betraying something of it by her blushes. The king perceived the disorder she was in, and was earnest to know the cause of it. She would fain have put it off; but the king's curiosity still increasing, in proportion to the excuses she made, she was forced to tell him all that had passed, lest he should of himself imagine something worse. The king was extremely surprized, though in civility he dissembled his thoughts at that time, nevertheless he could not help desiring to see the author of the letter that had pleased him so much; to satisfy himself whether her wit in conversation was equal to what it appeared in writing. Madam Scaron now began to call to mind the predictions of the mason; and from the desire the king had to see her, conceived no small hopes. Notwithstanding she now had passed the flower of her age, yet she flattered herself, that her destiny had reserved this one conquest in store for her, and this mighty monarch to be her captive. She was exactly shaped, had a noble air, fine eyes, and a delicate mouth, with fresh ruddy lips. She has besides, the art of expressing every thing with her eyes, and of adjusting her looks to her thoughts in such a manner, that all she says goes directly to the heart. The king was already prepossest in her favour; and after three or four

times conversing with her, began visibly to cool in his affections towards madam Mountespan.

" The king in a little time purchased for madam Scaron those lands that carry the name of Maintenon, a title which she from that time has taken. Never was there an instance of any favourite having so great a power over a prince, as what she has hitherto maintained. None can obtain the least favour but by immediate applicaticn to her. Some are of opinion that she has been the occasion of all the ill treatment which the protestants have met with, and consequently of the damage the whole kingdom has received from those proceedings. But it is more reasonable to think that whole revolution was brought about by the contrivances of the Jesuits; and she has always been known to be too little a favourer of that order of men to promote their intrigues. Besides, it is not natural to think that she, who formerly had a good opinion of the reformed religion, and was pretty well instructed in the protestant faith and way of worship, should ever be the author of a persecution against those innocent people, who never had in any thing offended her."

Nº 48. WEDNESDAY, MAY 6, 1713.

" It is the general opinion, that madam Maintenon has of late years influenced all the measures of the court of France. The king, when he has taken the air after dinner, never fails of going to

sit with her till about ten o'clock; at which time he leaves her to go to his supper. The comptroller general of the finances likewise comes to her apartments to meet the king. While they are in discourse madam Maintenon sits at her wheel towards the other end of the room, not seeming to give the least attention to what is said. Nevertheless, the minister never makes a proposition to the king, but his majesty turns towards her, and says, 'What think you, madam of this?' She expresses her opinion after a modest manner; and whatsoever she says is done. Madam Maintenon never appears in public, except when she goes with the king to take the air; and then she sits on the same seat with the king, with her spectacles on, working a piece of embroidery, and does not seem to be so much as sensible of the great fortunes and honours to which she has raised herself. She is always very modestly drest, and never appears with any train of servants. Every morning she goes to St. Cyr, to give her orders there, it being a kind of a nursery founded by herself for the education of young ladies of good families, but no fortune. She returns from thence about the time the king rises, who never fails to pay her a morning visit. She goes to mass always by break of day, to avoid the concourse of people. She is rarely seen by any, and almost inaccessible to every body, excepting three or four particular acquaintance of her own sex. Whether it be, that she would by this conduct avoid envy, as some think; or, as others would have it, that she is afraid the rank which she thinks due to her should be disputed in all visits and public places, is doubtful. It is certain, that upon all occasions she declines the taking of any rank; and the title of Marquise (which belongs to

the lands the king purchased for her) is suppressed before her name; neither will she accept of the title of a duchess, aspiring in all probability at something still higher, as will appear by what follows.

"From several particulars in the conduct of the French king, as well as in that of madam Maintenon, it has for some years been the prevailing opinion of the court that they are married. And it is said, that her ambition of being declared queen broke out at last; and that she was resolved to give the king no quiet till it was done. He for some time resisted all her solicitations upon that head, but at length, in a fit of tenderness and good nature, he promised her, that he would consult his confessor upon that point. Madam Maintenon was pleased with this, not doubting but that father La Chaise would be glad of this occasion of making his court to her; but he was too subtle a courtier not to perceive the danger of engaging in so nice an affair; and for that reason evaded it, by telling the king, that he did not think himself a casuist able enough to decide a question of so great importance, and for that reason desired he might consult with some man of skill and learning, for whose secrecy he would be responsible. The king was apprehensive lest this might make the matter too public; but as soon as father La Chaise named monsieur Fenelon, the archbishop of Cambray, his fears were over; and he bid him go and find him out. As soon as the confessor had communicated the business he came upon to the bishop, he said, 'What have I done, father, that you should ruin me! But 'tis no matter; let us go to the king.' His majesty was in his closet, expecting them. The bishop was no sooner entered, but he threw himself

at the king's feet, and begged of him not to sacrifice him. The king promised him that he would not; and then proposed the case to him. The bishop, with his usual sincerity, represented to him the great prejudice he would do himself by declaring his marriage, together with the ill consequences that might attend such a proceeding. The king very much approved his reasons, and resolved to go no further in this affair. Madam Maintenon still pressed him to comply with her request; but it was now all to no purpose; and he told her it was not a thing to be done. She asked him, if it was father La Chaise who dissuaded him from it. He for some time refused to give her any answer; but at last, overcome by her importunities, he told her every thing as it had passed. She upon this dissembled her resentment, that she might be the more able to make it prove effectual. She did by no means think the Jesuit was to be forgiven; but the first marks of her vengeance fell upon the archbishop of Cambray. He and all his relations were, in a little time, put out of all their employments at court; upon which he retired to live quietly upon his bishopric; and there have no endeavours been spared to deprive him even of that. As a farther instance of the incontrolable power of this great favourite, and of her resenting even the most trivial matters that she thinks might tend to her prejudice, or the diminution of her honour, it is remarkable, that the Italian comedians were driven out of Paris, for playing a comedy called La Fausse Prude, which was supposed to reflect upon madam Maintenon in particular.

"It is something very extraordinary, that she has been able to keep entire the affections of the king so many years, after her youth and beauty

were gone, and never fall into the least disgrace; notwithstanding the number of enemies she has had, and the intrigues that have been formed against her from time to time. This brings into my memory a saying of king William's, that I have heard on this occasion; 'That the king of France was in his conduct quite opposite to other princes; since he made choice of young ministers, and an old mistress.' But this lady's charms have not lain so much in her person, as in her wit, and good sense. She has always had the address to flatter the vanity of the king, and to mix always something solid and useful with the more agreeable parts of her conversation. She has known how to introduce the most serious affairs of state into their hours of pleasure; by telling his majesty, that a monarch should not love, nor do any thing, like other men; and that he, of all men living, knew best how to be always a king, and always like himself, even in the midst of his diversions. The king now converses with her as a friend, and advises with her upon his most secret affairs. He has a true love and esteem for her; and has taken care, in case he should die before her, that she may pass the remainder of her life with honour, in the abbey of St. Cyr. There are apartments ready fitted up for her in this place; she and all her domestics are to be maintained out of the rents of the house, and she is to receive all the honours due to a Foundress. This abbey stands in the park of Versailles; it is a fine piece of building, and the king has endowed it with large revenues. The design of it, (as I have mentioned before) is to maintain and educate young ladies, whose fortunes do not answer to their birth. None are accounted duly qualified for this place but such as can give

sufficient proofs of the nobility of their family on the father's side for an hundred and forty years; besides which, they must have a certificate of their poverty under the hand of their bishop. The age at which persons are capable of being admitted here is from seven years old until twelve. Lastly, it is required, that they should have no defect or blemish of body or mind; and for this reason there are persons appointed to visit and examine them before they are received into the college. When these young ladies are once admitted, their parents and relations have no need to put themselves to any farther expence or trouble about them. They are provided with all necessaries for maintenance and education. They stile themselves of the order of St. Lewis. When they arrive to an age to be able to choose a state of life for themselves, they may either be placed as nuns in some convent at the king's expence, or be married to some gentleman, whom madam Maintenon takes care, upon that condition, to provide for, either in the army or in the finances; and the lady receives besides, a portion of four hundred pistoles. Most of these marriages have proved very successful; and several gentlemen have by them made great fortunes, and been advanced to very considerable employments.

"I must conclude this short account of madam Maintenon with advertising my readers, that I do not pretend to vouch for the several particulars that I have related. All I can say is, that a great many of them are attested by several writers; and that I thought this sketch of a woman so remarkable all over Europe, would be no ill entertainment to the curious, until such a time as some pen, more fully instructed in her whole life and character, shall undertake to give it to the public."

Nº 49. THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1713.

——— *quæ possit facere et servare beatum.*

HOR. 1 Ep. vi. 2.

To make men happy, and to keep them so.

CREECH.

It is of great use to consider the pleasures which constitute human happiness, as they are distinguished into natural and fantastical. Natural pleasures I call those, which not depending on the fashion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are suited to human nature in general, and were intended by Providence as rewards for the using our faculties agreeably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantastical pleasures, are those which having no natural fitness to delight our minds, presuppose some particular whim or taste accidentally prevailing in a set of people, to which it is owing that they please.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulness with which I have passed my life, are the effect of having, ever since I came to years of discretion, continued my inclinations to the former sort of pleasures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a stronger motive to induce others to the same scheme of life, if they would consider that we are prompted to natural pleasures by an instinct impressed on our minds by the Author of our nature, who best understands our frames, and consequently

best knows what those pleasures are, which will give us the least uneasiness in the pursuit, and the greatest satisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural desires are cheap or easy to be obtained, it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole system of created beings, ‘ that nothing is made in vain,’ much less the instincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wisdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of those objects less pleasing, than the acquisition is easy; and the pleasure is heightened by the sense of having answered some natural end, and the consciousnes of acting in concert with the Supreme Governor of the universe.

Under natural pleasures I comprehend those which are universally suited, as well to the rational as the sensual part of our nature. And of the pleasures which affect our senses, those only are to be esteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reason, which is allowed to be as necessary an ingredient of human nature as sense. And, indeed, excesses of any kind are hardly to be esteemed pleasures, much less natural pleasures.

It is evident, that a desire terminated in money is fantastical: so is the desire of outward distinctions; which bring no delight of sense, nor recommend us as useful to mankind; and the desire of things merely because they are new or foreign. Men, who are indisposed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to such pursuits as these from the restlessness of the mind, and the sensitive appetites being easily satisfied. It is, in some sort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that disdaining a cheap and vulgar happiness, they frame to themselves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing

can raise desire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own misery, as a punishment on themselves for departing from the measures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on these truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of persons who have debauched their natural taste, see things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius, or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the false notions instilled by custom and education.

The various objects that compose the world were by nature formed to delight our senses; and as it is this alone that makes them desirable to an uncorrupted taste, a man may be said naturally to possess them, when he possesseth those enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is usual with me to consider myself as having a natural property in every object that administers pleasure to me. When I am in the country all the fine seats near the place of my residence, and to which I have access, I regard as mine. The same I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muse on the folly of the civil landord in London, who has the fantastical pleasure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a stranger to fresh air and rural enjoyments. By these principles I am possessed of half a dozen of the finest seats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of business choose to live near the court.

In some great families, where I choose to pass my time, a stranger would be apt to rank me with the other domestics; but in my own thoughts, and natural judgment, I am master of the house, and he who goes by that name is my steward, who eases

me of the care of providing for myself the conveniencies and pleasures of life.

When I walk the streets, I use the foregoing natural maxim (viz. That he is the true possessor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it,) to convince myself that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amusements designed to delight my eyes, and the imagination of those kind people who sit in them gaily attired only to please me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleasure from their exterior embellishments. Upon the same principle, I have discovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the crosses, stars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I see at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the spectator than to those that wear them. And I look on the beaus and ladies as so many paroquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, designed purely for my diversion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet, or library that I have free access to, I think my own. In a word, all that I desire is the use of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richest men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The same principles I find of great use in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of history-painting, I have purchased at easy rates several beautifully-designed pieces of landskip and perspective, which are much more pleasing to a natural taste than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the best masters: my couches, beds and window-curtains are of Irish

stuff, which those of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my house; but I have glasses of all sorts, and some tinged with the finest colours, which are not the less pleasing, because they are domestic, and cheaper than foreign toys. Every thing is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taste of one who had rather be happy, than thought rich.

Every day, numberless innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow-creatures labouring in a toilsome and absurd pursuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation; another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my sight, but is so far from supplying the place of merit where it is not, that it serves only to make the want of it more conspicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my soul; about noon I behold a blue sky with rapture, and receive great consolation from the rosy dashes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am lost among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levée. And I often lay aside thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the silent pleasure of walking by moon-light, or viewing the stars sparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my possessions, not without a secret indignation at the tastelessness of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleasure which naturally affects a human mind with the most lively and transporting touches, I take to be the sense that we act in the eye of infinite Wisdom, Power, and Goodness, that will

crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happiness hereafter, large as our desires, and lasting as our immortal souls. This is a perpetual spring of gladness in the mind. This lessens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the highest state of life is insipid, and with it the lowest is a paradise. What unnatural wretches then are those who can be so stupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her support, and a man of his present as well as future bliss? But as I have frequently taken occasion to animadvert on that species of mortals, so I propose to repeat my animadversions on them, 'till I see some symptoms of amendment.

Nº 50. FRIDAY, MAY 8, 1713.

O rus! quando ego te aspiciam?——
HOR. 2 Sat. vi. 60.

O! when shall I enjoy my country seat?
CREECH.

THE perplexities and diversions, recounted in the following letter, are represented with some pleasantry; I shall therefore make this epistle the entertainment of the day.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'THE time of going into the country drawing near, I am extremely enlivened with the agreeable memorial of every thing that contributed

to my happiness when I was last there. In the recounting of which, I shall not dwell so much upon the verdure of the fields, the shade of woods, the trilling of rivulets, or melody of birds, as upon some particular satisfactions, which, though not merely rural, must naturally create a desire of seeing that place, where only I have met with them. As to my passage I shall make no other mention, than of the pompous pleasure of being whirled along with six horses, the easy grandeur of lolling in an handsome chariot, the reciprocal satisfaction the inhabitants of all towns and villages received from, and returned to, passengers of such distinction. The gentleman's seat (with whom, among others, I had the honour to go down) is the remains of an ancient castle which has suffered very much for the loyalty of its inhabitants. The ruins of the several turrets and strong holds, gave my imagination more pleasant exercise than the most magnificent structure could, as I look upon the honourable wounds of a defaced soldier with more veneration than the most exact proportion of a beautiful woman. As this desolation renewed in me a general remembrance of the calamities of the late civil wars, I began to grow desirous to know the history of the particular scene of action in this place of my abode. I here must beseech you not to think me tedious in mentioning a certain barber, who for his general knowledge of things and persons, may be had in equal estimation with any of that order among the Romans. This person was allowed to be the best historian upon the spot; and the sequel of my tale will discover, that I did not choose him so much for the soft touch of his hand, as his abilities to entertain me with an account of the Leaguer Time, as he calls it, the most authentic relations of which,

through all parts of the town, are derived from this person. I found him, indeed, extremely loquacious, but withal a man of as much veracity as an impetuous speaker could be. The first time he came to shave me, before he applied his weapon to my chin, he gave a flourish with it, very like the salutation the prize-fighters give the company with theirs, which made me apprehend incision would as certainly ensue. The dexterity of this overture consists in playing the razor, with a nimble wrist, mighty near the nose without touching it: convincing him therefore of the dangerous consequence of such an unnecessary agility, with much persuasion I suppressed it. During the perusal of my face he gives me such accounts of the families in the neighbourhood, as tradition and his own observation have furnished him with. Whenever the precipitation of his account makes him blunder, his cruel right-hand corresponds, and the razor discovers on my face, at what part of it he was in the peaceable, and at what part in the bloody incidents of his narrative. But I had long before learned to expose my person to any difficulties that might tend to the improvement of my mind. His breath, I found, was very pestilential, and being obliged to utter a great deal of it, for the carrying on his narrations, I besought him, before he came into my room, to go into the kitchen and mollify it with a breakfast. When he had taken off my beard, with part of my face, and dressed my wounds in the capacity of a barber-surgeon, we traversed the outworks about the castle, where I received particular information in what places any of note among the besiegers, or the besieged, received any wound, and I was carried always to the very spot where the fact was done, howsoever danger-

ous (scaling part of the walls, or stumbling over loose stones) my approach to such a place might be; it being conceived impossible to arrive at a true knowledge of those matters without this hazardous explanation upon them; insomuch that I received more contusions from these speculations, than I probably could have done, had I been the most bold adventurer at the demolition of this castle. This, as all other informations, the barber so lengthened and husbanded with digressions, that he had always something new to offer, wisely concluding that when he had finished the part of an historian, I should have no occasion for him as a barber.

'Whenever I looked at this ancient pile of building, I thought it perfectly resembled any of those castles, which in my infancy I had met with in romances, where several unfortunate knights and ladies were, by certain giants, made prisoners irrecoverably, until 'the Knight of the burning pestle,' or any other of equal hardiness, should deliver them from a long captivity. There is a park adjoining, pleasant beyond the most poetical description, one part of which is particularly private by being inaccessible to those that have not great resolution. This I have made sacred to love and poetry, and after having regularly invoked the goddess I adore, I here compose a tender couplet or two, which, when I come home, I venture to shew my particular friends, who love me so well as to conceal my follies. After my poetry sinks upon me, I relieve the labour of my brain by a little manuscript with my penknife; while, with Rochester,

'Here on a beech, like amorous sot,
I sometime carve a true-love's knot;

There a tall oak her name does bear,
In a large spreading character.'

'I confess once whilst I was engraving one of my most curious conceits upon a delicate smooth bark, my feet, in the tree which I had gained with much skill, deserted me; and the lover, with much amazement, came plump into the river: I did not recover the true spirit of amour under a week, and not without applying myself to some of the softest passages in Cassandra, and Cleopatra.

'These are the pleasures I meet without doors; those within are as follow. I had the happiness to lie in a room that had a large hole opening from it, which, by unquestionable tradition, had been formerly continued to an abbey two miles from the castle, for a communication betwixt the austere creatures of that place, with others not altogether so contemplative. And the keeper's brother assures me, that when he formerly lay in this room, he had seen some of the spirits of this departed brotherhood, enter from the hole into this chamber, where they continued with the utmost civility to flesh and blood, until they were oppressed by the morning air. If I do not receive his account with a very serious and believing countenance, he ventures to laugh at me as a most ridiculous infidel. The most unaccountable pleasure I take is with a fine white young owl, which strayed one night in at my window, and which I was resolved to make a prisoner, but withal to give all the indulgence that its confinement could possibly admit of. I so far insinuated myself into his favour, by presents of fresh provisions, that we could be very good company together. There is something in the eye of that creature, of such merry lustre, something of such human cunning in the turn of his

visage, that I found vast delight in the survey of it. One objection indeed I at first saw, that this bird being the bird of Pallas, the choice of this favourite might afford curious matter of raillery to the ingenious, especially when it shall be known, that I am as much delighted with a cat as ever Montaigne was. But notwithstanding this, I am so far from being ashamed of this particular humour, that I esteem myself very happy in having my odd taste of pleasure provided for, upon such reasonable terms. What heightened all the pleasures I have spoke of, was the agreeable freedom with which the gentleman of the house entertained us; every one of us came into, or left the company, as he thought fit; dined in his chamber or the parlour, as a fit of spleen or study directed him; nay, sometimes every man rode or walked a different way, so that we never were together, but when we were perfectly pleased with ourselves, and each other.

I am, Sir,
your most obedient
humble servant,
R. B.' *

P. S. I had just given my orders for the press, when my friend Mrs. Bicknell made me a visit. She came to desire I would shew her the wardrobe of the Lizards, (where the various habits of the ancestors of that illustrious family are preserved) in order to furnish her with a proper dress for the Wife of Bath. Upon sight of the little ruffs, she snatched one of them from the pin, clapt it around her neck, and turning briskly towards me, repeated a speech out of her part in the comedy of that

* Perhaps Richard Bickerstaff, a signature of Steele, partly real and partly fictitious.

name. If the rest of the actors enter into their several parts with the same spirit, the humorous characters of this play cannot but appear excellent on the theatre: for very good judges have informed me, that the author has drawn them with great propriety, and an exact observation of the manners.

NESTOR IRONSIDE.

Nº 51. SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1713.

——*Res antiquæ laudis et artis*
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii. 174.

Of arts disclos'd in ancient days, I sing,
And venture to unlock the sacred spring.

IT is probable the first poets were found at the altar, that they employed their talents in adorning and animating the worship of their gods; the spirit of poetry and religion reciprocally warmed each other, devotion inspired poetry, and poetry exalted devotion; the most sublime capacities were put to the most noble use; purity of will, and fineness of understanding, were not such strangers as they have been in latter ages, but were most frequently lodged in the same breast, and went, as it were, hand in hand to the glory of the world's great Ruler, and the benefit of mankind. To reclaim our modern poetry, and turn it into its due and primitive channel, is an endeavour altogether worthy a far greater

character than the Guardian of a private family. Kingdoms might be the better for the conversion of the muses from sensuality to natural religion, and princes on their thrones might be obliged and protected by its power.

Were it modest, I should profess myself a great admirer of poesy, but that profession is in effect telling the world that I have a heart tender and generous, a heart that can swell with the joys, or be depressed with the misfortunes of others, nay more, even of imaginary persons; a heart large enough to receive the greatest ideas nature can suggest, and delicate enough to relish the most beautiful; it is desiring mankind to believe that I am capable of entering into all those subtle graces, and all that divine elegance, the enjoyment of which is to be felt only, and not expressed.

All kinds of poesy are amiable; but sacred poesy should be our most especial delight. Other poetry leads us thro' flowery meadows or beautiful gardens, refreshes us with cooling breezes or delicious fruits, sooths us with the murmur of waters or the melody of birds, or else conveys us to the court or camp; dazzles our imagination with crowns and sceptres, embattled hosts, or heroes shining in burnished steel: but sacred numbers seem to admit us into a solemn and magnificent temple, they encircle us with every thing that is holy and divine, they superadd an agreeable awe and reverence to all those pleasing emotions we feel from other lays, an awe and reverence that exalts, while it chastizes: its sweet authority restrains each undue liberty of thought, word and action; it makes us think better and more nobly of ourselves, from a consciousness of the great presence we are in, where

saints surround us, and angels are our fellow-worshippers:

> 'O let me glory, glory in my choice:
> Whom should I sing, but him who gave me voice!
> This theme shall last, when Homer's shall decay,
> When arts, arms, kings and kingdoms, melt away.
> And can it, Powers immortal, can it be,
> That this high province was reserved for me?
> Whate'er the new, the rash adventure cost,
> In wide eternity I dare be lost.
> I dare launch out, and shew the Muses more
> Than e'er the learned sisters saw before.
> In narrow limits they were wont to sing,
> To teach the swain, or celebrate the king:
> I grasp the whole, no more to parts confin'd,
> I lift my voice, and sing to human-kind;
> I sing to men and angels; angels join
> (While such the theme) their sacred hymns with mine *.'

But besides the greater pleasure which we receive from sacred poesy, it has another vast advantage above all other; when it has placed us in that imaginary temple (of which I just now spoke) methinks the mighty genius of the place covers us with an invisible hand, and secures us in the enjoyments we possess. We find a kind of refuge in our pleasure, and our diversion becomes our safety. Why then should not every heart that is addicted to the Muses, cry out in the holy warmth of the best poet that ever lived, 'I will magnify thee, O Lord, my king, and I will praise thy name for ever and ever.'

That greater benefit may be reaped from sacred poesy than from any other, is indisputable; but is it capable of yielding such exquisite delight? Has it a title only to the regard of the serious and aged? Is it only to be read on Sundays, and to be bound

* Dr. Young's Last Day, Book II. 7, &c.

in black? Or does it put in for the good esteem of the gay, the fortunate, the young? Can it rival a ball or a theatre, or give pleasure to those who are conversant with beauty, and have their palates set high with all the delicacies and poignancy of human wit?

That poetry gives us the greatest pleasure which affects us most, and that affects us most, which is on a subject in which we have the deepest concern; for this reason it is a rule in epic poetry, that the tale should be taken from the history of that country to which it is written, or at farthest from their distant ancestors. Thus Homer sung Achilles to the descendants of Achilles; and Virgil to Augustus that hero's voyage,

> '—— *Genus unde Latinum*
> *Albanique patres, atque altæ mœnia Romæ.'* Æn. i. 10.

> 'From whence the race of Alban fathers come,
> And the long glories of majestic Rome.' DRYDEN.

Had they changed subjects, they had certainly been worse poets at Greece and Rome, whatever they had been esteemed by the rest of mankind; and in what subjects have we the greatest concern, but in those at the very thought of which 'This world grows less and less, and all its glories fade away?'

All other poesy must be dropt at the gate of death, this alone can enter with us into immortality; it will admit of an improvement only, not (strictly speaking) an entire alteration, from the converse of cherubim and seraphim. It shall not be forgotten, when the sun and moon are remembered no more; it shall never die, but (if I may so express myself) be the measure of eternity, and the laudable ambition of heaven.

How then can any other poesy come in competition with it?

‘ Whatever great or dreadful has been done,
Within the view of conscious stars or sun,
Is far beneath my daring! I look down
On all the splendors of the British crown;
This globe is for my verse a narrow bound:
Attend me, all ye glorious worlds around;
Oh all ye spirits, howsoe'er disjoin'd,
Of every various order, place and kind,
Hear and assist a feeble mortal's lays:
'Tis your Eternal King I strive to praise.’

These verses, and those quoted above, are taken out of a manuscript poem on the Last Day *, which will shortly appear in public.

TO THE GUARDIAN.

‘ SIR,

‘ WHEN you speak of the good which would arise from the labours of ingenious men, if they could be prevailed upon to turn their thoughts upon the sublime subjects of religion, it should, methinks, be an attractive to them, if you would please to lay before them, that noble ideas aggrandise the soul of him who writes with a true taste of virtue. I was just now reading David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan, and that divine piece was peculiarly pleasing to me, in that there was such an exquisite sorrow expressed in it without the least allusion to the difficulties from whence David was extricated by the fall of those great men in his way to empire. When he receives the tidings of Saul's death, his generous mind has in it no reflection upon the merit of the unhappy man who was taken out of his way, but what raises his sorrow, instead of giving him consolation.

* By Dr. Edward Young, first printed in 1714.

" The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!

" Tell it not in Gath, publish it not in the streets of Askelon: Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice, lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph.

" Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings: For there the shield of the mighty is vilely cast away, the shield of Saul as though he had not been anointed with oil.

" Saul and Jonathan were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided: they were swifter than eagles, they were stronger than lions.

" Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet, with other delights, who put on ornaments of gold upon your apparel."

' How beautiful is the more amiable and noble parts of Saul's character, represented by a man whom that very Saul pursued to death! But when he comes to mention Jonathan, the sublimity ceases, and not able to mention his generous friendship, and the most noble instances ever given by man, he sinks into a fondness that will not admit of high language or allusions to the greater circumstances of their life, and turns only upon their familiar converse.

" I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan; very pleasant hast thou been unto me; thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women."

' In the mind of this admirable man, grandeur, majesty, and worldly power, were despicable considerations, when he cast his eye upon the merit of him who was so suddenly snatched from them:

And when he began to think of the great friendship of Jonathan, his panegyric is uttered only in broken exclamations, and tender expressions of how much they both loved, not how much Jonathan deserved.

'Pray pardon this, which was to hint only that the virtue, not the elegance of fine writing, is the thing principally to be considered by a Guardian.

I am, Sir,

your humble servant,

C. F.'

N° 52. MONDAY, MAY 11, 1713.

——— *toto solus in orbe*
Cæsar liber erit ——— LUCAN.

Cæsar alone, of all mankind, is free.

I SHALL not assume to myself the merit of every thing in these papers. Wheresoever in reading or conversation, I observe any thing that is curious and uncommon, useful or entertaining, I resolve to give it to the public. The greatest part of this very paper is an extract from a French manuscript, which was lent me by my good friend Mr. Charwell*. He tells me he has had it about these twenty years in his possession: and he seems to me to have taken from it very many of the maxims he has pursued in the new settlement, I have hereto-

* Edward Colston, Esq. of Bristol, M. P. for that city.

fore spoken of upon his lands. He has given me full liberty to make what use of it I shall think fit; either to publish it entire, or to retail it out by pennyworths. I have determined to retail it, and for that end I have translated divers passages, rendering the words *livre, sous*, and many others of known signification in France, into their equivalent sense, that I may the better be understood by my English readers. The book contains several memoirs concerning monsieur Colbert, who had the honour to be secretary of state to his most christian majesty, and superintendant or chief director of the arts and manufactures of his kingdom. The passage for to-day is as follows:

'It happened that the king was one day expressing his wonder to this minister, that the United Provinces should give him so much trouble, that so great a monarch as he was should not be able to reduce so small a state, with half the power of his whole dominions. To which monsieur Colbert is said to have made the following answer:

"Sir, I presume upon your indulgence to speak what I have thought upon this subject, with that freedom which becomes a faithful servant, and one who has nothing more at heart than your majesty's glory, and the prosperity of your whole people. Your territories are vastly greater than the United Netherlands; but, sir, it is not land that fights against land, but the strength and riches of our nation, against the strength and riches of another. I should have said only riches, since it is money that feeds and clothes the soldier, furnishes the magazine, provides the train of artillery, and answers the charge of all other military preparations. Now the riches of a prince, or state, are just so much as they can levy upon their subjects, still

leaving them sufficient for their subsistence. If this shall not be left, they will desert to other countries for better usage; and I am sorry to say it, that too many of your majesty's subjects are already among your neighbours, in the condition of footmen and valets for their daily bread; many of your artisans too are fled from the severity of your collectors, they are at this time improving the manufactures of your enemies. France has lost the benefit of their hands for ever, and your majesty all hopes of any future excises by their consumption. For the extraordinary sums of one year, you have parted with an inheritance. I am never able, without the utmost indignation, to think of that minister, who had the confidence to tell your father, his subjects were but too happy, that they were not yet reduced to eat grass: as if starving his people, were the only way to free himself from their seditions. But people will not starve in France, as long as bread is to be had in any other country. How much more worthy of a prince was that saying of your grandfather of glorious memory *, that he hoped to see that day, when every housekeeper in his dominions should be able to allow his family a capon for their Sunday's supper? I lay down this therefore as my first principle, that your taxes upon your subjects must leave them sufficient for their subsistence, at least as comfortable a subsistence as they will find among your neighbours.

"Upon this principle I shall be able to make some comparison between the revenues of your majesty, and those of the States-general. Your territories are near thirty times as great, your

* Henry IV.

people more than four times as many, yet your revenues are not thirty, no, nor four times as great, nor indeed as great again, as those of the United Netherlands.

"In what one article are you able to raise twice as much from your subjects as the states can do from theirs? Can you take twice as much from the rents of the lands and houses? What are the yearly rents of your whole kingdom? and how much of these will your majesty be able to take without ruining the landed interest? You have, sir, above a hundred millions of acres, and not above thirteen millions of subjects—eight acres to every subject; how inconsiderable must be the value of land, where so many acres are to provide for a single person! where a single person is the whole market for the product of so much land! And what sort of customers are your subjects to these lands? what clothes is it that they wear? what provisions do they consume? Black bread, onions, and other roots, are the usual diet of the generality of your people; their common drink the pure element; they are dressed in canvass and wooden shoes, I mean such of them as are not bare-foot, and half-naked. How very mean must be the eight acres which will afford no better subsistence to a single person! Yet so many of your people live in this despicable manner, that four pounds will be easily believed to exceed the annual expences of every one of them at a medium. And how little of this expence will be coming to the land-owner for his rent? or, which is the same thing, for the mere product of his land? Of every thing that is consumed, the greatest part of the value is the price of labour that is bestowed upon it; and it is not a very small part of their price that is paid to your

majesty in your excises. Of the four pounds expence of every subject, it can hardly be thought that more than four and twenty shillings are paid for the mere product of the land. Then if there are eight acres to every subject, and every subject for his consumption pays no more than four and twenty shillings to the land, three shillings at a medium must be the full yearly value of every acre in your kingdom. Your lands, separated from the buildings, cannot be valued higher.

"And what then shall be thought the yearly value of the houses, or, which is the same thing, of the lodgings of your thirteen millions of subjects? What numbers of these are begging their bread throughout your kingdom? If your majesty were to walk incognito through the very streets of your capital, and would give a farthing to every beggar that asks you alms in a walk of one hour, you would have nothing left of a pistole. How miserable must be the lodgings of these wretches! even those that will not ask your charity, are huddled together, four or five families in a house. Such is the lodging in your capital. That of your other towns is yet of less value; but nothing can be more ruinous than the cottages in the villages. Six shillings for the lodging of every one of your thirteen millions of subjects, at a medium, must needs be the full yearly value of all the houses. So that at four shillings for every acre, and six shillings for the lodging of every subject, the rents of your whole kingdom will be less than twenty millions, and yet a great deal more than they were ever yet found to be, by the most exact survey that has been taken.

"The next question then is, how much of these rents your majesty will think fit to take to your own

use? Six of the twenty millions are in the hands of the clergy; and little enough for the support of three hundred thousand ecclesiastics, with all their necessary attendants; it is no more than twenty pounds a year for every one of the masters. These, sir, are your best guards; they keep your subjects loyal in the midst of all their misery. Your majesty will not think it your interest to take any thing from the church. From that which remains in the hands of your lay subjects, will you be able to take more than five millions to your own use? This is more than seven shillings in the pound; and then, after necessary reparations, together with losses by the failing of tenants, how very little will be left to the owners! These are gentlemen, who have never been bred either to trade or manufactures, they have no other way of living than by their rents; and when these shall be taken from them, they must fly to your armies, as to an hospital, for their daily bread.

"Now, sir, your majesty will give me leave to examine what are the rents of the United Netherlands, and how great a part of these their governors may take to themselves, without oppression of the owners. There are in those provinces three millions of acres, and as many millions of subjects, a subject for every acre. Why should not then the single acre there be as valuable as the eight acres in France, since it is to provide for as many mouths? Or if great part of the provisions of the people are fetched in by their trade from the sea or foreign countries, they will end at last in the improvement of their lands. I have often heard, and am ready to believe, that thirty shillings, one with another, is less than the yearly value of every acre in those provinces.

"And how much less than this will be the yearly value of lodging, for every one of their subjects? There are no beggars in their streets, scarce a single one in a whole province. Their families in great towns are lodged in palaces, in comparison with those of Paris. Even the houses in their villages are more costly than in many of your cities. If such is the value of their three millions of acres, and of lodging for as many millions of subjects, the yearly rents of lands and houses are nine millions in those provinces.

"Then how much of this may the States take without ruining the land-owners, for the defence of their people? Their lands there, by the custom of descending in equal shares to all the children, are distributed into so many hands, that few or no persons are subsisted by their rents; land-owners, as well as others, are chiefly subsisted by trade and manufactures; and they can therefore with as much ease part with half of their whole rents, as your majesty's subjects can a quarter. The States-general may as well take four millions and a half from their rents, as your majesty can five from those of your subjects.

"It remains now only to compare the excises of both countries. And what excises can your majesty hope to receive by the consumption of the half-starved, and half-naked beggars in your streets? How great a part of the price of all that is eat, or drunk, or consumed by those wretched creatures! How great a part of the price of canvas cloth and wooden shoes, that are every where worn throughout the country! How great a part of the price of their water, or their black bread and onions, the general diet of your people? If your majesty were to receive the whole price of those

things, your exchequer would hardly run over. Yet so much the greatest part of your subjects live in this despicable manner, that the annual expence of every one at a medium, can be no more than I have mentioned. One would almost think they starve themselves to defraud your majesty of your revenues. It is impossible to conceive that more than an eighth part can be excised from the expences of your subjects, who live so very poorl and then, for thirteen millions of people, your whol revenue by excises will amount to no more tha six millions and a half.

"And how much less than this sum will th States be able to levy by the same tax upon thei subjects? There are no beggars in that country The people of their great towns live at a vastl greater charge than yours. And even those i their villages are better fed and clothed, than th people of your towns. At a medium, every one o their subjects live at twice the cost of those o France. Trade and manufactures are the thing that furnish them with money for this expence Therefore if thrice as much shall be excised from the expence of the Hollanders, yet still they will have more left than the subjects of your majesty, though you should take nothing at all from them. I must believe therefore that it will be as easy to levy thrice as much by excises upon the Dutch subject as the French, thirty shillings upon the former, as easily as ten upon the latter, and consequently four millions and a half of pounds upon their three millions of subjects; so that in the whole, by rents and excises, they will be able to raise nine millions within the year. If of this sum, for the maintenance of their clergy, which are not so numerous as in France, the charge of their civil

list, and the preservation of their dikes, one million is to be deducted; yet still they will have eight for their defence, a revenue equal to two thirds of your majesty's.

"Your majesty will now no longer wonder that you have not been able to reduce these provinces with half the power of your whole dominions, yet half is as much as you will be ever able to employ against them; Spain and Germany will be always ready to espouse their quarrel, their forces will be sufficient to cut out work for the other half; and I wish too you could be quiet on the side of Italy, and England.

"What then is the advice I would presume to give to your majesty? To disband the greatest part of your forces, and save so many taxes to your people. Your very dominions make you too powerful to fear any insult from your neighbours. To turn your thoughts from war, and cultivate the arts of peace, the trade and manufactures of your people; this shall make you the most powerful prince, and at the same time your subjects the richest of all other subjects. In the space of twenty years they will be able to give your majesty greater sums with ease, than you can now draw from them with the greatest difficulty. You have abundant materials in your kingdom to employ your people, and they do not want capacity to be employed. Peace and trade shall carry out their labour to all the parts of Europe, and bring back yearly treasures to your subjects. There will be always fools enough to purchase the manufactures of France, though France should be prohibited to purchase those of other countries. In the mean time your majesty shall never want sufficient sums to buy now and then an important fortress from one or

other of your indigent neighbours. But, above all, peace shall ingratiate your majesty with the Spanish nation, during the life of their crazy king; and after his death a few seasonable presents among his courtiers shall purchase the reversion of his crowns, with all the treasures of the Indies, and then the world must be your own."

'This was the substance of what was then said by monsieur Colbert. The king was not at all offended with this liberty of his minister. He knew the value of the man, and soon after made him the chief director of the trade and manufactures of his people.'

Nº 53. TUESDAY, MAY 12, 1713.

——— *Desinant*
Maledicere, malefacta ne noscant sua.
TER. Prol. ad. Andr.

Let them cease to speak ill of others, lest they hear of their own misdeeds.

It happens that the letter, which was in one of my papers concerning a lady ill treated by the Examiner, and to which he replies by taxing the Tatler with the like practice, was written by one Steele, who put his name to the collection of papers called Lucubrations. It was a wrong thing in the Examiner to go any farther than the Guardian for what is said in the Guardian; but since Steele owns the letter, it is the same thing. I ap-

prehend, by reading the Examiner over a second time, that he insinuates, by the words close to the royal stamp, he would have the man turned out of his office. Considering he is so malicious, I cannot but think Steele has treated him very mercifully in his answer, which follows. This Steele is certainly a very good sort of a man, and it is a thousand pities he does not understand politics; but, if he is turned out, my lady Lizard will invite him down to our country house. I shall be very glad of his company, and I'll certainly leave something to one of his children.

'TO NESTOR IRONSIDE, ESQ.

'SIR,

'I AM obliged to fly to you for refuge from severe usage, which a very great author, the Examiner, has been pleased to give me for what you have lately published in defence of a young lady *. He does not put his name to his writings, and therefore he ought not to reflect upon the characters of those who publicly answer for what they have produced. The Examiner and the Guardian might have disputed upon any particular they had thought fit, without having introduced any third person, or making any allusions to matters foreign to the subject before them. But since he has thought fit, in his paper of May the 8th, to defend himself by my example, I shall beg leave to say to the town (by your favour to me, Mr. Ironside) that our conduct would still be very widely different, though I should allow that there were particular persons pointed at in the places which he mentions in the Tatlers. When a satirist feigns a

* See Guard. No. 41.

name, it must be the guilt of the person attacked, or his being notoriously understood guilty before the satire was written, that can make him liable to come under the fictitious appellation. But when the licence of printing letters of people's real names is used, things may be affixed to men's characters which are in the utmost degree remote from them. Thus it happens in the case of the earl of Nottingham, whom that gentleman asserts to have left the church; though nothing is more evident, than that he deserves better of all men in holy orders, or those who have any respect for them, or religion itself, than any man in England can pretend to. But as to the instances he gives against me. Old Downes is a fine piece of raillery, of which I wish I had been author. All I had to do in it, was to strike out what related to a gentlewoman about the queen, whom I thought a woman free from ambition, and I did it out of regard to innocence. Powel of the Bath is reconciled to me, and has made me free of his show. Tun, Gun, and Pistol from Wapping, laughed at the representation which was made of them, and were observed to be more regular in their conduct afterwards. The character of Lord Timon is no odious one; and to tell you the truth, Mr. Ironside, when I writ it, I thought it more like me myself, than any other man; and if I had in my eye any illustrious person who had the same faults with myself, it is no new, nor very criminal self-love to flatter ourselves, that what weaknesses we have, we have in common with great men. For the exaltation of style, and embellishing the character, I made Timon a lord, and he may be a very worthy one for all that I have said of him. I do not remember the mention of don Diego; nor do I remember that ever I thought of

lord Nottingham, in any character drawn in any one paper of Bickerstaff. Now as to Polypragmon, I drew it as the most odious image I could paint of ambition; and Polypragmon is to men of business what Sir Fopling Flutter is to men of fashion. "He's knight of the shire, and represents you all." Whosoever seeks employment for his own private interest, vanity, or pride, and not for the good of his prince and country, has his share in the picture of Polypragmon; and let this be the rule in examining that description, and I believe the Examiner will find others to whom he would rather give a part of it, than to the person on whom I believe he bestows it, because he thinks he is the most capable of having his vengeance on me. But I say not this from terrors of what any man living can do to me: I speak it only to show, that I have not, like him, fixed odious images on persons, but on vices. Alas, what occasion have I to draw people, whom I think ill of, under feigned names? I have wanted and abounded, and I neither fear poverty, nor desire riches; if that be true, why should I be afraid, whenever I see occasion to examine the conduct of any of my fellow-subjects? I should scorn to do it but from plain facts, and at my own peril, and from instances as clear as the day. Thus would I, and I will (whenever I think it my duty) inquire into the behaviour of any man in England, if he is so posted, as that his errors may hurt my country. This kind of zeal will expose him who is prompted by it to a great deal of ill-will; and I could carry any points I aim at for the improvement of my own little affairs, without making myself obnoxious to the resentment of any person or party. But, alas! what is there in all the gratifications of sense, the

accommodations of vanity, or any thing that fortune can give to please a human soul, when they are put in competition with the interest of truth and liberty? Mr. Ironside, I confess I writ to you that letter concerning the young lady of quality, and am glad that my aukward apology (as the Examiner calls it) has produced in him so much remorse as to make any reparation to offended beauty. Though, by the way, the phrase of "offended beauty" is romantic, and has little of the compunction which should rise in a man that is begging pardon of a woman for saying of her unjustly, that she had affronted her God and her sovereign. However, I will not bear hard upon his contrition; but am now heartily sorry I called him a miscreant, that word I think signifies an unbeliever. *Mescroyant*, I take it, is the old French word. I will give myself no manner of liberty to make guesses at him, if I may say him: for though sometimes I have been told by familiar friends, that they saw me such a time talking to the Examiner; others, who have rallied me upon the sins of my youth, tell me it is credibly reported that I have formerly lain with the Examiner. I have carried my point, and rescued innocence from calumny; and it is nothing to me, whether the Examiner writes against me in the character of an estranged friend * or an exasperated mistress †.

'He is welcome from henceforward to treat me as he pleases; but as you have begun to oppose him, never let innocence or merit be traduced by him. In particular, I beg of you, never let the glory of our nation ‡, who made France tremble,

* Dr. Swift. † Mrs. D. Manley.

‡ The duke of Marlborough, abused by the Examiner.

and yet has that gentleness to be unable * to bear opposition from the meanest of his own countrymen, be calumniated in so impudent a manner, as in the insinuation that he affected a perpetual dictatorship. Let not a set of brave, wise, and honest men, who did all that has been done to place their queen in so great a figure, as to shew mercy to the highest potentate in Europe, be treated by ungenerous men as traitors and betrayers. To prevent such evils is a care worthy a Guardian. These are exercises worthy the spirit of a man, and you ought to contemn all the wit in the world against you, when you have the consolation that you act upon these honest motives. If you ever shrink from them, get Bat Pidgeon to comb your noddle, and write sonnets on the smiles of the Sparkler; but never call yourself Guardian more in a nation full of the sentiments of honour and liberty.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

'P.S. I know nothing of the letter at Morphew's.'

* For 'unable' to bear, read 'able' to bear. Guard. in folio, No. 54, *ad finem*.

Nº 54. WEDNESDAY, MAY 13, 1713.

Neque ita porró aut adulatus aut admiratus sum fortunam alterius, ut me meæ pœniteret. TULL.

I never flattered, or admired, another man's fortune, so as to be dissatisfied with my own.

It has been observed very often, in authors divine and prophane, that we are all equal after death, and this by way of consolation for that deplorable superiority which some among us seem to have over others; but it would be a doctrine of much more comfortable import, to establish an equality among the living; for the propagation of which paradox I shall hazard the following conceits.

I must here lay it down, that I do not pretend to satisfy every barren reader, that all persons that have hitherto apprehended themselves extremely miserable shall have immediate succour from the publication of this paper; but shall endeavour to shew that the discerning shall be fully convinced of the truth of this assertion, and thereby obviate all the impertinent accusations of Providence for the unequal distribution of good and evil.

If all men had reflection enough to be sensible of this equality of happiness; if they were not made uneasy by appearances of superiority; there would be none of that subordination and subjection, of those that think themselves less happy, to those they think more so, which is so very necessary for the support of business, and pleasure.

The common turn of human application may be divided into love, ambition, and avarice, and whatever victories we gain in these our particular pursuits, there will always be some one or other in the paths we tread, whose superior happiness will create new uneasiness, and employ us in new contrivances; and so through all degrees there will still remain the insatiable desire of some seeming unacquired good, to imbitter the possession of whatever others we are accommodated with. If we suppose a man perfectly accommodated, and trace him through all the gradations betwixt necessity and superfluity, we shall find that the slavery which occasioned his first activity, is not abated, but only diversified.

Those that are distressed upon such causes, as the world allows to warrant the keenest affliction, are too apt, in the comparison of themselves with others, to conclude, that where there is not similitude of causes, there cannot be of affliction, and forget to relieve themselves with this consideration, that the little disappointments in a life of pleasure are as terrible as those in a life of business; and if the end of one man is to spend his time and money as agreeably as he can, that of the other to save both, an interrruption in either of these pursuits is of equal consequence to the pursuers. Besides, as every trifle raiseth the mirth and gaiety of the men of good circumstances, so do others as inconsiderable expose them to spleen and passion, and as Solomon says, 'according to their riches, their anger riseth.'

One of the most bitter circumstances of poverty has been observed to be, that it makes men appear ridiculous; but I believe this affirmation may with more justice be appropriated to riches, since more qualifications are required to become a great for-

...

tune, than even to make one; and there are several pretty persons, about town, ten times more ridiculous upon the very account of a good estate, than they possibly could have been with the want of it.

I confess, having a mind to pay my court to fortune, I became an adventurer in one of the late lotteries; in which, though I got none of the great prizes, I found no occasion to envy some of those that did; comforting myself with this contemplation, that nature and education having disappointed all the favours fortune could bestow upon them, they had gained no superiority by an unenvied affluence.

It is pleasant to consider, that whilst we are lamenting our particular afflictions to each other, and repining at the inequality of condition, were it possible to throw off our present miserable state, we cannot name the person whose condition in every particular we would embrace and prefer; and an impartial inquiry into the pride, ill-nature, ill-health, guilt, spleen, or particularity of behaviour of others, generally ends in a reconciliation to our dear selves.

This my way of thinking is warranted by Shakspeare in a very extraordinary manner, where he makes Richard the Second, when deposed and imprisoned, debating a matter, which would soon have been discussed by a common capacity, Whether his prison or palace was most eligible, and with very philosophical hesitation leaving the preference undetermined, in the following lines:

> ‘——Sometimes am I a king,
> Then treason makes me wish myself a beggar,
> And so indeed I am. Then crushing penury
> Persuades me I was better when a king,
> Then I am king'd again——.’

Prior says very prettily *:

‘ Against our peace we arm our will:
Amidst our plenty something still
For horses, houses, pictures, planting,
To thee, to me, to him is wanting.
That cruel something unpossest
Corrodes and leavens all the rest.
That something, if we could obtain,
Would soon create a future pain.’

Give me leave to fortify my unlearned reader with another bit of wisdom from Juvenal, by Dryden:

‘ Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or, knowing it, pursue!
How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well design'd, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone!’

Even the men that are distinguished by, and envied for, their superior good sense and delicacy of taste, are subject to several uneasinesses upon this account, that the men of less penetration are utter strangers to; and every little absurdity ruffles these fine judgments, which would never disturb the peaceful state of the less discerning.

I shall end this essay with the following story. There is a gentleman of my acquaintance, of a fortune which may not only be called easy, but superfluous; yet this person has, by a great deal of reflection, found out a method to be as uneasy, as the worst circumstances could have made him. By a free life he had swelled himself above his natural proportion, and by a restrained life had shrunk below it, and being by nature splenetic,

* Prior's Poems, vol. i. The Ladle.

and by leisure more so, he began to bewail this his loss of flesh (though otherwise in perfect health) as a very melancholy diminution. He became therefore the reverse of Cæsar, and as a lean hungry-looked rascal was the delight of his eyes, a fat sleek-headed fellow was his abomination. To support himself as well as he could, he took a servant, for the very reason every one else would have refused him, for being in a deep consumption; and whilst he has compared himself to this creature, and with a face of infinite humour contemplated the decay of his body, I have seen the master's features proportionably rise into a boldness, as those of his slave sunk and grew languid. It was his interest therefore not to suffer the too hasty dissolution of a being, upon which his own, in some measure, depended. In short the fellow, by a little too much indulgence, began to look gay and plump upon his master, who, according to Horace,

> '*Invidus alterius macrescit rebus opimis*;'
>
> 2 Ep. i. 57.
>
> 'Sickens thro' envy at another's good:'

and as he took him only for being in a consumption, by the same way of thinking, he found it absolutely necessary to dismiss him, for not being in one; and has told me since, that he looks upon it as a very difficult matter, to furnish himself with a footman that is not altogether as happy as himself.

END OF VOLUME XVI.